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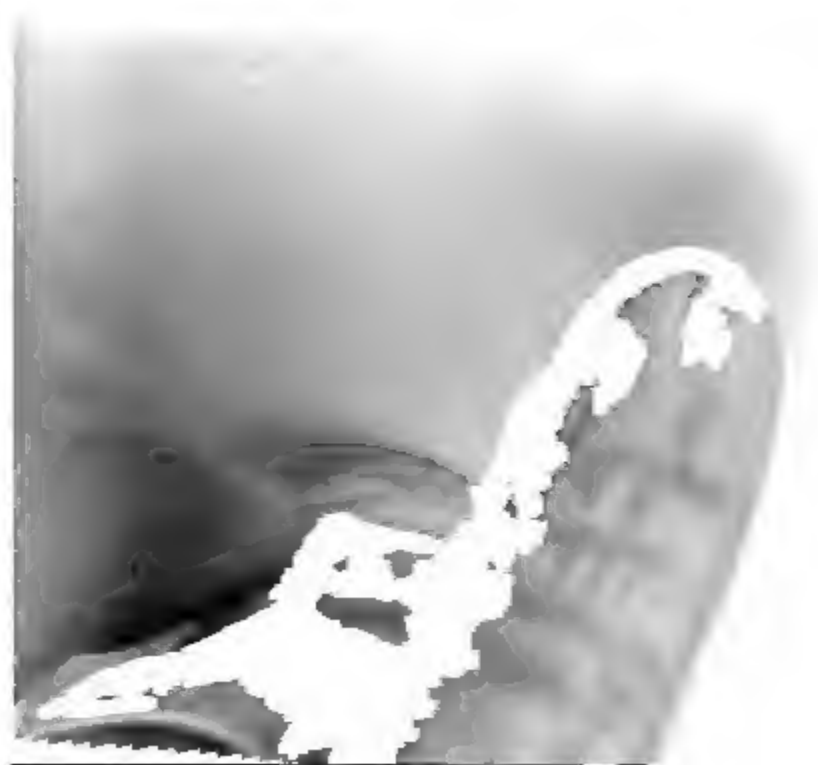
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**THE
BOOK OF THOUGHT.**

LONDON :
RICHARDS, PRINTER, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

THE
BOOK OF THOUGHT



OR

Observations and Passages

RELATING TO

RELIGION, MORALS, MANNERS,
AND CHARACTERS.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS WRITERS.

With an Index.

LONDON:
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THE
BOOK OF THOUGHT.

IF the proper study of mankind is man, it is proper only as far as it may conduce to our own improvement, by making us acquainted with that weakness and corruption of our nature, which self-love is for ever labouring to conceal. Should we forget to apply to our own individual cases the observations which we make with regard to others, our knowledge will not only be barren of improvement, but may serve to engender a censorious spirit, and increase that pride and presumption which we know too often attends the mere possession of speculative knowledge. Our own personal improvement is the centre to which all reflections upon the nature and actions of men should converge; and whatsoever tends to expose and bring to light any human weakness, should be received

on our parts with all the impartiality which becomes creatures who are conscious of their responsible condition, and of that higher and eternal destiny which is to succeed this probationary state.

Real satisfaction can only arise from the sense of right conduct; and with all those wishes and interests which do not centre in their legitimate objects, disappointment, mortification, and anguish of heart, succeed delusion.

To feel rightly is the necessary preparative to thinking rightly, and such a process is indispensable in the formation of a moral character. It is useless to talk of principles as within our compass, if the heart be not disposed to admit the virtuous emotions, of which those principles are not the basis, but the result. The great end and intention of the Gospel precepts were the improvement and regulation of the heart:—not the outward actions alone, but the inward affections which give birth to them, are the subjects of these precepts, and whose fruit are humility, sincerity, and uprightness of heart. These form the true foundation for every Christian virtue.

“The philosophy which teaches men to be content with things as they find them, is more remarkable for good humour and ‘bon-hommie’ than the soundness or expediency of its doctrine. It is true that, could we look upon society at fifteen in the spirit wherewith we regard it at five-and-thirty, life would lose much of its poetry; but it would gain more than an equivalent in the store of practical good, which is the harvest of experience. From the world *only* is a true and effective knowledge of the *world* to be gathered. The theories of books and household counsellors may help us to the rudiments of a system suited to the ordinary necessities of civilisation; but for its subtleties and manœuvrings, human ingenuity has never devised a code of conduct, and never will. The majority of works written avowedly for the purposes of worldly instruction, supply specifics for *desperate* cases, but leave the less *intrusive* to be ministered by the patient himself. There lies the great mistake. For one wreck caused by rocks that stand above the ocean, a hundred stately

vessels are lost on the shoals that lurk beneath its surface."

Speaking of the Yankees, Sir Walter Scott observed, 'they are a people possessed of very considerable energy, quickened and brought into eager action by an honourable love of their country, and pride in their institutions; but they are as yet rude in their ideas of social intercourse, and totally ignorant, speaking generally, of all the art of good breeding, which consists chiefly in a postponement of one's own petty wishes or comforts to those of others. By rude questions and observations, an absolute disrespect to other people's feelings, and a ready indulgence of their own, they make one feverish in their company, though perhaps you may be ashamed to confess the reason. Where society is all of one class, there must be a deficiency of that salutary training which the restraints of society impose, especially that of our superiors.

All vulgarity has something selfish in it.

To those who live in the world, nothing is so surprising as the frankness and facility with which those who live out of it talk of their own feelings and concerns to strangers: it is a habit which springs out of confidence in the kind sympathy of those around us, and is acquired by living solely with friends and kindred.

Sir Walter Scott observes, when speaking of the elevation of his friend Erskine to the Bench, in one of his letters,—‘ There is a degree of melancholy attending the latter stage of a barrister’s profession, which, though no one cares for sentimentalities attendant on a man of fifty or thereabouts, in a rusty black bombazine gown, are not the less cruelly felt. Their business sooner or later fails, for younger men will work cheaper, and longer, and harder; besides, that the cases are few, comparatively, in which senior counsel are engaged, and it is not etiquette to ask any one in that advanced age to take the whole burden of a cause. Insensibly, without decay of talent, and without losing the public esteem, there is a gradual decay of employment, which scarcely any man has ever practised thirty years without expe-

riencing ; and thus the honours and dignities of the Bench, so hardly earned, and themselves leading but to toils of another kind, are peculiarly desirable to obtain early.'

Sir Walter speaks in praise of the monastic institutions of Oxford and Cambridge. He says:—' They cannot do all that may be expected, but there is at least the exclusion of many temptations to dissipation of mind ; whereas, in Edinburgh, supposing a young man to have any pretensions to keep good society,—and, to say truth, we are not very nice in investigating them,—he is almost pulled to pieces by speculating mammas and flirting misses. If a man is poor, plain, and indifferently connected, he may have excellent opportunities of study at Edinburgh ; otherwise he should beware of it.'

The author of the *Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns* observes, that the motive or cause of war is not to be confounded with the laws of war, which exclusively regard the conduct of it when made. It is the governing power in a nation which declares war ; who decides when the national safety is so much endangered as to require an appeal to arms. In a monarchy it

is done by the king, and to him the justice or injustice of a war is a matter of conscience,—a question, the right solution of which involves a high degree of moral responsibility; but it is one on which the *soldiers* who fight his battles are not called on to *decide*. The war, whether just or unjust, when once undertaken, must be conducted on certain fixed principles; and it is for the fair application of these, that the commander of an army is alone responsible.

The same author remarks, when speaking of the character of the Duke of Wellington,—
‘ In truth, when viewed by his countrymen, it exhibits no quality more worthy of admiration than that unswerving *energy* with which, in *spite of all temptations*, he persevered in the pursuit of *great* objects; daring *much* where daring was *required*, yet pausing *even in the moment of victory*, whenever *these objects* had been attained. It is this *nice proportioning* of the *hazards* to the *ends*,—this unvarying refusal to sacrifice the lives of his troops, for the sake of converting *certain* into more *brilliant* results, which constitutes the brightest, and most enduring, claim of the Duke of Wellington to the gratitude of his country. To soldiers trained in the

school of Napoleon, who, it has been truly said, would have sacrificed a million of lives for as many pounds of coffee, this may seem inexplicable, yet so it is. The very points which they select for censure, are those which will be handed down to posterity, as having attracted, in a supreme degree, the gratitude of England, and the applause of those nations whom he rescued from the yoke. After the reverse at Burgos, a general of less *nerve* would have fought a battle to escape the clamour by which he must have known he would be assailed in consequence,—but the Duke of Wellington was not thus to be moved. He knew that the cause of his country and her allies would be more effectually promoted by a different policy ; and in spite of every *personal motive*, he avoided a battle, and continued his retreat to the frontier of Portugal. In truth, there is no one quality called out by his long and brilliant career, which more demands our paramount admiration, than that *self-command* with which, under every temptation, he kept the natural boldness and spirit of enterprise in his character, in strict subordination to the dictates of the coolest prudence.’

Occasion and inclination seldom meet : marked dispositions are obliged to follow pursuits quite foreign to their tastes ; and talents decay in obscurity for want of opportunity to develope themselves.

The great secret of human happiness is, to be in one's *proper place*,—to move in that sphere in which our particular talents and faculties may best be called into action in a manner suited to our feelings and tastes.

It is not in the nature of a strong and elevated mind to reap satisfaction without *usefulness*,—it wants an object to spend its energies in attaining. To the humblest mind it is necessary to have some purpose for which to think, and feel, and live ; for the noblest, and most highly gifted, existence without *hope*, or *aim*, or *object*, is nothing less than a sort of living death.

Happiness depends more upon self-correction and self-government, than on any combination of circumstances or events ;—this, however, we are not willing to allow ; we fancy that if we could controul certain events, we should no

longer sigh for happiness. Now the great art is, if possible, to make circumstances contribute to happiness, and not happiness dependent upon circumstances.

Those who possess keen feelings, and active temperaments, require, of all others, to have their faculties satisfactorily employed. The imaginative require society and excitement to prevent the mind from preying upon itself.

Gibbon remarks that the love of reading is a passion which derives fresh vigour from enjoyment, and supplies each day, and each hour, with perpetual pleasure,—giving to the student an empire over himself, which no emperor ever had. Witness *Bonaparte* in *peace*, when he exclaimed, — ‘ Je m’ennuie ici jusqu’à périr. Il faut que je fasse la guerre. Je la ferai à la Prusse !’

Lord Bacon says, that ‘ knowledge is power ;’ but had he lived in our days he would have been compelled to substitute *riches* for knowledge ;—so universal is the homage paid to them by all ranks. And when one sees the distinctions fortune can command, one is com-

pelled to assent to the truth of the Frenchman's remark, that, ' L'or est comme le soleil, il donne à la *boue* de la consistance.'

We may become *learned* by studying the reflections of others, but we become *wise* only by our own.

When judging of right and wrong, the great point is to put away *expediency* from our thoughts, and to look simply to the two grand principles of good and evil. Serious reflection must convince us, that the censure, as well as the approbation of mankind, is bestowed upon *actions*, rather than *motives* : upon consequences, rather than the means by which such consequences were produced. Our motives, and the means we make choice of to accomplish what we desire, are the surest tests of principle. We find, for instance, that those who take upon themselves the care of the tender feelings of childhood, judging from consequences alone, will not unfrequently deal out the same punishment to him who commits an accidental error, as to him who wilfully and deliberately does wrong ; and that when persons of more mature understanding act under the influence of mental

delusion, a just distinction is rarely made between their having involuntarily deceived themselves, and designedly deceived others ; whereas one is merely an error, the other a determined violation of moral law ; but the consequences being the *same*, the censure of mankind in general is bestowed with equal severity upon both. Now the great business of a moral agent,—the paramount duty of every parent, who would educate his children for a *higher*, and a *holier*, state of existence, is, to keep a strict watch over cases similar to *these*, and with a single eye to what is meet for *divine* as well as *human approbation*, to cherish the good, under whatever form it may appear, and in such a manner, as that the two ideas of virtue and happiness should be indissolubly associated in the opening mind.

That virtue always ultimately finds its own reward, the experience of ages has attested ; and equally certain it is, that however much the guilty may for a time appear successful and happy, yet is he ill at ease within himself. If the still small voice is unceasingly heard, the outward appearance may be that of joy and hilarity, but the inward warning is that of sorrow and remorse.

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer happiness. The evil consequences of our crimes long survive their omission, and the present advantage we may possibly obtain from them. Like the ghosts of the murdered, they for ever haunt the steps of the guilty. The paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always in the end those of pleasantness and peace, even in this life.

When we have no tie to any particular spot, life seems most pleasantly and most profitably passed, where we can best avail ourselves of the society of our *personal friends*. Change of scene has also great advantages; it invigorates, and often brings into action our best feelings and faculties, whereas a length of time passed in solitude, or the heartless forms of the society of those to whom we are indifferent, will generally cause a mind of *strong powers* to lose its energy, and prey upon itself.

Nothing gives offence between people who love each other, but *treachery* or *indifference*. Tempers may be irritated, but there is still a secret sympathy in the hearts.

Our present mode of education has too much of the *forcing system* in it. The forward child grows into the dogmatical youth, and it takes ten years of disappointment and mortification to *undo* the work of twenty. Nothing leads to such a false idea of self-importance as display. Those *railroads* to information, now so much in use; viz. catechisms, and questions, upon geography, astronomy, &c. are injurious, because the labour and occupation of acquiring knowledge is even more valuable than the knowledge acquired. It is too much the practice to over-educate the memory, while the temper and the feelings are neglected, forgetting that the future will be governed much more by the affections than by the understanding. I would rather see a child affectionate and generous, than like a little walking dictionary of memory and correctness. One of Miss Edgeworth's stories for children is worth all the questions and answers that ever made history easy, or geography light.

Society in general is composed of cold formal dinner parties, which are little calculated to promote sociality. I do not thank a man much for giving me a dinner. I can always

get that for myself; but if he invites me to meet pleasant people, and adds one happy hour to the little stock of enjoyment that man can find in life, he lays me under an absolute obligation to him.

Money given in charity, and which encourages dependence, is productive of evil instead of good.

Associate easily with everybody, but restrict your friendships to few; to have a great number, is commonly a mark of having no true ones. It shows that we have neither judgment nor experience; it proves us eager, light, and inconstant, in our attachments; and the desire of pleasing and captivating a great variety of persons, easily leads to compliances which at first are merely weaknesses, but which often degenerate into extravagancies, and frequently, alas! too frequently, lead to vice and crimes. With a profusion of friends, could you possibly remain attached to your duties, and master of your time? Besides, our true friend is not always he who suddenly excites our partiality. The intimacy of close connexion is frequently necessary to bring us acquainted with his most

valuable qualities. The friend who deserves this noble title, is he who shares our sorrows, who grieves when we are afflicted, and whose tears flow over those distresses he cannot alleviate. His assistance is given before we request it; he loves us with sincerity, and even at the risk of displeasing us, refuses to flatter our passions.

But how seldom do we meet with such a friend !

Be as much on your guard against every kind of intimacy with the declared infidel, as with the canting hypocrite; and always consider that man as unworthy of your friendship, who has not sufficient virtue to be the friend of God.

People are not wise in consequence either of profound knowledge, or vast learning, or beautiful notions, or the most cultivated taste, or the greatest ability in displaying these; but by virtue of a few plain notions, settled into principles of conduct.

Youth will never live to age, without they keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness. Too much thinking doth

consume the spirits ; and oft it falls out, that while one thinks too much of *doing*, he leaves undone the effect of his *thinking*. Youth ever thinks that good, whose good or evil he *sees not*. The effect of confidence in the pleasurable properties of novelties, are rashness, inconstancy, and regret. Regret induces reflection, and reflection produces those prudent determinations to which we give the name of experience. This remembrance should plead with age for the errors of youth ; and remind it, that ‘ it is not every irregularity in our movement, that is a total deviation from our *course*.’

The best talkers are very seldom the bestivers. From their encomiums on virtue, and declamations against vice, they often receive such high pleasure, that it passes with them for love of the one, and abhorrence of the other.

If you would live happily with your relations and friends, be as independent of them as you can.

Know of a certainty, that virtue, the best of things, never can exist under the bond of servility.

Real friendship is no common blessing.

With persons for whom you can have no esteem, good-breeding may oblige you to keep up an intercourse of ceremonious visits; but politeness enjoins not the length, or frequency of them. Few people are *capable* of *friendship*, and still fewer have all the qualifications one would choose in a friend. The fundamental point is a virtuous disposition; but to that should be added a good understanding, solid judgment, sweetness of temper, steadiness of mind, freedom of behaviour, and sincerity of heart, which is indispensable. Seldom are these to be found united; never, however, make a bosom friend of a person greatly deficient in any of them. Be slow in contracting friendship, and invariably constant in maintaining it. Expect not many friends; but think yourself happy if through life each of you meet with one or two who deserve that name, and have all the requisites for that valuable relation. This may justly be esteemed the highest blessing of this sublunary world: uninterrupted health has the general voice, but in my opinion such a friend deserves the preference, as the mental pleasures, both in nature and degree, exceed the

corporeal. The weaknesses and pains of body, may be inexpressibly alleviated by the conversation of a person, by affection endeared, by reason approved, whose tender sympathy partakes our affliction, and shares our enjoyments; who is steady in the correction, but mild in the reproof of our faults; like a guardian-angel, ever watchful to warn you of unforeseen danger, and by timely admonitions prevent the mistakes incident to human frailty and self-partiality. This is the true office of friendship: with such a friend no state of life can be absolutely unhappy; but destitute of such connexion, heaven itself has so formed our natures for this intimate society, that amidst the affluence of fortune, and the flow of uninterrupted health, there will be an aching void in the solitary breast, that can never know a plenitude of happiness. Happy is the lot of that female, who in a husband finds this invaluable friend. The chief point to be regarded in a companion for life, is a real virtuous principle, an unaffected goodness of heart; without this you will be continually shocked with indecency, and pained with impiety. Secure of good-nature, virtue, and understanding, in a husband, you may be secure of happiness—without the two former it is un-

attainable; without the latter in a tolerable degree, it must be very imperfect.

In married life, congenial principles, and a discreet adaptation of tastes, affections, and humours, to each other's constitutions, must be the groundwork of the contract, if happiness is to be the result. Both sexes should keep their proper places. Man is to maintain his station as the guide, protector, and cherisher, of his wife; and woman is to hold in her duty of observing, obeying, and comforting, her husband. There is no word in language that has occasioned more heart-burnings in female bosoms, than the matrimonial vow of *obedience*. But why should woman hesitate to pronounce that which the dispositions of her soul, and the tenderness of her affection, prompts? Could her freewill do otherwise than yield submission to a reason superior to her own?—could she refrain from according all her wishes to the desires of the owner of that reason, when she loves him? Surely no woman will answer this by saying, ‘I love a man whose reason is inferior to my own, and therefore it would be shameful to vow to obey him?’ The shame is hers for so loving; ‘not loving first, but loving

wrong, is blame ;' hence the fault lies in her choice, and not in the framer's of the marriage ceremony, who made no reservations for absurd or sordid matches.

When the man is contemptible, and the woman vain, ' feuds never ending, still beginning,' are the consequence.

Some philosophers have said that ' men, who are inferior to their fellow-men, are always most anxious to establish their superiority over women ;' and, by parity of observation (for ignorance is the first cause of presumption), we may remark, that silly women make the loudest protest against deference to husbands. Till the bridal pair consider mind and heart of greater consequence to mutual concord, than their respective fortune and fashion, calamitous cases of matrimonial disunion will continue to stain our annals.

For intimate friendship, or matrimonial alliance, those who have been bred up in the same sphere of life, and scale of society, with ourselves, are most likely to produce permanent happiness ; but for acquaintances, our superiors are undoubtedly most advantageous to us.

In all societies it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest : not that the highest is always the best, but because, if disgusted there, we can at any time descend ; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible.

In the grand theatre of human life, a box-ticket takes us through the house.

The woman who admits a man of merit to her friendship, sometimes deceives herself when she supposes she can limit her approbation as she pleases.

Never do anything for your friends that is not consonant to your honour, or your conscience ; you ought to prefer those to your friends.

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

A well-ordered mind is always consistent.

There is no pain so great as when eager hopes receive a stay.

We look back with anguish on many things, but on none with such bitterness of heart as on the unkindness of those who were once kind.

That friendship brings forth the fruits of enmity, which prefers its own tenderness before its friend's advantage.

He that, to please the humour of his friend, can be either injurious, or treacherous, or notably discourteous, to any other person, is very blamable, and renders himself odious.

Lælius, who incomparably well both understood and practised the rules of friendship, is, by Cicero, reported to have made this the first and chief law thereof,—that we neither require of our friends the performance of base and wicked things; nor being requested of them, perform such ourselves.

So delicate is the pleasure, so superior to defending, is the dignity of confessing one's follies, that the wonder is to see so few people capable of it. Yet what does such a confession cost, but the sacrifice of a miserable, paltry, false, self-love, which is for ever misleading and

betraying us: and of all its illusions, there is not perhaps a more dangerous, or more silly one, than that which hinders us from discerning that there is scarcely less merit in acknowledging candidly one's faults, than in not having been guilty of them.

Where opposition or reproof create a very prompt disposition to *shed tears*, the temper is more in fault than the spirits.

Wealth, or influence, or the notice of the great, will gain a person *respect* from others, but he who acts honourably, in opposition to his own personal feelings and interest, entitles himself to it; and upon this consideration, a good mind will reflect with greater satisfaction, than on the highest undeserved applause.

It is the custom of the world to measure men's minds by their fortune; to affix the greater honours on the higher prosperity; but the nobility of the soul knows no adventitious distinctions. Though it rendereth to Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, it reigneth even in a prison, when the wearer of a diadem would grovel in chains.

The difference there is between a good man who is rich, and a good man who is poor, is, that the one is willing to give, the other is unwilling to be importunate.

Nothing is so liable to misconstruction as an act of uncommon generosity : one half of the world mistake the motive, from want of ideas to conceive an instance of benevolence, that soars so high above the level of their own sentiments ; and the rest suspect it of something sinister or selfish, from the suggestions of their own sordid and vicious inclinations.

Any virtue in a moderate degree is easily credited, but when it exceeds the common boundary, it is generally misconstrued into some vice, or selfish purpose, by people who cannot comprehend what is so far above their own feelings.

The universal and only judge of wisdom, Almighty God, which examineth the hearts of men, hath not his judgment fixed upon the *event* of our actions, but the *motive*.

A mind truly firm and noble will reap a plea-

sure from its own reflections, which far surpass what the approbation of mankind can bestow ; but timid virtue will frequently be discouraged by injustice, and rather forego (with pain too perhaps) the means of conferring a great benefit, than be exposed to humiliating imputations.

The great in affliction bear a countenance more princely than they were wont ; for it is the temper of highest hearts, like the palm-tree, to strive most upwards, when it is most burdened.

There is nothing so clear-sighted and sensible as a noble mind in a low estate.

True delicacy, as true generosity, is more wounded by an offence from itself, than to itself.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

It is difficult to sacrifice pride as a peace-offering on the altar of forbearance ; but, unless virtue do this, she fails in the sublimest part of her duty ; she abrogates her own covenant of forgiveness with heaven.

The result of magnanimity, when made the object of public notice, is generally glory ; but as its principle is, to pass through the multitude, as a man that neither disdains them, nor is tickled by their flattery ; it would not be less magnanimous were it to suffer, to bear, and to surmount, in the secrecy of a dungeon. Real greatness wants not the sanction of *man*, to make it what it is : the Almighty sees his servant, and needs no witness to validate his worth.

It often happens that extraordinary excellence, not being rightly conceived, doth rather offend than please.

To a generous mind, a refined sentiment of generosity will be striking in proportion to its *refinement* : to the discerning mind, a sentiment of penetration will be striking in proportion as it is *deep* ; and to an exquisite taste, a fine observation upon any artificial or natural beauty, will be striking in proportion as it is *delicate* and *just* : but no effect will be produced by such sentiment or observation upon a mind in which there is nothing congenial with the subject. Such a mind may coldly and implicitly

assent to the truth of what is advanced, but it will not *feel* that it is *true*. It seems, therefore, to follow, that refined observations will most please those who *least need them*, and consequently, that it would not be a preposterous, though an unusual inference, to suppose, that a sentiment may deserve my attention, because I *do not like it*.

The pleasantest hospitality waiteth not for curious costliness, when it can give cleanly sufficiency: more cometh of pride and greater friendship to your own ostentation, than to the comfort of the guest.

Weak is the effect of fair discourses not attended by agreeable actions.

‘ Depend upon it,’ said Dr. Johnson, ‘ that if a man talks of his misfortunes, there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him; for where there is nothing but *pure misery*, there never is any recourse to the mention of it.’

The next mortification, after being unhappy, is the being loaded with undesired commiseration.

The eye may wish change, but the heart never.

The perfection of outward loveliness is the soul shining through its crystalline covering: and for the truth of this we have the sanction of Mr. Locke. 'There are (says he) the beauties of the mind, colouring those of the body, which take and prevail at first sight; and whenever I have met with them, I have readily surrendered myself, and have never yet been deceived in my expectation.'

No decking sets forth anything so much as affection.

Every situation has its duties, its charms, its sorrows, and disquietudes, and a well regulated mind will bend in humble gratitude for the blessings, and receive the crosses as a due chastisement of the impatience we are too apt to show when the world does not go exactly as we wish.

Suffering for an object beloved is wont to endear affection.

There is no service like his who serves because he loves.

Love is not an object of reasoning, but of feeling, and therefore there are no common principles upon which one can persuade another concerning it. Every man feels for himself, and knows how he is affected by particular qualities in the person he admires, the impressions of which are too minute and delicate to be substantiated in language.

This is Boswell's observation on Johnson's grief for the loss of his wife.

That love only will stand the test of experience that is founded on the knowledge of a person's good qualities.

The Roman historian Tacitus hath somewhere a note, that benefits, while they may be requited, seem courtesies; but when they are so high that they cannot be repaid, they prove matters of hatred.

The heart is more surely and entirely weaned from a strong affection, by repeated acts of

minor unkindness, or by continued proofs of chilling indifference, than by a single enormity, however atrocious. We cannot combat the touching memory of countless testimonies of amiableness, and disinterested attachment, merely by one opposite remembrance: time only can effect this, by rendering such delightful recollections fainter and fainter.

For perfect friendship, equality is in general necessary: delicacy on one side, and generosity on the other, rendering disparity of fortune a just reason for reserve upon particular occasions. It is real friendship, intrinsic, pure, and indulged for its own sake alone, that is so difficult to preserve between parties that are unequal in station. What are more properly called alliances for mutual benefit are far more easy, and therefore more common. They last as long as their usefulness lasts. If regard as well as respect accompany them, well;—if not, a separation, when required, as is often the case, is attended with less regret: but these alliances cannot well be carried on between those who have once been friends.

Alas, how light a cause may move
Dissension betwixt hearts that love !
Hearts that the world in vain had tried
And sorrow but more closely tied ;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fell off ;
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquility !
A something, light as air ;—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken.—
O love, that tempest never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shaken.
And ruder winds will soon rush in,
To spread the breach that words begin ;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said ;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone.
And hearts so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever ;
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part for ever.

From Lalla Rookh.

It often occurs that more mental courage and true heroism are required for the ordinary duties of life,—for those which are done without show, and pass away without observation, than for such as the performer boasts of, and the world applauds.

We should carry with us into the world a spirit of independence, and a proper respect for ourselves. These are the guardians of virtue. No man can trust to others for his support, or forfeit his own good opinion with impunity. Extravagant desires and ill-founded hopes pave the way for disappointment, and dispose us to cover our own errors with the unjust accusation of others. Society is supported by a reciprocation of good offices; and though virtue and humanity will give, justice cannot *demand* a favour without a recompense. Warm and generous friendships are no doubt often found in the world; but in those changes and vicissitudes of life which open new views, and form new connexions, the old are apt to be weakened or forgotten. Family and domestic friendships ought generally to be found the most lasting and sincere.

Nearest of blood should still be next in love.
And when I see these happy children playing,
While William gathers flowers for Ellen's ringlets,
And Ellen dresses flies for William's angle,
I scarce can think that, in advancing life,
Coldness, unkindness, interest, or suspicion,
Can e'er divide that unity so sacred,
Which nature bound in birth.

To think well of and have respect for ourselves, and the world around us, is one step to virtue and benevolence.

——It is a joy

To think the best we can of human kind.

True honour is subservient neither to fortune nor to force ; it is an immaculate sense of right, that disdains to bend before any circumstances ; it is the guardian of constitutional valour, and the best counsellor of those vehement affections, which, breaking bounds, would betray their possessor to misery, instead of leading him to happiness. This essential virtue teaches man, that moderation is the ground of magnanimity ; and how beautifully do lessons of humanity, forbearance, clemency, temperance, and chastity, arise from such a foundation ! We may easily discern the disciple of honour by his

fruits, and when we see him obedient to God and faithful to man, can we doubt his truth to woman? No, virtue is consistent! and though her sons may swerve, they do not break from her laws. He who is loyal to honour will not be a traitor to love.

There are two things which every man must prefer before the object of his affection,—his *God* and his *honour*. She who admits of any dereliction from either, sanctions what will probably betray herself; for he never can be true to another, who is unfaithful to his own best interests. The woman who could love such baseness, would not value its opposite; and by so guilty a licence disparaging not only the modesty of her sex, but the integrity of human nature, she deserves the consequences of her error. Love is the fountain of pleasure; the passion which gives every thing we do or enjoy its relish and agreeableness: and such love is the effect of virtue: it lives while the cause exists; but should that cease, it would expire. There is no principle in any other love.

Nothing can so heartily love as virtue: because virtue shuts out all selfish considerations.

She is not worthy to be loved who hath not some feeling of her own worthiness. The

feeling here meant to be expressed is perfectly consistent with the deepest humility. There is no greater safeguard than when a man stands in awe of himself.

A woman may be content, may be gay, without love in the married state; but she cannot be happy. Created for the gentle offices of affection, her nature is predisposed to tenderness; and the usual plan of female education tending to that point, she is accustomed to seek her pleasure in acts of graceful ministration, and to find her best satisfactions in the acknowledged good she dispenses.

In all things it becometh a true lover to have his heart more set upon *her* good than *his own*; and to bear a tenderer respect to her *honour*, than to his own satisfaction.

There is no dependance to be placed upon that instinctive but constitutional goodness which is not founded upon principle.

It is a truth, that many men are born in the rank, without the sensibilities of a gentleman; a want, which no office in the state, no

patent of dignity, can supply. The feelings of a person who deserves that appellation will be as immediately hurt by the idea of giving uneasiness by his own behaviour, as of suffering it from the behaviour of another.

It is generally observable that the proudest people are the most condescending to their dependants, and those who are manifestly beneath them.

It is usual for well-bred persons, when they go to houses where everything is greatly inferior to their own, to express admiration of many things,—which is intended to recommend them in the eyes of the owner; but a person accustomed to the world will be aware, that it is a symptom of their inferiority, as they would otherwise excite no observation.

People are apt to confound that companionship, which produces a temporary union among young men, when engaged in the same pleasures and amusements, with real friendship, which seldom has been found to subsist between men differing much in rank and condition, and whose views and objects in life do not in some measure coincide.

As longevity is generally desired and expected, it would be wise to be continually adding to the number of our friends, that the loss of some may be supplied by others. Friendship, 'the wine of life,' should, like a well-stocked cellar, be thus continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think, that although we can seldom add what will equal the generous first-growths of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to make it very mellow and pleasant. Warmth will, no doubt, make a considerable difference. Persons of affectionate temper and bright fancy will coalesce a great deal sooner than the cold and dull. Dr. Johnson once observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds 'if a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon be left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.'

Providence often sees fit to try His most faithful servants by the disappointment of their best purposes.

To woman, whatever be her rank, I would

recommend a predominance of those more sober studies, which, not having display for their object, may make her wise without vanity, happy without witnesses, and content without panegyrists; the exercise of which will not bring celebrity, but improve usefulness. She should pursue every kind of study which will teach her to elicit truth, which will lead her to be content upon realities; will give precision to her ideas; and make an exact mind:—every study, which instead of stimulating her sensibility, will chastise it.

Whenever there is exaggerated praise, every body is set against the character it is intended to recommend.

It is a very true observation of Wesley's father, 'that you may have peace with the Dissenters, if you do not so humour them, as to dispute with them. But if you do, they will *out-face* and *out-lung* you; and, at the end, you will be where you were at the beginning.'

Dr. Johnson, when speaking of the *inward light*, to which some Methodists pretended, said, it was a principle utterly incompatible with social or civil security. 'If (said he) a

man pretends to a principle of action, of which I can know nothing, nay, not so much as that he has it; how can I tell what that person may be prompted to do? When a man professes to be governed by a written ascertained law, I then know where to find him.'

There are thousands of persons in the world, whose astonishment will be moved to hear of cheerfulness and gaiety in a house whose inmates are truly devout. But why should it? The Protestant religion does not possess such an attribute as *gloom* in its whole composition. What a satire it is upon humanity to say, that rational beings,—all faculty, all intelligence,—should never be cheerful or happy without being necessarily impious! Is the social union of society irreligious? Is the exercise of any, of all, the fine arts irreligious? Is the cultivation of brotherly affection irreligious? Is mirth, excited by no improper means, irreligious? Is music, dancing, conversation, cards, if not indulged in with improper views?—are these, or any one of these things irreligious? We should say *not*, and it is only by the vulgar association of groans, and tears, and sighs, and melancholy with virtue, and morality, piety, and devotion, that persons of *weak* minds and *superficial* in-

quarry either remain during their lives more than half atheists, or, towards the termination of their career, turn *quite* Methodists.

On the subject of our situation in a future state, Dr. Johnson said, ‘ the happiness of an unembodied spirit will consist in a consciousness of the favour of God, in the contemplation of truth, and in the possession of felicitating ideas.’ On being asked whether all who were happy were equally happy, he observed, ‘ a peasant has not capacity for being equally happy with a philosopher ; a small drinking glass and a large one may be equally full ; but the large one holds more than the small.’

He never thought confidence with respect to futurity any part of the character of a brave, a wise, or a good man. Bravery has no place where it can avail nothing ; wisdom impresses strongly the consciousness of our faults, of which it is, perhaps, in itself an aggravation ; and goodness, always wishing to be better, and imputing every deficiency to criminal negligence, and every fault to voluntary corruption, never dares to suppose the condition of forgiveness fulfilled, nor what is wanting supplied by repentance.

As God is infinite in wisdom, and knows all things in the most perfect manner, He determined, for various reasons, that possibly may be unrevealed and unknown to us, to accomplish the salvation and happiness of mankind, by the wonderful disposition of events discovered to us in the Gospel ; and He, knowing all the possibilities and various combinations of things that could be produced, having chosen this method of our salvation, it must be of all others the most fit and proper. And, as it pleased God to fix upon this plan to bring about the happiness of all mankind, He thought it proper to reveal this by degrees unto the world, in such a way as might upon the whole best suit with the circumstances of His creatures at different times, and in different manners, according as the state of mankind required, and as the several ages had more or less knowledge and improvement ; that in the end the minds of men might be duly prepared for the full reception of a dispensation that was of such vast importance, and was to be brought about by so extraordinary a person, of so high degree and title as to be called the Son of God. When man was first created, in an innocent state, with the full and perfect use of his facul-

ties, by which he might discover his duty in the circumstances he was placed, there seemed to be less necessity for an extraordinary revelation from God. And, in this first state of mankind, we do not find that God made any revelation of any doctrine or moral duty, as they were at that time sufficiently plain ; only with regard to eating there was a positive command, concerning what was, and what was not, fit. When mankind had fallen from that upright state into sin by disobedience, and forfeited the divine favour, it was necessary that God should reveal His gracious intentions of being reconciled, to retrieve them from that wretched despair which guilt might bring upon them, and to encourage them to reform and practise their duty. For, though the goodness of God might encourage man to hope for reconciliation, yet he could have no positive assurance of it, unless it was revealed ; and it was highly worthy of the divine goodness to free man, in his fallen state, from that perplexing fear of divine vengeance. But, through all the different revelations, there never was any express or explicit discovery of a future life, or of rewards and punishments hereafter. The whole Mosaic institution seemed to be confined to prosperity

or adversity on this earth ; and the reason of this seems to be, if I may presume to give any reasons upon such a subject, that the notion of a future life did then prevail in the world from ancient tradition, and was not then obliterated or darkened through the ignorance or wickedness of mankind. The Jews in particular did then believe it, and therefore they and the rest of mankind did not at that time, before the captivity to Babylon, so much want a particular revelation of it ; for it is certain, by the testimony of Herodotus, who travelled through Egypt, about four hundred years before our Saviour's days, that they then believed the immortality of the soul ; and if so, the Jews who sojourned in Egypt must likewise have had that doctrine, if not before, at least when they came from thence ; therefore, as mankind were still in possession of this tradition, a revelation of the unity of God, which it is observable was revealed to them in a most solemn manner,— ‘ Hear, O Israel,’ said Moses to them, ‘ The Lord thy God is one Lord,’ as a positive institution to guard them from idolatry, seemed to be all that was necessary at that time, for mankind fell very early into idolatry, and lost the notion of the unity of God. And, indeed,

though there is no express revelation of a future state in the Old Testament, there are several places in which there are intimations of it, and where it is evidently supposed; and, it seems plain, from the conduct of good men in those times, from their steady adherence to righteousness amidst persecution and distress, that they were firmly persuaded of it. But, afterwards, when the ignorance and wickedness of mankind increased, and the doctrine of a future state began to be doubted, it became then necessary to give a full and clear revelation of it, and the coming of our Saviour was a seasonable time for such a revelation; and, when the period came, when the several predictions of the spiritual kingdom of the Messiah were to be fulfilled, our Saviour made his appearance with all the marks and characters of the promised Christ, preaching his doctrine of salvation, and inviting men to obedience; and, as the Jews were the peculiar people of God, the descendants from Abraham, to whom were committed those revelations and prophecies, he began his Gospel among them, according to what had been anciently foretold,— ‘That out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem.’ The

last and fixed revelation of God, which was to succeed in the room of the Mosaic, and to which mankind in general were to give obedience, and from thence our Saviour sent forth his apostles and followers to publish it through the world, after they were capable of employment, by being endued with the Holy Ghost from on high, which effusion of the divine spirit seems to have finished and completed the Christian revelation. There would not have been any need of a revelation, if man had continued in his innocent state, as the design of all revelation is to bring him back to his original perfect state from which he had fallen by sin. And God never gave a revelation of a doctrine, or positive institution, but upon some great and urgent occasion, when the state of mankind required it to recover them, or to preserve them from total degeneracy. Through all the three dispensations, from Adam to Noah,—and from Noah to Moses,—and from him to the coming of our Saviour,—there was but one and the same design of Providence to preserve the knowledge and the worship of the one true God in the world, and all those having been insufficient for that purpose, from the wickedness and perverseness of mankind, God was pleased

to give a more perfect and effectual institution to recover them. The Gospel expels all former revelations, as it places us in a state of greater knowledge and perfection. Our duty is laid down in it more plainly, its precepts are of a more spiritual and extensive nature, the terms of grace and mercy are more clearly revealed in it; the scheme of a mediator is now fully displayed, which was before only obscurely hinted at, and the kingdom of the Messiah, that was to come, and its spiritual nature, which formerly was represented under a variety of figures and general descriptions, is now clearly discovered, and we see it establishing itself in the world. And, above all, there is under the Gospel an express revelation of a future and immortal life, and of rewards and punishments hereafter. Under the Gospel, we are called to liberty from a number of external ordinances, and our religion does not consist so much in external services, as in the internal disposition of the mind, and the worshipping of the Father in spirit and in truth.

Under the first dispensation obedience only was enjoined, a burdensome ritual being afterwards imposed upon the Israelites as a punishment for their perverseness and disobedience to

the divine commands. Thus the 'Law' was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ,' who brought in that better covenant establishing faith as its ground-work, the visible evidence of which is the fulfilment of the first law of obedience, that law never being abrogated, but transferred to the precepts of the Gospel. The law of Moses was an institution adapted only to the circumstances of one particular nation that was of small extent, and was never calculated for great and popular empires, and far less for the convenience of the world in general. For how was it possible that the bulk of mankind, or one vast empire, could assemble three times in the year in one place for worship, as we find the Jews were commanded in the law to do at Jerusalem? or, what one place could contain such an infinite number of sacrifices from the whole world? What altars could be sufficient? and what number of priests could consecrate them? And, therefore, as some of the services of the Jewish law could never be practised by distant nations, it is plain that it could never so directly promote the ends of religion in all corners of the earth as the Gospel institution, which was suited universally to all nations, and did not require one place of wor-

ship more than another, or declare one place more holy than another, but that every place is sanctified where the true worshippers worship the Father in spirit and in truth. And hence it was, that the Jewish religion, being much confined to one nation, could not so easily promote universal charity and benevolence among mankind. It could not give so large and extensive notions of the goodness and mercy of God to the world in general. But now, by the Gospel, this wall of partition 'between Jew and Gentile' is broken down; and they are both reconciled under one faith and communion of privileges; and, by this, charity to all men, in all circumstances, which is the fulfilling of the law, and an essential part of religion, is more effectually promoted. If God has been pleased to give so many revelations of his will, and at length the blessed light of the Gospel of his Son, what strong obligations are we under to live in conformity to his precepts! for the main design of them all is to produce moral effects upon men: not so much to give us knowledge, as to excite us to practise virtue, and to determine us to holiness and purity of life. And, indeed, how absurd shall we be, if we pretend to believe those precepts, while we

contradict and frustrate the design of them by our daily conduct. To believe, and yet continue vicious, is most ridiculous and inconsistent conduct ; and when God has used such a variety of means for the deliverance of mankind from misery, how shall we escape if we neglect such salvation, attended with such circumstances as must greatly aggravate our sin? How shall we answer for it, if we are insensible to all those means that have been used, and particularly in the Gospel of our Saviour? How just will our condemnation be, if we stupidly throw away our souls for such trifles as the pleasures of sin, that can only last a very short season, and reject that life and immortality which have been brought to light by the Gospel? The Christian religion does not obtrude itself upon mankind in the dark, it does not wish to draw a veil over our eyes ; it wishes to be seen in the clearest light, it challenges a fair investigation. Its original teachers urged men to make use of the wisdom God had given them to find out the truth, by searching deeply, and weighing what they heard. It does not shun examination, or disdain the judgment of reason, but seeks the former, and appeals to the latter. No one should give a blind assent to anything ;

in the commonest worldly concerns it is an act of imprudence, if attended with no worse consequences : and, indeed, with respect to faith it cannot be done : to require faith without giving some conviction to the mind founded upon some reason, is an impossibility ; for faith is an application of reason to the mind, founded upon some circumstances which have power to draw forth assent and convey conviction. No person can believe he knows not what or why, assertions void of reason, or chimeras without principle or rational foundation ; his tongue or his hand may for some motive subscribe to them, but his *mind cannot*. He who really believeth, must in some degree comprehend the proposition, though he may not be sure ; nor is it necessary for him to do so, in its full extent ; yet, from reason, from concurrence, from analogy, or from credible assertion or undoubted record, he must discern its connexion with some principle of truth, which he, as more comprehensible, had previously admitted ; otherwise he can only, from fervour to some party, some mistaken zeal, or some fancied interest, pretend to believe : such faith is not *real*, but hypocrisy, fashion, falsehood, or delusion ; therefore, as the Gospel says, ‘ Examine all things, hold fast

that which is good; believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God.' 'See that no man deceive you.' Such are the principles and maxims that Christianity acts upon in propagating itself; and the greatest infidel must acknowledge that, for anything he knows, it *may* be true, and that his principal reason for rejecting it is, because he cannot account for it, and he will admit nothing he cannot account for. Let him consider well; it behoves him to do so: is it a reason he can justify? such a one as, when called upon, he dare avow to God himself? If he would tremble at such an impious reason then, he has cause to do so now. In order to form the most just notions of the Christian religion, it is of the greatest importance to understand the personal character of Christ; for as all institutions have in them something of the character of their first founders, so Christianity must naturally partake of the excellency and temper of its Author. There are extremes to be avoided in considering the nature of Christ; we may think too meanly of him, and form to ourselves notions derogatory to his glory; or, on the other-hand, we may run into schemes concerning his nature and offices, which may be unintelligible in

themselves, or inconsistent with the unity of the Deity. We must not give way to fancy and wild imagination, but entirely confine ourselves to what we find in Scripture, without straining it by forced interpretations, to suit our prejudices, or any preconceived system. And; indeed, when men have gone from the plain doctrine of the Scriptures, they have only bewildered themselves in dark, absurd, and contradictory schemes; but if we form our ideas of the person and character of Christ only from what we find *plainly written*, we shall then, as far as our weak and imperfect faculties will allow, have a just view of him, and see what we are to believe in that most important article of our faith concerning the Son of God: that he is a divine person, of infinite dignity, and had his existence from the Father before all the world began, and that he is called God, whom we are to worship by the appointment of God the Father. He did not come into the world in the ordinary way of the children of men, but this extraordinary birth was as easy as any other for the divine power to effect: as He first constituted the nature and course of all things, He can by the same power, for purposes suited to his wisdom, alter

and dispose them as He thinks proper. To any one who reflects, it must be clear that it requires no greater degree of divine power (if I may be allowed that expression), to produce such a miraculous effect, than to bring about what we call a natural birth by the ordinary course of Providence, and it is a weak prejudice, arising from our ignorance of nature, to imagine the one case to be easier than the other ; only what is uncommon is apt to strike us with a notion of great difficulty, though to the divine power they are equally the same. Christ is repeatedly called ‘the first-born of every creature,’ by which it appears that he was before any creature. We are told, in several places of the New Testament, that the world was made by him ; he is also called the Image of God ; he is also named the Lord of Glory, and said to be in the form of God ; by which expression it is clearly understood, that next unto God the Father, he is the most exalted Being, and highest in dignity in the universe. By appointment of the Father, divine honour and worship are to be given to him. He himself tells us that ‘all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father ; he that honoureth not the Son honoureth not

the Father who sent him ;' by which is plainly meant that the Jews, who did honour and worship the Father, should, in future, honour and worship the Son also : not that they should look upon his 'power and authority as absolute and independent, but only as derived from, and communicated to him, by the Father. We read, that when he was carried up into heaven, the disciples worshipped him ; we are told, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow ; and this honour and worship is not only to be given to him by man, but it is also commanded by the Father to be given to him by angels, and other superior beings. One great part of that worship due to him is prayer. The disciples called upon his name, by which it is plain that they prayed unto him : St. Stephen prayed unto him, ' Lord Jesus receive my spirit.' He has not only a title to divine worship from the appointment of the Father, but he has also a claim to it as our mediator and our intercessor. That God the Father has given him all power and dominion to accomplish the salvation of mankind is evident in a great many places in the New Testament. Thus he tells us, ' That the Father shall give all things into his hand'—
' all power is given unto me in heaven and in

earth'—'For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily,'—evidently meaning a fulness of divine power and dominion (in Scripture often called a kingdom, by way of allusion to earthly power and sovereignty); but it is chiefly a moral and spiritual kingdom; it is not one founded on the maxims and principles of the world, but of grace, and piety, and virtue, in this state, and of glory and happiness hereafter: it is a kingdom of which every sincere believer is a member now, and entitled to all its joys in another state; and to which every depraved and unrepentant sinner is a rebel, and as such will be punished; it is a kingdom of which we are told there will be no end; and, finally, where the redemption of mankind shall be completed, 'shall be resigned unto the Father,' and where all things shall be subdued unto Him; then shall the Son also himself be subject unto Him, who put all things under Him, that God may be all in all. This is the plain Scriptural account,— 'the foundation of God that standeth sure;'—and in this we may rest quiet and satisfied, amid all the controversies that have been agitated concerning this matter in the Christian world. Every well-disposed person must be hurt at any great dissensions in the Church, and, perhaps,

among those who may *mean* well : but, surely, we need not trouble ourselves with metaphysical subtleties and nice distinctions, which only puzzle the mind, and lead men into endless mazes, unintelligible to *themselves* and *others* ; for, we may be sure that what we cannot understand, can never be of importance to our eternal salvation. And, on the other hand, we need not attend to all the objections of others, that tend to degrade the dignity of the Son of God, and rob him of his glory, in making him a mere man ; for the Scriptures so plainly teach the excellency and divinity of his nature, that nothing but forced and unnatural interpretation can possibly affect our faith.

Christianity is not only a new promulgation of God's general providence, as the righteous governor of the world, but it contains a revelation of a particular dispensation of Providence, carried on by his Son and Spirit, for the recovery and salvation of mankind, who are represented to be in a state of ruin. In consequence of this revelation, we are commanded to be baptized, not only in the name of the Father, but also of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost ; and other obligations, unknown before, of duty to the Son and Holy Ghost are now revealed ; and the

obligation we are under of paying religious duty to each of these divine persons respectively, arises from the respective relations they stand in to us. The dispensation of the Gospel admitted, gratitude as immediately becomes due to Christ from his being the voluntary minister of that dispensation, and to the Holy Spirit as our guide and sanctifier, as it is due to God the Father from His being the fountain of all good. The essence of natural religion may be said to consist in religious regard to God the Father Almighty; and the essence of revealed religion, as distinguished from natural, consists in the great work of our redemption, and the manifestation of the Son and Holy Ghost, and the obligations we are under to them. God's mercy has, by His revelation, furnished us with means to satisfy His justice, by *repentance* of our offences, and *faith* in Christ, whose death makes atonement for them. This is the greatest possible blessing, and a deliverance from the greatest evil. The conditions required on our part for the reception of this inestimable mercy are so easy, that 'how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?' For, what is required of us, but to exercise our reason, let *facts* have their due weight, and evidence carry due conviction?

we shall then acquire steadfast faith, the wish 'to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God.' If virtue and vice will not have the same pretensions, and will meet with different fates, then *religion* is everything, the only thing worth our real concern, and, what is not implicated in it, frivolous and trifling; for, on *that* alone rests *all* our *future* expectations. Those persons who stumble at the idea of mysteries in religion, and would have salvation unclogged with mysteries, before they reject it, should let one question be solved:—suppose a man to have lived a life of sin, in such measure as must render him obnoxious to a supreme, wise, and just Being who governs the world, what is his situation? Upon what ground of natural religion can he expect the reward of eternal life and happiness? Suppose the mercy of God extended so far as to *forgive* this sinner, where is the reason for his being rewarded? It will be difficult, I believe, to find it out, and would be as great a mystery as any that are cavilled at.

Repentance may give some title to *forgiveness*, but what gives the title to reward? Therefore, the means of our redemption are in every respect above the comprehension of human wisdom,—

‘but the Gospel holds it out to us as a means of reconciliation, an atonement made for the sins of the whole world, by the death of Christ :’ that is a great mystery undoubtedly, but not greater than our original creation. The world, and everything in it, is a mystery, but the Gospel requires nothing of us that we ought to find difficult to perform. We are not required, nor is it necessary for us, to comprehend the mysteries of another world, or our own salvation. There are no works of God which are not mysterious, or anything in nature, the first principles of which we can see into ; why then should we expect that, in the solemn work of our redemption, God should act differently, when we know that our ignorance cannot meet the depths of wisdom, or our finite minds reach infinity ? Is it wonderful that God, the high and all-powerful Creator of the universe, should only endow us with faculties fitted for our situation, and the sphere we are in ? Can it, in reason, be surprising that the whole system of nature, the great design of all creation, the intricacies and destination of the vast and amazing universe, should not be laid open to us ? Is not an all-powerful Creator visible in every part ?—and is it not absurd for us poor atoms of His creation,

to be questioning His power, resisting what appears His reasonable commands, and doubting the attributes of a Being that is evidently demonstrated wise, good, and great?

The construction of this world is exactly such as might be expected if it is to be followed by another: supposing a future judgment to be a thing certain and allowed, it would then be natural to imagine that our situation here would be such as should be a proper trial and probation. The faculties we are furnished with, and the constitution of the world we are placed in, precisely answer to this idea and no other. Good and evil are placed before us,—we have a power of choosing which we please, and we know all the consequences of our choice. A system of affections is given us to excite us to action; a variety of objects are distributed around us to work on these affections; we have opportunities of indulging, and we have motives for restraining them; we are allured by pleasure, by interest, by power, with no view but to give proof of our moderation, our integrity, our disinterestedness. The provocations, injuries, or affronts we constantly meet with, are so many trials of our temper, forbearance, and placability. The afflictions and calamities of

various kinds which fall to our lot, are only instruments in the hands of Providence to exercise and improve our patience, fortitude, humility, meekness, and resignation. Whatever road of life we take, obstructions and inconveniences, cares and difficulties, quickly start up before us to oppose our progress, and to render necessary the utmost exertions of our prudence, circumspection, and industry. The friends of religion are often called upon to exert their abilities in defence of insulted decency and divine truth. That unequal allotment of worldly blessings which is so constant a subject of discontent and complaint, is only a part of the same general plan of probationary discipline. The wealthy and the indigent, the high and the low, the powerful and the weak, are brought together on the same great theatre of action, in order to provoke one another to good works, and to be the mutual instruments of drawing forth the good qualities suited to their respective stations. And, in the same manner, throughout the whole intercourse of human life, the collision of opposite tempers, situations, employments, interests, passions, and pursuits, strike out of our souls those sparks of virtue, which would otherwise pro-

bably never have been called to view. It is a fact, then, which will admit of no dispute, that we are actually tried here almost every minute of our lives ; we ourselves, in common speech, call our afflictions *trials*, and we feel to our costs that they are so. If this be granted, it follows that this world is confessedly a state of probation, the necessary consequence of which is a state of retribution ; for it would be as absurd to suppose that we should be tried without being rewarded or punished, as that we should be rewarded, or punished without giving any proofs that we deserve either. These two things are correlatives, and mutually infer each other ; they are evidently parts of the same designs, the beginning and end of one wise plan of government, which we cannot suppose to be left imperfect or incomplete without arraighing the wisdom and justice of its divine Author ; and everything we know of Him and His proceedings convinces us, that it is not His custom to do His work by halves, but that whatever He enters upon, He will accomplish and bring to an end. If we admit that this life is the whole of our being, what a strange and unaccountable scene presents itself ! We have in that case an active principle within us, which has every

imaginable appearance of being distinct from the body, immaterial and indissoluble ; yet it turns out to be nothing more than mere matter, indeed, with qualities diametrically opposite to its most essential properties ; it is dissolved with the body, and loses all sensation, consciousness, and reflection, for ever, in the grave. We are daily making advances both in knowledge and virtue ; we have a large field of improvement both moral and intellectual before our eyes ; yet, in the very midst of our progress, we are stopt short by the hand of death, and never reach that state of perfection of which we seem capable, and which we ardently desire ; we are formed with ideas and expectations of happiness, which are everlasting disappointments ; with a spirit for future fame, of which we shall never be conscious ; with a passionate longing for immortality, which was never meant to be gratified. Every part of our constitution shows that we are accountable for our conduct, every remorse of conscience is a proof that we are so. There is a superior who has given us a rule to walk by, who has a right to enquire whether we have conformed to that rule ; yet, that enquiry is never made. The world in which we are placed is one continual

scene of probation ; we appear to be sent into it with no other view but to show how we can behave under all that variety of difficult and distressful circumstances into which, by one means or another, we are certainly thrown ; yet, our behaviour passes totally unregarded ; we perform *our parts*, but the judge who has tried us forgets to perform *his*. Our trial is finished, and no consequences follow, no sentence is pronounced ; we are neither rewarded for having acted well, nor punished for having acted ill ; we conceive ourselves to be the subjects of an Almighty Governor, who has given us a system of laws for our direction, yet He appears to be perfectly indifferent whether we oppose those laws or not ; His friends and His enemies fare frequently alike ; nay, the former are often punished with the heaviest afflictions, and the latter rewarded with every earthly enjoyment. There has, in fine, been from the first ages in the world down to this moment, an almost universal agreement and consent, of all mankind, in the belief or apprehension of a future state of existence ; and yet this turns out to be nothing more than a delusive imagination, though impressed so deeply by nature itself on every human breast. What can be

imagined more strange and inexplicable, more absurd and inconsistent, more replete with disorder, confusion, and misery, more unworthy the wisdom, the justice, the goodness, the power of the Supreme Being, than the frame of man, and the constitution of the world, according to the representation here given of them. But, when on the other hand, we extend our view beyond the limits of *this* life, and take *in* the consideration of another, what an alteration does this instantly make in the appearance of everything *within* and *without* us ! The mist that before rested on the face of the earth vanishes away, and discovers a scene of the utmost order, beauty, harmony, and regularity. The moment our relation to another world is known, all perplexity is cleared up, and all inconsistencies are reconciled ; we then find ourselves composed of two parts, a material body and an immaterial soul ; and, the seemingly incompatible properties of matter and spirit, instead of being intermixed and incorporated together in one substance, have each their distinct province assigned them in our compound frame, and reside in separate substances suited to their respective natures ; but, though different from each other, they are

closely united together, and stand as it were on the confines of each; and, when the body reverts to the earth, the soul betakes itself to that world of immortal spirits to which it belongs. These extraordinary faculties and powers of the human mind, which seem far beyond what this short life can require, become highly proper and suitable to a being that is designed for eternity, and are nothing more than what is necessary to prepare it for that heavenly country which is its proper home, and is to be its everlasting abode. There they will have full room to open and expand themselves, and to display a degree of vigour and activity not to be attained in this present life. They will go on improving to all eternity, and acquire that state of perfection to which they are always tending, but have not time in this world to arrive at. When once it is believed that we are to give an account of ourselves hereafter, then is there a plain reason why we are free agents, why a rule is given us to work by, why we have a power of deviating from, or conforming to, it; why, in short, we undergo a previous examination at the bar of our own conscience, before we appear at the tribunal of our Great Judge. Our earnest thirst of fame, of

happiness, of immortality, will, on the supposition of a future existence, serve some better purpose than to disappoint and distress us. They are all natural desires, with objects that correspond to them, and will each of them meet with that gratification in another life, which they in vain look for in this; nay, even that unequal distribution of good and evil at which many are so apt to repine, and those heavy afflictions which sometimes press so hard upon the best of men, are all capable of a solution, the moment we take a future life into the account. This world is then only a part of a system; it was never intended for a state of *retribution*, but of *probation*; *here* we are only tried, it is *hereafter* we are to be rewarded or punished. The evils we meet with, considered in this light, assume a very different aspect: they are wise and benevolent provisions to put our own virtue to the proof, or to awaken our serious reflections, and to produce in us that temper, and those dispositions, which are necessary preparations for immortal glory. Thus does the supposition of a future life clear up every difficulty, and disperse the darkness that otherwise hangs over this part of God's creation. With this light of immortality held up

before us, we can find our way through the obscurest parts of God's moral government, and give a satisfactory account of his dealings with mankind. It is, therefore, a most convincing proof of the reality of a future state, that it answers so many excellent purposes, and seems so indispensably necessary to give harmony and regularity to the designs of the Almighty, in the formation of this globe and its inhabitants, and to be the finishing and winding up of one uniform and consistent plan of divine conduct: It gives an easy solution of the most surprising, and otherwise unaccountable phenomena, and is, as it were, a *master-key* that unlocks every intricacy, and opens to us the great plan of Providence in the administration of human affairs. We can no longer, without doing violence to every rule of just reasoning, refuse our assent to the truth and reality of such a state. But, no doubt, a great part of these evidences of a future state which reason furnishes, require a considerable degree of attention and consideration, and are therefore better adapted to men of a philosophic turn of mind, than to the generality of mankind, who have neither leisure, inclination, nor ability, to enter into long and abstruse disquisitions on this, or any other

question of importance. To the Gospel, therefore, we are indebted for the removal of all doubts and uncertainties upon this subject, for raising hope into confidence; as it sets before us the declaration of God himself, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust; and that God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness; and that we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. And these are not profound and curious speculations, beyond the reach of common apprehensions; they are plain facts and solemn denunciations from the highest authority, that leave us without any excuse, speaking with equal force to all ranks of men, and by their simplicity and dignity adapted no less to the capacity of the illiterate, than to the most exalted conceptions of the learned.

Sir Walter Scott observes, when speaking of France in the time of Charles X,—‘It is, no doubt, with the best intentions that the Bourbons desire to make France a religious country, but they begin, I think, at the wrong end. To

press the observancy and ritual of religion on those who are not influenced by its doctrines, is planting the tree with its head downwards. Rites are sanctified by belief; but belief can never arise out of an enforced observance of ceremonies; it only makes men detest what is imposed on them by compulsion. Then the Jesuits, who constitute emphatically an *imperium in imperio*, labour first for the benefit of their own order, and next for that of the Roman see. What is it but the introduction into France of a foreign influence, whose interest may often run counter to the general welfare of the kingdom?

The politeness for which Frenchmen are proverbial is much less flattering to individual vanity than the less ostentatious civility of Englishmen. The former is so general in his attentions, that he makes one feel that the person to whom he is addressing them is only receiving what would have been equally offered to any other lady by whom he might chance to have been placed: whereas an Englishman is either silent or reserved, unless animated by contact with some person who has pleased him: consequently, his compliments have a point, and, if I may use

the expression, an individuality, that convinces her to whom they are addressed, that they could not have been applied to any other. A Frenchman never forgets that he is talking to one of a sex for which he professes a general veneration; the Englishman forgets the whole sex in the individual that interests him.

La politesse est l'expression ou l'imitation des vertus sociales; elle en est l'expression, si elle est vraie, et l'imitation, si elle est fausse; et les vertus sociales sont celles qui nous rendent utiles et agréables à ceux avec qui nous avons à vivre.

Le propre de la véritable bonté est de savoir se prêter aux goûts de ceux qu'on aime, quoiqu'on ne les partage pas.

There are two words wanting in French, which an Englishman can scarcely do without, *comfort* and *home*. The hiatus is not only in the language, the idea is wanting. Speak to a Frenchman of pleasure, he can understand you,—of gaiety, amusement, dissipation, he has no difficulty: but talk to him of *comfort*, and explain it how you will, you can never make it

intelligible to him. In like manner, he will comprehend everything that can be said on the theatre, the coffee-house, the club, the court, or the exchange ; but *home*,—there is no such thing. ‘*Chez-moi*’ is not the word : ‘*intérieur*’ comes nearer to it, for that particularizes ; but still it is not home,—home, where all the affections of domestic life, all kindly feelings of the heart, all the bright weaknesses of an immortal spirit clad in clay,—where all the rays of life centre, like a gleam of sunshine, breaking through a cloud, and lighting up one spot in the landscape, while all the rest is wrapt in shadow. We may carry ambition, pride, vengeance, hatred, avarice, about with us in the world ; but every gentler feeling is for *home* : and miserable is he who is capable of such enjoyments, and finds no such resting-place in the wide desert of human existence.

Vain—wealth, and fame, and fortune’s fostering care,
If no fond breast the splendid blessings share.

There certainly are some few Frenchmen who have feeling hearts, and are qualified for domestic pleasures, who may form a *home* for themselves, without having a name for it—but these are *accidents* ; in the generality of French families it is not, and cannot be so.

For all that regards material or physical existence, for comforts and precautions taken against maladies, particularly colds,—for luxury of every description,—for the extravagant expenditure of time and money offered to their individual persons, the English certainly distinguish themselves amongst all people, from whatever rank you may choose them; but, on the other hand, they know but little of the real enjoyments of society, the pleasures of complete intimacy, and of mutual good-will, and particularly that smiling good-humour and readiness to enjoy, which distinguish the French people.

A celebrated author says,—‘ I would represent England and France, those two great friendly rivals, in two distinct pictures, under the semblance of two female figures :—The one of great beauty, but with a grave expression and reserved demeanour; in splendid apparel, but with feathers in the head, and possessing an eye that haughtily and proudly seems to defy contempt, and *exact* respect, rather than court admiration, or inspire love ;—(the sky of this picture should be cloudy). The other should be a graceful, lovely woman; her dress less magnificent, but more finished, more elegant; flowers in the head; and her smiling

lips and eyes should express just the contrary of those of her superb rival ;—(the sky of this picture should be on one side threatening storms, which the bright beams of the sun are dispersing.)

Sir Thomas Lawrence, one of the greatest artists in portrait-painting which England has produced, added to his truth and purity of colouring (which proclaimed a pencil that never doubted or hesitated), a quality quite peculiar to himself,—that of giving his likenesses an air of *distinction* and *nobleness*, which could not fail to please. His secret was, to *lengthen* the *neck*, *diminish* the *head*, and widen the shoulders as might be needed. He painted almost exclusively people of rank, or their children, as they were to pass to posterity.

A painter should raise his ideas beyond what he sees, and form a model of perfection in his own mind, which is not to be found in reality, yet such a one as is probable and rational.

To a thoughtful eye, even external appearance is full of meaning. London is in itself one of the most remarkable phenomena in the

world. Its vast size, its dense population, its boundless and multifarious wealth lying open in the midst of want and vice ; the eager restless faces, marked deep with anxiety or vice, that throng the streets ; its crowds where each man is unknown to the other, and every one is struggling to rise upon the shoulders of his neighbour ; even the daily supply of its public wants, secured with wonderful accuracy through the instinctive rapacity of private selfishness,—altogether form a spectacle of melancholy and painful interest.

In house arrangement, the management of light is of importance,—cross lights are painful to the eye. Descending light is always the most becoming and agreeable. A small room well lighted is much more imposing than a large one which is lighted ill.

There is no place in the world which humbles a man in his own estimation so much as London. It is all very well to hold our heads high in the country, and to fancy that we are persons of very great importance ; but let any one who entertains such notions, be set down in Cheapside, at four o'clock in the afternoon,

and in the midst of that hurrying, driving mass of intelligence, and he will feel himself a mere atom,—almost a nonentity.

The metropolis is the great reservoir of talent,—from all parts of this vast empire, it gravitates to London; there the master-hands are employed; there the master-minds are busied in conceiving and presenting to the world their beautiful creations; there the shallow pretender is exposed, and the inflated and presuming speedily find their level; inferior abilities are thrust aside to make room for the crowd of aspirants to excellence in every department of occupation, whether of a physical or of a moral character.

A lady lately become acquainted with gay life in London, writes to her friend:—‘ I once thought that you drew human nature in too dark colours; I now begin to think it is impossible to do so. Here we are flattering and hating, envying and caressing, duping and slandering, complimenting and ridiculing, each other. I really doubt whether there be such a thing as a *heart* in the world; perhaps, after all, it is only an elegant *superfluity* kept for the use of poets. Certainly we have no use for it here.’

The former part of this article applies more to society in provincial towns than that of London.

Rochefoucauld says,—‘ Quelque défiance que nous ayions de la sincérité de ceux qui nous parlent, nous croyons toujours qu'ils nous disent plus vrai qu'aux autres.’

This is an instance of very fine observation of the practical working of human vanity. But it is very true that we can scarcely believe a deceitful person will attempt to practise upon ourselves those delusions which we see them practising upon the ordinary gudgeons of the world.

It is the advantage of few words to render that *plain*, which a multitude only *obscures*; as one glass will transmit a bright image of the sun, while hundreds produce but darkness and confusion.

Too much courtesy is often the reverse of kindness.

When love begins to sicken and decay, it useth an enforced ceremony.

“ Real feeling is shy of expression, and in the most confidential intercourse much is kept back: but upon some occasions, how much may a *mere glance* leave upon the mind to be reflected and commented upon.”

There is an interest which is, in a certain degree, felt even by worldly people, for genuine, yet refined simplicity. Even the most worn and callous natures vindicate their humanity by occasional preferences and motiveless likings for those who possess it, though transitory and soon forgotten when opposed to selfish motives.

Lay not too great obligations upon him with whom you wish to maintain a frequent and friendly intercourse; behold! the sense of them will oftentimes occasion estrangement, and drive him from thee. With some people a little benefit gaineth friendship, when a greater one will destroy that easy confidence which subsisted before. It is an *interchange* of good offices, which creates attachment.

Persons of strong feelings when assailed by some sudden and unforeseen blow which stings them to the quick, and which they think necessary to conceal from those around them, are apt to assume an appearance of forced and

unnatural vivacity, the effect of a strong stimulant acting upon agitated nerves ; this seldom fails to reveal but too plainly the secrets of the prison-house within.

You may know a really great man,—that is, possessing greatness of mind generally,—by his utter indifference to the small machinery of artificial fame, which so much occupies people—and even clever people—of little minds. There are many who possess great talent in some particular thing, who are nevertheless engrossed with the smallest affectations, and willing to cater for praise or notoriety in a manner ridiculous for its paltriness. Such people have no greatness of mind. Napoleon, with all his wondrous genius for the conduct of military affairs, and for commanding Frenchmen, was not a man of great mind, as may be discerned in the trickery and falsehood which he continually practised in Paris and elsewhere. On the contrary, the Duke of Wellington, the superior of Napoleon in ability for war, is a man of unquestionably great mind. Who can say of him that he ever condescended to trick, or disgraced his nobleness by a violation of *truth* ? No man. As such men as Napoleon and Voltaire made even their greatness little

by the paltry stratagems of vanity with which they surrounded it, so the Duke of Wellington makes even little things great, when unintentionally they become the occasion of giving utterance to those simple, yet grand principles of rectitude, by which every public act of his life has been directed.

Those are not alone the heroes of the world, whom the world knows to be heroic. Many a one is great in suffering and in doing, whose conduct is unmarked, because it concerns not the division of kingdoms, nor the fate of armies or navies. This is the nature of things, and not to be complained of, but *noted*. Much vice and sluggish want of virtue as there is in the world, we perhaps do not give private people enough credit for the noble self-denial and generous exertion which are practised every day; and there are mines of intellectual wealth, and moral worth, in society, which the busy worldling who skims along the surface of it dreams not of in his philosophy.

Amid the unpleasant view of human nature to which the contemplation of scenes of war can scarcely fail to give rise, it is consoling to

discover how generally cruelty of disposition is united to weakness of understanding, and that the higher qualities of intellect have a natural affinity with purity of principle and generosity of feeling.

There is no vice which more effectually contracts and deadens the feelings, which more completely makes a man's affections centre in himself, and excludes all others from partaking in them, than the desire of accumulating possessions. When the desire has once gotten hold of the heart, it shuts out all other considerations but such as may promote its views. In its zeal for the attainment of its end, it is not delicate in the choice of means. As it closes the heart, so also it clouds the understanding. It cannot discern between right and wrong: it takes evil for good, and good for evil: it calls darkness light, and light darkness. Beware, then, of the beginnings of covetousness, for there is no knowing its end.

To work our own contentment, we should not labour so much to increase our substance as to moderate our desires.

Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to the late Duke of Buccleugh, written on the death of the Duchess, says, that ‘among her numerous excellences, she never failed to seem pleased with what she knew was meant to afford her pleasure.’

The *manner* of conferring benefits is often as material as the benefits themselves.

La probité et la justice font la sûreté de la société ; la bonté et la bienfaisance en font l'utilité ; la douceur et la politesse en font l'agrément.

FROM THE DUCHESSE D'ABRANTES' MEMOIRS.

Ma mère avait tout ce qu'il fallait pour faire une agréable maîtresse de maison ; on l'aimait parce qu'elle était bonne et franche, et elle plaisait parce qu'elle joignait à une rare grâce, de la finesse, et un esprit naturel au-dessus de toutes choses ; cependant son ignorance était extrême : elle disait encore la dernière année de sa vie, qu'elle n'avait jamais lu qu'un seul livre ; c'était Télémaque. Eh bien ! il était impossible de quitter sans regret la conversation qu'on avait avec elle. J'ai vu des poètes, des hommes de lettres distingués, demeurer sous la charme, non pas de sa figure mais de son amabilité !

Elle racontait surtout avec la plus piquante originalité. Mon frère et moi nous nous surprenions quelquefois l'écouter jusqu'à trois heures du matin. Mais ce qu'elle possédait éminemment, c'était l'art si difficile de *tenir son salon* ; c'était en elle une chose indépendante de ses autres agrémens. Elle l'eût fait de même étant vieille et laide. N'ai-je pas vu ce salon rempli de monde à une époque où les souffrances qu'elle éprouvait, auraient éloigné de toute autre ? Beaucoup de femmes croient que pour recevoir, il ne s'agit que d'arranger un appartement d'une façon bien élégante, de faire la révérence en souriant à chaque personne qui entre, ou qui sort, et de donner le coup de cloche pour le genre de conversation qui dominera dans la soirée ; ce n'est pas cela du tout. Il faut, pour en avoir une agréable, que la dame du logis soit la *prêtresse*, mais la *prêtresse invisible*, du temple ; qu'elle établisse chez elle une entière *liberté*, et que *jamais* cette *liberté* dégénère en *licence*. Il faut que chacun fasse ce que bon lui semble ; et pour qu'il n'en résulte aucun inconvénient, elle ne doit admettre chez elle que des personnes qu'elle sait *incapables* d'en *abuser*. Mais un écueil qu'une maîtresse de maison doit éviter comme un fléau maudit,

comme le symbole de tout épouvantail, c'est de faire de son salon un *bureau d'esprit*. J'en ai vu des effets effrayans : c'est le mot.

Scott's conversation, in the meridian of his life, was more equal and animated than any man's that I ever knew, and was most characterized by the felicity and fun of his illustrations, drawn from the whole encyclopædia of life and nature. His style was sometimes too exuberant for written narrative, but to *him* was natural and spontaneous. A hundred stories, always apposite, and often interesting the mind by strong pathos, or eminently ludicrous, were daily told, which, with many more, have since been transplanted, almost in the same language, into his different writings. These and his recitations of poetry, which can never be forgotten by those who knew him, made up the charm that his boundless memory enabled him to exert to the wonder of the gaping lovers of wonders. But equally impressive and powerful was the language of his warm heart, and equally wonderful were the conclusions of his vigorous understanding, to those who *could return or appreciate either*. Among a number of such recollections, I have seen many of the

thoughts which then passed through his mind, embodied in the delightful prefaces annexed late in life to his poetry and novels. Those on literary quarrels, and literary irritability, are exactly what he then expressed. Keenly enjoying literature as he did, and indulging his own love of it in perpetual composition, he always maintained the same estimate of it, as subordinate and auxiliary to the purposes of life, and rather talked of men and events than of *books* and *criticism*. Literary fame, he always said, was a bright feather in the cap, but not the substantial cover for a well protected head. This *sound* and *manly feeling* is what I have seen described by some of his biographers as *pride*; and it will always be thought so by those whose own vanity can only be gratified by the admiration of others, and who mistake *shows* for *realities*. None valued the love and applause of others more than Scott; but it was to the love and applause of those he *valued in return* that he restricted the *feeling*, without *restricting* the *kindness*. Men who *did not*, or *would not*, understand this, perpetually mistook him,—and, after loading him with *undesired eulogy*, perhaps in his own house neglected common attention or civility to other

parts of his family. It was on such an occasion that I heard him murmur in my ear,— ‘ Author as I am, I wish these good people would recollect that I began with being a gentleman, and don’t mean to give up the character.’ Such was all along *his feeling*, and *this*, with a slight prejudice common to Scotchmen, in favour of ancient and respectable family descent, constituted what in *Grub Street* is called his *pride*.

By many external accomplishments, either in girl or boy, Scott set little store ; and for the former, had a horror of boarding-schools, and chose his daughters’ governess (who never left them while they needed one), with far greater regard to her kind good temper, and excellent moral and religious principles, than to the measure of her attainments in what are called fashionable accomplishments. The admirable system of education for boys in Scotland combines all the advantages of public and private instruction ; his carried their satchels to the High School, when the family were in Edinburgh, just as he had done before them, and shared of course the evening society of their happy home. But he rarely left them in town, when he could himself be in the country ;

and at Ashestiel he was, for better or for worse, his eldest boy's daily tutor, after he began Latin. Next to the love of truth he held the love of horsemanship, and made it a point of education. As soon as his eldest girl could sit on a pony, she was made the regular attendant of his mountain rides; and they all, as they attained sufficient strength, had the like advancement. He taught them to think nothing of tumbles, and habituated them to his own reckless delight in perilous fords, and flooded streams; and they all imbibed in great perfection his passion for horses,—as well, I may venture to add, as his deep reverence for the more important article of that Persian training. ‘Without courage,’ he said, ‘there cannot be *truth*, and without truth there can be no other virtue.’ I never thought it lawful to keep a journal of what passes in private society, says his biographer, so that no one need expect from this narrative any detailed record of Scott's familiar talk. I consider no man justified in journalizing what he sees and hears in a domestic circle where he is not thoroughly at home; and I think there are still higher and better reasons why he should not do so where *he is*.

There is something particularly characteristic of Scott's mind and manner in a passage of the introduction to *Ivanhoe*, penned ten years after it first came out, when his prose works were published in a collected form. He says:—
'The character of the fair Jewess found so much favour in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such an union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp, is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit; and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons,—the most common readers of romance,—that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or the attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal

wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly-formed or ill-assorted passion, as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, 'verily, virtue has had its reward.' But a glance at the great picture of life will show, that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of *that peace* which the world cannot give or take away.

In all domestic arrangements, it is the better nature that yields; a violent temper is always despotic the moment that it crosses your threshold.

Though the unthinking part of the world pause not to enquire into causes whose effects amuse them, yet it will be found that the exclusive attention requisite to acquire excellence in music, or painting, can rarely be bestowed but at the expense of the attainment of that general information so requisite to form the mind of an intellectual and rational companion. Artists may be hired by the rich, but *elevated*

sentiments cannot be bought, which are indispensable requisites to the domestic happiness of a man of cultivated understanding.

A guarded calculating woman has it always in her power to conduct herself in such a manner as to ensnare the heart she means to play with for her own purposes of vanity or advantage, without forfeiting her liberty. It is only the tender, the feeble, the *single-minded* woman who becomes herself the ensnared, and perhaps the victim, of her generous frankness. Most certain it is, that the least amiable of the sex fare the best in *this world*. Who is it that tyrannizes over a man long after he has ceased to love? who is it that commands the wealth, the support, the homage, of the most distinguished in life's circle? from the time of Aspasia downwards, but the bold, the intriguing, the *cold* in heart! Love is but a brighter name for pain. If successful, its expectations are far beyond what can be realized in this life, and if disappointment comes (which is so often the case), it too frequently unnerves the mind, making it forgetful of many surrounding blessings, and the claims of duty and affection. There are some disappointments which rest on

the heart like a blight, till the whole tree withers. Alas ! the human frame, both of mind and body, is made up of balances, which, if not kept in their just equilibrium, the whole machine suffers. If the mind be allowed to dwell continually upon one object,—instead of that diversity which it is qualified to exercise its attention upon,—be it *religion*, or be it *love*,—the balance of the mind is in great danger of being lost. In the same manner as to the body,—if the circulation of the blood does not keep its proper balance, from want of exercise, or whatever cause, preponderates in any one part,—proportionate ill-consequence to the corporeal frame will arise from it.

There is no such *cosmetic* as *happiness* ; no such beautifier as the consciousness of pleasing, where we wish to please ; and never was woman's heart indifferent to the gratification of being even only personally pleasing to the object of her affections. This is one cause why the scene is altogether presented under brighter colours before marriage than after. It is idle to say that personal appearance has little to do with forming our attachments.

We leave it to philosophers to explain by what process *red hair* is sometimes converted into *auburn*, *green eyes* into *blue*, and a slight *spinal curve* into the *line of beauty*. But unquestionably, in the first instance, personal appearance is of unspeakable importance ; for the sentiment of love was never conceived within the human mind without a *real* or *ideal* sense of beauty, or if not of beauty *literally speaking*, of an agreeable *peculiarity* of form and feature, —of something surrounding one particular form as with a halo of light, separating it from all the world, and rendering it extremely admirable in its distinctness, if not in its colouring and symmetry. In the present day, young people who are much in the gay world, and see a great variety, are far less liable to these fascinating influences than those in more private life ; but all should beware how they encourage vain hopes and expectations, which could not be realized but at the expense of greater sacrifices, present or future, to themselves or others, than would justify the indulgence of their wishes, if *attainable*.

It is a great error in women for the heart to hoard up that romance in after life, which, at

at any rate, can be only graceful in youth,—and it is dangerous too ; for the feeling may be as *real* and as *keen*, though no longer likely to meet return or sympathy, but, on the contrary, only excite ridicule.

A wedding is a very serious affair after all, when it comes to the point. How much responsibility is in those few and scarcely audible words which give away your very life to the keeping of another ! What a sudden change is wrought in existence !—a change whose consequences none may foresee. It is standing on the threshold of youth, and flinging its flowers behind you. The ideal merges at once in the real, and the dream, at least, of love is over. Well if the substance departs not with the shadow !

It has been observed, that the generality of the fair sex prefer those of the other who are of a grave and sentimental turn, provided always that the gravity proceeds not from *dulness*, but from a reflective cast of mind, which increases their respect, while it adds to the interest they experience. A pale face, and a pensive manner, has often made an impression on female

hearts, which had successfully resisted the attacks of ruddy countenances and exhilarating gaiety; the possession of these *agrémens* being more calculated to amuse than interest, are rarely remembered when absent. Women are said seldom to forget the man who makes them sigh; but rarely to recur to him who has excited their mirth, even though a brilliant wit may have been displayed in bon mots and good stories. He, therefore, who would captivate the fastidious taste of *le beau sexe*, must not smile too frequently, though he may have fine teeth; and must likewise avoid promoting the exhibition of those pearly ornaments in her he wishes to please.

Love, when it betrays itself to its object, is ever rewarded either with *reciprocation*, or with an inward and secret *contempt*.

Men do not love like women. Their attachment, is only one of a thousand other passions and predilections; they are daily engaged in pleasures which blunt their feelings, and business which distracts them. This is the case even with those who are not denominated *men of pleasure*,—and those who *are*, have their

ends and objects so entirely centred in *themselves*, that there is no room for any *pure* feeling of that sort,—while women sit at home and dwell upon airy castles never likely to be realized.

A celebrated writer observes, “it is so far from dangerous, that it is even *right*, for young people to be made acquainted with love, in order that they may shut their senses against it when criminal, and know how to act when innocent and honourable.”—“ Il est plus aisé de résister à la première fantaisie, que de reprimer toutes celles dont elle est la cause.”

Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectations high.
See that the balanc'd scales be such
You neither fear, nor hope too much.
For disappointment's not the thing ;
'Tis pride and passion points the sting.
Life is a sea, where storms must rise ;
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies.
He who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.
Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ,
Distrust embitters present joy.

On God, for all events depend;
You cannot want when God's your friend,
Weigh well your part, and do your best;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy?
Can she forget her prattling joy?
Say, then, shall sovereign love desert
The humble and the honest heart?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind;
Yet say not thou that Heav'n's unkind.
God is alike both good and wise,
In what He grants and what denies:
Perhaps, what goodness gives to-day
To-morrow goodness takes away.
You say that troubles intervene,
That sorrow darkens half the scene;—
True,—and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er designed for thee:
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so;
But still his native country lies,
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.
Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health,
But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
If food be thine (though little gold),

And raiment to repel the cold ;
Such as may Nature's wants suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise ;
If soft th' emotions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crowns the whole :
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't in reason wish for more :
And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.

Ce qui est différé est perdu !

Undetermination and unsteadiness of purpose is a failing which often occasions great perplexity and inconvenience to those with whom we are concerned. It is grievous to see infirmities of spirit in those we otherwise love and admire ; but a tender contemplation of such defects, though painful, may be salutary to ourselves ; and let us cultivate through life that invaluable steadiness and vigour of mind, which makes a principal feature in a highly amiable and manly character.

The worst of maladies to a mind naturally active, is that which arises from its being reduced to inactivity.

The purest pleasure which this life affords is tasted by those who place their happiness in the society of those they love, and in the exercise of those employments from which may be derived the consciousness of being useful.

Melancholy arising from the loss of those we love, however it may unfit the mind for public business in the world, will generally be found to fill it with a happy benevolence in private life. There is no time when you could induce a man to do more for a living friend than when his heart is filled with memory of the dead.

Anticipations of the future are found to excite more lively sensations of pleasure than any present enjoyment. 'Let us think we shall be happy, and we are so!'

The grand secret of a truly active and unembarrassed spirit, is to find time for everything that it becomes us to do ; and this is to be done much better in youth than at the season of life when maladies and mortifications have impaired all the native energies of body and of mind.

When the heart is full, and extreme anxiety for those we love, takes from us, for the time, all solicitude about ourselves, it has generally been found that the tenderest frames have not been easily affected by fatigue, cold, or other external circumstances.

Books are the great charm of life, a cornerstone in the foundation of happiness as well as of knowledge.

There is a sort of morbid sensibility which it is the practice of some kind, but misjudging parents to foster in their children (especially females), by officious attention to remove every thing that can give the least interruption to pleasure, or even awaken the mind to its natural and necessary exertions. This is often the source of those nervous and irritable temperaments which so many carry through life, to the discomfort of themselves and others. Early indulgence contributes its share to enhance these complaints:—an unnatural and morbid sensibility is often encouraged under the idea of delicacy and tender feelings; and even sickness itself is sometimes feigned, as being imagined (however falsely) a mark of a disposition

of this kind. But if we take the trouble of examining human nature more accurately, we shall trace this *kind feeling* to a *selfish origin*, and discover, that the liberal and truly amiable virtues of humanity and benevolence are much more frequently to be found in persons of a steady mind and temper, who have experienced variety of fortune, than in those who have passed their lives in an uniform course of luxurious indulgences, which are generally seen to create mean ideas and sentiments. It is remarked by Montesquieu, ‘that men who have met with uniform compliance with their will, are inclined to cruelty and severity.’ A mixture of adverse with prosperous fortune is necessary to inspire humanity and pity.

The passions of the mind have been not unaptly styled by a number of authors, ‘the gales of life ;’ and from them, in the language of Scripture, may be said to proceed the issues of good and evil. They are the source of every agreeable and of every painful feeling.

A woman who defies the opinion of the world by any singularity of conduct, is justly stigmatized by the rational part of her sex, as

departing from those rules of decorum which modesty had prescribed to them, both as their ornament and safety. There may be no impeachment upon her virtue ; but if she violates the ' nameless decencies ' that constitutes one of the charms of woman, she can neither be loved, admired, nor respected.

It is when suitable characters chance to be domesticated under the same roof, that attachments most frequently have their origin. People talk of balls, routs, operas, and gay parties,—but these after all are not the true scenes : one goes to these warned, prepared, armed ; but one calm glance, or one confidential whisper at the fireside, is worth all the radiant smiles, and all the no-meaning whispers of fifty saloons ; and young hearts often encounter far more danger in the course of a single quiet walk in the fields, in a fine summer's evening, than ever haunted the crowded and glowing atmosphere of theatre or ball-room.

The reason why so few marriages turn out happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making *nets*, not in making *cages*.

When we read a passage in an author,—where his opinion agrees with our own, we say,—‘that was excellently well observed;’ but when we differ, we pronounce him to be mistaken.

Pride wishes not to excite pity, but vanity is consoled even in sorrow by attracting attention.

We should never be deceived by the flattery of others, did we not first flatter ourselves.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their *due*, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told. Whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and therefore scorns to boast.

Some people are fond of affecting familiarity with the great, which is an ambition of momentary equality, sought and enjoyed by the

neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another. But a great mind disdains to hold anything by courtesy, and therefore never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away. He that encroaches on another's dignity, puts himself in his power ; he is either repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension.

When a great deal of gratitude is found in a poor man, it may be justly concluded that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich one.

The character of covetousness is more generally acquired through some niggardliness or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a-year would ease a person from the scandal of avarice.

It is a certain truth, that a man is never so easy or little imposed upon, as among people of the *best sense*. It costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in bad company than in good : as the former have less under-

standing to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with *himself*, and with *others*, is no very *easy task*.

The general cry is against ingratitude, but sure the complaint is oftentimes misplaced; it should be against vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost everybody is capable of thinking that he has done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he has received less than his due.

Vanity generally arises in the mind in proportion to the want of understanding.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves, which we cannot suffer in others, is neither more nor less than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

We should never be ashamed to own that we have been in the wrong, which is only the acknowledgment that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday.

To every noble and generous mind, the apology for a fault does away the offence, and oftentimes leaves, as it were, a balance in favour of the offender.

Benevolence must be considered as a sentiment of the mind, as something intimately belonging to it, and operating without the excitement of external causes. A kind and affectionate disposition belongs to animals, and the same feeling blended with considerations peculiar to man, constitutes benevolence, which is the chief ornament of his nature. In the language of Shakspeare, it may be said to be ‘twice blest, for it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.’ It produces the same sentiment in others, and thus becomes the bond of society ; a source and spring of virtuous actions, and an obstacle to those of a contrary nature. No sentiment can produce more delight than the consideration of our having done good unto others ; none is equally permanent ; and the constant feeling of good-will to all ‘sheds a perpetual sunshine o’er the mind.’ Whoever attends to the affections of the mind, will readily perceive that there is nothing more *infectious* than *feelings* ; if, therefore, we wish

to receive kindness from others, we can only obtain it by showing kindness to them. That the sentiment of benevolence is possessed naturally by different persons, in various degrees, is manifest from childhood. Its excess renders us morbidly sensitive to the distresses of our fellow-creatures, and proportionably indifferent ourselves to trifling inconveniences or personal privations, when we have in view the good of others, especially those we love: on the contrary, the deficiency of this feeling makes us so indifferent, that we seem to think only of ourselves. There are some who, possessing this sentiment, do not act in conformity to its dictates: they give pity, but no succour. The exhibition of their natural feelings, like the common courtesies of the world, thus *deceive* those who confide in them. Surely it must be the consideration of this circumstance, joined with a detestation of deceit, and the consciousness that it is but a duty to do unto others as we would they should do to us, which produces an anomaly of character both common and well known. Many persons of great benevolence and perfect candour often suppress all exhibition of good feelings, and treat with harshness those whom they nevertheless effectually

relieve and support;—by these means putting a mask over the face of virtue, and making it appear disgusting. Gall and Spurzheim think that there is an organization which occasions its possessor to feel and perform what is just and honourable to be done amongst mankind; and of the imperative and controlling influence of this sentiment over human actions, when supported by adequate determination, we have abundant and glorious instances. Brutus condemning his son, and Regulus returning from Carthage, are convincing and sufficient examples. Some, indeed, might question whether pride had not a great influence in producing such noble conduct. They knew that the eyes of the world were fixed upon them, and that it would be shameful to deviate from what justice and honour commanded. But we may observe, even in the dawn of life, and within the circle of a single family, that there are some little children upon whose promises we can depend, and who would not tell a falsehood to screen themselves from shame and punishment. That persons possess this sentiment in very unequal degrees, must, I fear, be admitted; but that none are destitute of it may, I think, be inferred from all representing their own conduct, how-

ever culpable, both to others and to themselves, as conformable, in some respects at least, to the laws of moral rectitude. Gall and Spurzheim believe that on the outside of the head they can discern the throne of pride and district of vanity. These sentiments are of a similar nature, and can belong only to rational considerations. They consist in an exaltation of ourselves in our own opinion, above others, on account of some real or supposed superiority in mind, body, or estate. Pride is a sentiment of a more fixed and independent nature than vanity. The proud man seems indifferent about the good opinion of others, and satisfied with his own. But vanity seems to languish without the food of flattery; and the vain man often appears humble in order to obtain applause. These sentiments, in a limited degree, may be useful, as they prevent us from doing what might lower us in our own esteem or in that of others, and induce conduct which has a contrary tendency; but no faulty sentiments or propensities can render their possessor, in general, more offensive or ridiculous. The absence of these sentiments, with due consideration of the rights and claims of others, according to Gall and Spurzheim's views of these subjects,

of limited intellect consider tantamount to wisdom, because it enables them to over-reach those gifted beings in whom talent leaves no room for the base chicaneries of mean minds.

Some men are possessed of good qualities, which are of service to others, but useless to themselves : like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the passers by, not the owner within.

There are characters which are mere *stop-gaps* in creation ; who, by dint of impudence and flattery, alternately applied, make good the post they seize upon in the world.

The first consideration with a knave is to help *himself* ; and the second, how to do it with the appearance of helping *you*.

Economy consists in a wise regulation of *great* expenses, not a constant irritation about *small* ones.

It is better to have dealings with a stranger than a friend. It is better to buy a horse of a dealer than a gentleman.

A fine letter does not consist in saying fine things, but expressing ordinary ones in an uncommon manner. It is the art of giving grace and elegance to familiar occurrences, that constitutes the merit of this kind of writing. That which is devoid of affectation, and at the same time full of matter, is always interesting.

Letters of condolence usually contain those common-place topics of consolation, which are of no other use, but to make the unhappy feel more forcibly what they have lost, by the inefficiency of the arguments intended to console them.

How many cold heartless letters are written (by those from whom better feelings are due), that give heart-aches to those who receive them, and cost the writer no trouble at all.

There is a calm grace, and easiness of position and movement, which is generally acquired, not given,—which springs more frequently from cultivation of mind, than from perfection of body,—and which is difficult of attainment, even under every advantage of station and fortune.

Every one knows the elevation given to the countenance of a man by contemplative habits. Perhaps the natural delicacy of feminine features has combined with its *rarity*, to make this expression less observable in woman ; but to one familiar with the study of the human face, there is, in the look of a truly intellectual woman, a keen subtlety of refinement, a separation from everything *gross* and *material*, which comes up to our highest dream of the angelic. The author from whence this is taken goes on to say,—‘ For myself, I care not to analyze it. I leave to philosophy to find out its secret. It is enough to see and feel it, and I believe mine is not a peculiar susceptibility. Every man who approaches such a woman feels it. He may not *define* it ; he may be totally unconscious what it *is* that awes him ; but he feels as if a mysterious and invisible veil were about her, and every dark thought is quenched suddenly in his heart, as if he had come into the atmosphere of a spirit. I would have every woman know this. I would tell every mother who prays nightly for the peculiar watchfulness of good spirits over the purity of her child, that she may weave around her a defence stronger than steel,—that she may place in her heart a

living amulet, whose virtue is like a circle of fire to pollution. I am not 'stringing pearls,' but I know that an empty mind is not a strong citadel; and in the melancholy chronicle of female ruin, the instances are comparatively rare of victims distinguished for mental cultivation. I speak perhaps with enthusiasm, but when I think how the daughters of a house are its grace and honour,—and when I think how the father and mother that loved her, and the brother that made her his pride, and the sister in whose bosom she slept, are all crushed utterly by a daughter's degradation, I feel that language can hardly be too strong when writing upon such a subject.' The author of the foregoing article relates in one of his Tales the story of a student from one of our Universities, passing some years in America, where he lived in solitude, and amused himself with educating the mind of a clever little girl, the daughter of the people where he lodged, and who, when she grew up, he married. He thus speaks of the progress of his pupil:—'After a course of study which brought my pupil's reasoning faculties into play, she came to me one evening, with an air of embarrassment approaching to distress, and told me that she had been

thinking all day that it was useless to study any more. There were so many mysterious things,—so much even that she could see, which she could not account for, and, with all her efforts, she got on so slowly, that she was discouraged. It was better, she said, to be happy in ignorance, than to be constantly tormented with the sight of knowledge to which she could not attain, and which she only knew enough to value. Poor child ! she did not know that she was making the same complaint with Newton, and Bacon, and Locke ; and that the wisest of men were only “gatherers of pebbles on the shore of an illimitable sea !” I began to talk to her of the mind. I spoke of its grandeur, and its capacities, and its destiny. I told her instances of high attainment, and wonderful discovery,—sketched the sublime philosophies of the soul,—the possibility that this life was but a link in a chain of existences, and the glorious power, if it were true, of entering upon another world with a loftier capacity than your fellow beings for the comprehension of its mysteries. I then touched upon the duty of self-cultivation,—the pride of a high consciousness of improved time, and the delicious feelings of self-respect, and true appreciation. She

listened in silence, and wept. It was one of those periods which occur to all delicate minds, of distrust and fear; and when it passed by, and her ambition stirred again, she proceeded with her studies with renewed ardour, and I had no trouble to urge her on. She began the next day with the philosophy of the mind, and I was never happier than in following her from step to step in this delightful study.'

The aim of education should be rather to teach us *how* to think, than *what* to think;—rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load our memory with the thoughts of others.

By the light of Divine revelation, Christianity enables us accurately to discriminate between *good* and *evil*, *right* and *wrong*; it teaches us to see things according to their own nature, and their proper colours: to behold those qualities which are really vicious, deprived of their dazzling brightness, wherewith reason, impaired by passion, had invested them; and to contemplate those which are virtuous, disencumbered from the clouds of worldly prejudice, and arrayed in their native beauty. In a word,

it teaches us to see things as they are in the sight of God, and not as they appear according to the erroneous conception of men.

Those who make the opinion of the world the criterion of their conduct, are but too apt to neglect the dictates of religion and conscience.

He who strives th' approbation of all to obtain,
Shows a world of good-nature, but labours in vain.

Study always to be esteemed by good men,
and seek not to be hated of the evil.

The courtesy of Christianity is equally solicitous to avoid offending the poor and low, as the rich and great ; or indeed of hurting the feelings of any one.

Disease generally brings that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man above another are very little preserved in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise ; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit clouded, the reason often perverted, and the hero

subdued ; where the highest and brightest of mortals, as well as the more humble denizens of earth, find their best support to arise from the consciousness of having used their best endeavours to perform their several duties through life.

The parable of the unjust steward is far less difficult than it seems. What the Lord commended in the unjust steward, was, his great sagacity and forethought in securing an asylum in the houses of his lord's debtors, by making them partners in his fraud, thereby placing them so in his *power*, that they dare not refuse to receive him into their houses without exposing themselves to detection. The use we should make of the parable is, that as we must all ere long give up our stewardship of whatever talents or advantages have been placed in our hands during our existence here, we ought to exert the same sagacity and foresight in the use of them, as did the unjust steward of his wit and cunning. Our main object should be, to secure to ourselves an everlasting habitation at the close of this fleeting existence, which may terminate at any moment, and cannot last long.

It is our conduct with regard to temporal things, that can alone evidence the reality of our belief in revelation, and a future state hereafter.

The mildness of the Hindoo has been frequently extolled by writers who have only superficially considered this general trait of national character. Mildness is at best but an equivocal virtue; for if it proceed from the mere absence of emotion, which it but too often does, it is as great a moral defect as the most vehement paroxysm of passion; in fact, the elements of good are far more prevalent in the latter than in the former. Negative good is always allied to positive evil; they are points of contact in the sphere of human infirmity, and so closely approximate, that they may be said to merge in one inseparable union. The absence of good presupposes the presence of evil, which, whether passive or active, moral or practical, is, in every circumstance, and under every variety and modification, still evil. Mildness is often the symptom of an insensibility that is not to be softened by the appeals of human sympathy, or roused into action by the apprehension of dangers which are distant

or uncertain ; it is only really a virtue when it is remote from those cold and negative qualities of the moral temperament, which can find no centre of attraction beyond the narrow circle of self-love. The mildness of the Hindoo is mere apathy ; and that apathy which would cause us to witness a murder with indifference is infinitely more detestable, and surely a greater moral deformity, than the passion which, after a desperate conflict with a man's better feelings, works him up, in the frenzy of its effervescence, to take away the life of a fellow-creature.

Nothing gives so high a polish as truly religious feelings : they shrink into nothingness all minor objects which create asperities between man and man : they give, from the habit of self-examination, an insight into the heart, a quickness of perception that knows every tender point, and avoids touching it, except to heal, whether its delicacy springs from the virtues, the infirmities, or even the vices of our nature. The Christian cannot be proud, vain, or negligent, except in the inverse of his religion : as the sun of righteousness shines out in his heart, these clouds melt away. The courtesy of Christianity is equally visible in health

and sickness, in retirement as in a crowd, in a cottage as in a palace. Those sudden gusts of adverse or prosperous fortune, so fatal to artificial pretensions, do not throw it off its guard. Like the finest porcelain of the East, when broken, every fracture displays the superiority of its structure over those coarser kinds, which are 'of the earth, earthy.'

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor is any pleasure so lasting, or capable of so much variety.

Abernethy observes, that 'if the peculiarity of our feelings and faculties be the effect of variety of excitement through a diversity of organization, it should tend to produce in us mutual forbearance and toleration. We should perceive how nearly impossible it is that persons should feel and think exactly alike upon any subject. We should not arrogantly pride ourselves upon our virtues and knowledge, nor condemn the errors and weakness of others, since they may depend upon causes which we can neither produce, nor easily counterfeit. No one, judging from his own feelings and powers, can be aware of the kind or degree

of temptation or terror, or the seeming incapacity to resist them, which may induce others to deviate.'

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance ; for it requires knowledge to perceive it ; and therefore he that can perceive it, hath it not.

The most difficult disquisitions are usually better explained in a few lines, than by a thousand pages.

In an assault case, the counsel was explaining to the jury, that medical men were often obliged to use technical expressions in giving their evidence, when he was interrupted by Baron Gurney, who said,—‘ Except eminent men, who always use the plainest language.’

The opinions of a clever boy are better than those of a dull man, upon everything but matters of experience.

In the treatment of nervous cases, he is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.

It would appear that nothing but the heavy progress of time, and our own experience, enables us to calculate the mighty ebb and flow of our spring-tide of life, or analyze the clouds and sunshine of the April climate of our years. How little do the young appreciate the value of their youth !—that brief season of vivid impressions, when the mind, and heart, and body, are alike healthy,—alike untouched by the corruptions of our mortal nature ;—when the eye sees with its own sight,—the bosom swells with its own emotions ;—when the love of God, and of his creatures, is warm and bright within us,—when the scorn of the scorner has not reached our ears, nor the iron of adversity entered into our soul. Rumours of wrong, and evil, and suffering assail us ; but we reject a lesson that finds no echo in our own experience. Nay, so unreal is the picture of human affliction, that we look forth and hail those shadows imparted to the imaginary landscape of life, by the homilies of the old, and the still more frigid lessons of written wisdom, as only intended to set forth with brighter lustre the glittering points of joy and prosperity sparkling at intervals upon its surface. ‘ Despair ’ seems a mere figure of speech ; ‘ anguish ’ a poetical expression ; and

‘ woe ’ the favourite rhyme of a plaintive stanza.
Ah ! bitter experience ! wherefore must thou
come with the realities of the grave, the pang
of absence, the sting of disappointment, to
prove that the sun can shine in vain, and the
spring breathe forth its heavenly breath only to
deepen the winter withering within our hearts !

It is surprising how the circle of happiness
contracts itself with advancing years ; but does
the heart become in proportion narrowed in its
affections ? Oh no !—not always !—not neces-
sarily so : only more concentrated,—more fixed
in its aim,—more bound to the few on whom
its affections dwell.

Oh sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas ! we daily trace.
Yet, at the darken’d eye, the wither’d face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine :
But spare, O Time, whate’er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate’er of fancy’s ray, or friendship’s flame,
be mine.

He is with thee, around thee, He lists to thy cry,
And thy tears are recorded by Him ;
A pillar of light will He be to thine eye,
Whose brightness no shadow can dim.

Oh ! follow it still thro' the darkness of night,
In safety 'twill lead to the morrow ;
It is not like the meteor of earth's fickle light,
That is quench'd in delusion and sorrow ;—
For pure is the beam, and unfading the ray,
And tempests assail it in vain ;
When the dreams of this world are all vanish'd
away,
In its brightness it still will remain.

Weep not, tho' none be around thee to love,
For a Father is near thee to bless ;
And if griefs have exalted thy spirit above,
Oh ! say, wouldst thou wish them one less ?
He is with thee whose favour for ever is life ;
Could a mortal heart guard thee so well ?
Oh ! hush the vain wish, calm thy bosom's wild
strife,
And forbid e'en a thought to rebel.

Age does rarely sympathise with youth.
There has been a vast distance traversed

between the two points ; in the course of which, most women, and almost all men, have met with so many urgent and bitter troubles ; so many cruel tortures of body or of mind,—that those sorrows,—equally intense, though apparently springing from a less substantial foundation,—which agitate the hearts, and derange the health of the young, are too easily forgotten. Therefore should man, throughout the whole of his career, cultivate and maintain in himself the gentle attribute of pity,—of pity for infirmities not his own, and for sorrows in which he has ceased to participate ; and, by the daily practice of indulgent consideration for others, learn to resist the deadening influence of years. Most parents, even the tenderest, will find it wise to remember this. Few carry to the sorrows of their adult children the anxious sympathy, and that tender solicitude which soothes the sickness and the griefs of childhood ; and many an unlooked for decline, and many an early grave, might have been averted, were this not too frequently the case. This remark—and it is strange, but it is true—but too often applies to mothers, in every class,—least, we believe, in the lowest.

The passion of love has been compared by an eminent writer to the image of another passing between the person under its influence, and their reason.

The pathetic exclamation of Othello, when all his 'occupations' vanished before the master-passion of jealousy, may be echoed in softer notes by woman, when once absorbed by the soul-subduing power of a passionate love. It is the fatal period of her destiny,—drawing down the curse which impends over her feeble and devoted race. Successful or unfortunate, the difference is smaller than might be imagined. Doomed to adore imperfection,—to doat on inconstancy,—to rest on frailty,—to waste the treasures of devoted attachment on selfishness, indifference, or, perhaps, scorn! Such is the fate of her, who abandons herself without control to the force or feebleness of her heart.

Love is commonly followed by disappointment, admiration by mortification, and obligation by ingratitude.

Mutual affection requires to be preserved by

mutual endeavours to amuse, and to meet the wishes of each other ; but where there is total neglect and indifference either to amuse or oblige, can it be wondered if affection, following the tendency of its nature, sinks into mere civility ?

There is a management of one's own familiar intercourse, which is more neglected, and at the same time more important to happiness, than any other ; it is particularly a pity that this is not oftener understood by newly married people. As far as my own observation goes, I have rarely failed to detect far too early signs of ill-disguised and disappointed weariness. It was not the reaction of excitement,—not the return to the quiet ways of home,—but a new manner,—a forgetful indifference, believing itself concealed, and yet betraying itself continually by unconscious and irrepressible symptoms. I believe it resulted oftenest from the same causes,—partly that they saw each other too much, and partly that when the form of etiquette was removed, they forgot to retain its invaluable essence,—an assiduous and minute disinterestedness. It seems nonsense to lovers, but absence, if not too long, is the secret of

respect, and therefore of affection. Love is divine, but its flame is too delicate for a perpetual household lamp; it should be burned only for incense, and even then trimmed skillfully. It is wonderful how a slight neglect, or a glimpse of weakness, or a chance defect of knowledge, or tact, dims its new glory. Lovers, married or single, should have different pursuits,—they should meet to respect each other for new and distinct acquisitions. It is the weakness of human affections that they are framed on pride, and waste with over-much familiarity. The delight is to meet after hours of absence,—to sit down by the evening lamp, and with a mind unexhausted by the intercourse of the day, to yield to the fascinating freedom of conversation, and clothe the rising thoughts of affection in fresh and unhackneyed language! A woman deficient in mental refinement, polished manners, and a cultivated understanding, may be of use in governing our families, but cannot add to the enjoyment, nor fix the partiality of a man of taste! Since the days when *St. Leon* was written, the word by which the author expressed his meaning is grown, perhaps, into disrepute, but the remark is still one of keen and observant discrimination. It refers

at least to that susceptibility to delicate attentions, that fine sense of the nameless and exquisite tenderness of manner and thought, which constitute in the minds of its possessors the deepest under-current of life,—the felt and treasured, but unseen and inexpressible effect of affection and respect. It is rarely found in the characters of men, but it outweighs, when it is, all grosser qualities,—for its possession implies a generous nature, purity, refined affections, and a heart open to all the sunshine and meaning in the universe. It belongs more to women; but indispensable as it is to her character, it is oftener wanting than anything else. And without it, what is she? What is love to a being of such dull sense, that she hears only its common and audible language, and sees nothing but what it brings to her feet, to be eaten, and worn, and looked upon? What is woman, if the expressive language of the eye, or the deepened fulness of the tone, or the tenderness of a slight attention, are things unnoticed, and of no value? One who answers you when you speak, smiles when you tell her she is grave, assents barely to the expression of your enthusiasm, but has no dream beyond,—no suspicion that she has not felt and reciprocated.

cated your feelings as fully as you could expect or desire ? It is a matter too little looked to. Sensitive and ardent men too often marry with a blindfold admiration of mere goodness or loveliness, but the intimate scrutiny of such intimate and unreserved association soon dissipates the gay dream, and they find themselves suddenly unsphered, and linked indissolubly with affections strangely differing from their own, and lavishing their only treasure on those who can neither appreciate nor return it. The after-life of such men is a trifling solitude of feeling. Their avenues of enjoyment are their manifold sympathies ; and when these are shut up or neglected, the heart is dark, and they have nothing to do thenceforward but to forget. There are many who, possessed of capacity for the more elevated affections, waste and lose it by a careless, and often unconscious, neglect. It is not a plant to grow unattended. The breath of indifference, or a rude touch, may destroy for ever its delicate texture. To drop the figure, there is a daily attention to the slight courtesies of life, a skill in detecting the passing shadows of feeling, which alone can preserve through life the first freshness of affection. The easy surprises of pleasure, an earnest

cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes, the habitual respect to opinions, the polite abstinence from personal topics in the company of others, the assiduous and unwavering attention to the comfort of each other, at home and abroad, and, above all, the absolute preservation in private of those proprieties of conversation and manner, which are sacred before the world, are some of the thousand secrets of that rare happiness which age and habit alike fail to impair or diminish.

It has been ever observed, that the men most susceptible of deep impressions, are the most remarkable for the finer qualities of character. They are more generous, more delicate, of a more chivalrous complexion altogether than other men.

It is mutual wants and mutual cares, mutual solace and mutual confidence, that bind the conjugal tie. These are the springs of that precious enduring affection, intended by the Creator of man, to strengthen as passion declines,—to weave itself indissolubly into the web of life,—to increase with advancing years,—to gather force from declining powers,—to

endure, when the graces, the charms, the gaieties, and all but the necessities from whence it sprung, decay. Its power is in our infirmities,—its strength in our weakness. What wonder, then, that it so rarely consents to bless the great, the magnificent, and the proud !

There are some faces that at once appeal to the imagination : you feel that there must be a history belonging to it.

Those persons who are the least sociable with the community, are always the most ardent in their individual attachments.

The principal sources of every-day happiness, satisfactory occupation and a clear conscience, are craving necessities. But when these are secured, there are lighter matters, which, to the sensitive and educated at least, are to happiness what foliage is to the tree. They are refinements which add to the beauty of life, without diminishing its strength ; and as they spring only from a better use of our common gifts, they are neither costly nor rare. Secrets may be learned under the roof of a poor man, which would add to the luxury of the rich.

The blessings of a cheerful fancy and a quick eye come from nature, and the trailing of a vine may develop them as well as the drapery of a king's chamber.

As proportion is one cause of beauty in physics, so it is in morals: and as the agreeableness, whether from grandeur or beauty of a whole (in architecture, for example), depends upon the proportion of its parts to that whole, and no other; so in morals, happiness will depend upon the accommodation of means to ends; upon consistency of conduct; and upon the avoidance of all disproportion in our way of living, whether from silly extravagance, or niggardly saving. A man, whose house, pleasures, or habits of living do not exceed, or greatly fall short of his means and station, feels increased pleasure from that very circumstance. I need not apply the contrary consequence to the contrary conduct. Hence, all fortunes, all situations, and even everything arising from education, are, in amount of happiness to the holders of them, pretty much alike. Everything depends upon our understanding our place in society, and being in it:—and this is moral proportion.

Moderation in our desires, though often the consequence of disappointment and dismay, is yet the best ingredient of rational happiness.

There is an air of distinction which Nature confers in her bounty, when she creates a noble of her own.

In our intercourse with the world, we should show politeness without obsequiousness, a proper attention and respect for others, and that air of easy dignity which belongs to those alone who know their place in society, and keep within it.

People always make fools of themselves when they step out of their sphere.

A high sense of honour,—a determination never to take a mean advantage of another,—a strict adherence to truth, delicacy, and politeness towards those with whom we have dealings,—these are the essential and distinguishing qualifications of a gentleman.

In all our actions, there is nothing can supply the place of strong undeviating principle ;

and we should never in our own case avail ourselves of those palliations and excuses for our conduct, which should be reserved for questions in which we are not personally concerned. We may, we ought, to be merciful to others; to ourselves we should be only just.

The more quietly and peaceably we can get on, the better for ourselves, and the better for our neighbours. In nine cases out of ten the wisest policy is, if one cheat you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, to have nothing more to do with him; if he slanders you, so to live that nobody will believe him; no matter who he is, the wisest way in general is, to let him alone. There is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

By the term common-sense, is not meant that it is commonly met with, but it is intended to express that natural intelligence which is neither the result of education, nor confined to any rank or condition of life, but occasionally to be met with in every class of society, and therefore said to be common to all.

We can generally form a better judgment as to the best course to take, on any trying occasion in which others are called upon to act, than for ourselves. The saying being a true one,—‘ that lookers on see most of the game.’

Folly consists in drawing false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.

When a man mistakes his thoughts for persons and things, he is mad. A madman is properly so defined.

It is the principle from which an action springs which stamps its worth, as regards the doer of it. It is the motive, as we all know, that more than anything else renders an action good or bad. However fair it may be in appearance, if it originates in a selfish motive, the action is hollow and valueless. Who cares for an outward seeming and show of friendship or affection, unless it is dictated by a friendly and affectionate heart? What is fawning fondness from a heart that is cold? The difference is more easily detected than people in general are

aware of, as the feeling which it inspires generally reveals it, though the reason why is often not discoverable till afterwards. Who does not prize a rough exterior when it covers honest intentions, more than the most plausible and fawning manner, attempting the concealment of a heart which is selfish, false, and cold. Thus it is right to insist on the principle for its own sake ; because it gives the value to the action, not the action to the principle. If the gold be not good, the stamp, though it may often deceive people, gives it no real worth. It is right to enforce the principle, rather than the action, because the former is sure of producing the latter ; whereas good actions, that is, such as wear an outward show of goodness, are by no means sure of producing or fostering good principles. Take for example the giving of alms. There can be no doubt that he who loves his neighbour as himself, for Christ's sake, will relieve his wants : therefore, there can be no doubt that wherever there is Christian love or charity, it must needs produce the giving of alms, and every other bountiful work. But it is not equally certain that Christian love will grow out of giving to the poor, for the Gospel tells us of hypocrites who did their alms in the

streets to be seen of men. Can those who act upon such a corrupt and selfish motive grow better by what they do? or can it render them more bountiful, more compassionate, more affectionate? We know to the contrary,—for the more a man indulges any evil propensity, the more he falls under its sway, and the worse he becomes. If he gives way to his vanity and selfishness, he is sure to become more vain and more selfish. Nor is it too much to say, that every action of seeming goodness, which does not flow from a sincere and honest heart, is so far from helping to make a man better, that it tends directly to make him still more the child of the devil and the slave of sin than before.

We should not only be happier, but better, if we attended more to the dictates of the best feelings of our hearts. Half the misery in the world arises from want of sympathy. We do not assist each other as we ought to do, because we rarely pause to ask, Do they need our sympathy? There are other ways of being charitable besides that of dispensing money.

Next to enjoying happiness ourselves, is the consciousness of having bestowed it on others.

But the indiscriminate profusion that would glut avarice, or supply prodigality, neither does good, nor is rewarded by gratitude.

One little act of well-timed kindness, one smile from a warm benevolent heart, is worth all the cant and politeness in the world.

It is good for one's moral constitution, when we meet with instances which convince us, that there are such things as kindness, integrity, and disinterestedness, to be found in the world.

Disbelief in excellence is the worst soil in which the mind can work: we must believe before we can hope. The political creed, of which expediency is the beginning and end, can never know the generous purpose, or the high result. It sees events through a microscope; the detail is accurate, but the magnificent combination, and the glorious distance, are wholly lost.

It is a true and well-known observation, that the strongest attachments spring from a conviction of the services we render, rather than that of the services we receive.

It is painful to think how the purest and dearest tie that can exist,—that which binds the parent to the child, and the child to the parent,—is doomed to sever by the very course of nature, when nearer interests and more vivid emotions arise, which make those seem faint which were held precious before ! And yet so so inextricably blended are happiness and sorrow on earth, that, fortunate are they who have such ties to sever when they form others. Alas ! the felicity of parents is often limited to the childhood of their offspring.

A person cannot be said to be well dressed, when people stop to stare at him ; as dress fails of its effect, when it attracts attention independently of the man.

C'est la tournure, la manière de porter la toilette, qui en fait le prix.

As straws, floating upon the surface of the stream, point out which way the current flows, so do often our most trifling actions show the bent and inclination of our minds to accurate observers, when we least think we are betraying them.

People in general care less about the spiritual than the conventional. The world is more violent in defending the forms, than the essence of the religion it professes.

In other countries, the crime of infidelity in married life is punished. In Italy, it is the appearance only that is criminal. In proportion as the sin is overlooked, the violation of the outward proprieties of life are severely visited.

When writing to my friend, I say what I think ;—to others, I think what to say.

When we converse with our intimate friends, we speak of ourselves, or rather of each other, than which there is no subject more delightful, when love exists between the parties. The same holds good as to writing.

The chain of friendship, however bright, does rarely stand the attrition of constant close contact.

There may be community of material possessions, but there can never be community of love.

or esteem. It must happen that one will please more than another ; he that knows himself despised, will always be envious : and still more envious and malevolent, if he is condemned to live in the presence of those who despise him.

It is the property of the passions to alter the judgment, and to make us lost to that sense of right which shows us things in their true aspect.

What perversity there is in human nature ! People generally say the severest things to those whom they most love.

How much discomfort, and how many grievances would most family histories disclose if written truly.

That discipline which corrects the eagerness of worldly passions, which fortifies the heart with virtuous principles, which enlightens the mind with useful knowledge, and furnishes to it matter of enjoyment from within itself, is of more consequence to happiness than all the provision which we can make of the goods of fortune. To this let us bend our chief attention.

Let us keep the heart with all diligence, seeing out of it are the issues of life. Let us account our mind the most important province which is committed to our care ; and if we cannot rule fortune, study at least to rule ourselves. Let us propose for our object, not worldly success, which it depends not on us to obtain, but that upright and honourable discharge of our duty in every conjuncture, which, through the Divine assistance, is always within our power. Let our happiness be sought where our proper praise is found ; and that be accounted our only real evil which we bring upon ourselves, not that which is either the appointment of Providence, or which arises from the evil of others.

Clarendon, in exile, composed that immortal history, which, if written under great disadvantages, from memory alone, and at a distance from those documents which can alone insure minute accuracy in the historian, has still a faithfulness most impressive and most valuable. If the memory of Clarendon has let fall some petty circumstances, dates, and names, it has preserved the impressions, the actual being and presence of his times, as it appeared to, and

left its indelible stamp upon his mind. Clarendon not only drew the characters of men with consummate skill, but in a peculiar degree preserved this faithfulness of impression,—this power of realizing the scenes and events of the period, with their workings on the minds of men, which is among the highest and rarest functions of a great historian. We read not merely the barren facts, and learn the names, and become acquainted with the characters of the principal actors, but the whole tragic drama—with the emotions it excited, its fears, its hopes, its passions, its vicissitudes—passes before us, in all the energy of movement and life.

Sir Edward Hyde having returned again to Antwerp, now enjoyed himself with his family and his books ; and in the company of several persons of rank and merit who resorted to him. But the conversation in which he took most delight, was that of Sir Charles Cavendish, brother to the Marquis of Newcastle, of whom he gives the following character : ‘ He was (says Lord Clarendon) one of the most extraordinary persons of that age, in all the noble endowments of the mind. He had all the

disadvantages imaginable in his person ; which was not only of so small a size, that it drew the eyes of men upon him ; but with such deformity in his little person, and an aspect in his countenance, that was apter to raise contempt than approbation. But in this unhand-some or homely habitation, there was a mind and a soul lodged that was very lovely and beautiful ; cultivated and polished by all the knowledge and wisdom that arts and sciences could supply it with. He was a great philosopher, in the extent of it, and an excellent mathematician ; whose correspondence was very dear to Gassendus and Descartes ; the last of which dedicated some of his works to him. He had very notable courage ; and the vigour of his mind so adorned his body, that being with his brother the Marquis in all the war, he usually went out in all parties, and was present and charged the enemy in all battles with as keen a courage as could dwell in the heart of man. But then the gentleness of his disposition, the humility and meekness of his nature, and the vivacity of his wit, was admirable. He was so modest, that he could hardly be prevailed upon to enlarge himself upon subjects he understood better than other men, except

he were pressed by his very familiar friends ; as if he thought it presumption to know more than handsomer men used to do. Above all, his virtue and piety was such, that no temptation could work upon him to consent to any thing that swerved in least degree from the precise rules of honour, or the most severe rules of conscience.' He died early, universally regretted.

There is no portion of history in which it so much behoves an Englishman to be thoroughly versed as in that of Cromwell's age. There it may be seen to what desperate lengths men of good hearts and laudable intentions may be drawn by faction. There may be seen the rise and progress, and the consequences of rebellion. There are to be found the highest principles of true patriotism, sound principles, and heroic virtue ;—with some alloy of haughtiness in Strafford, of human infirmity in Laud, pure and unsullied in Falkland, and Capel, and Newcastle, and in Clarendon, the wisest and the best of English statesmen, the most authentic, and the most candid, the most instructive of English historians. From the history of that age, and more especially from that excellent

writer, the young and ingenuous may derive and confirm a just and generous and ennobling love for the institutions of their country, founded upon the best feelings, and truest principles, and the good and thoughtful of all ages will feel in the perusal with what reason that petition is inserted in the Litany, wherein we pray the Lord to deliver us from all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion ; from all false doctrines, heresy, and schism ; from hardness of heart, and contempt of his word and commandments,—sins, which draw after them, in certain and inevitable consequence, the heaviest of all chastisements upon a guilty nation.

‘ A wise Tory and a wise Whig,’ said Dr. Johnson, ‘ I believe will be found to agree. Their principles are the same, though their modes of thinking are different. A high Tory makes Government unintelligible ; it is lost in the clouds. A violent Whig makes it impracticable ; he is for allowing so much liberty to every man, that there is not power enough to govern any man. The prejudice of the Tory is for establishment ; that of the Whig for innovation. A Tory does not wish to give more real power to government, but that government

should have more reverence. Then they differ as to the Church. The Tory is not for giving more legal power to the clergy, but wishes they should have a considerable influence, founded on the opinion of mankind; the Whig is for limiting and watching them with a narrow jealousy.'

The same author observed, that his grand object would be, if he travelled, to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On those shores were the four great empires of the world; the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, and almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from those shores. The Mediterranean would be a good subject for a poem.

Definition of what are generally called bargains;—the buying a bad commodity that you do not want, because you can get it cheaper than a good one that you do want.

A tender conscience will never lose sight of one safe rule of determining in all doubtful cases: if the point be so nice that we hope

upon the whole there can be no harm in engaging in it, we may at least be always quite sure there can be no harm in letting it alone. The adoption of this simple rule would put a period to much unprofitable casuistry.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

The only bond that can keep hearts together is an unreserved community of thought and feeling. True love will not brook reserve : it feels undervalued and outraged, whenever the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it.

In the ordinary dispensation of bounty, little address is required ; but when it is to be applied to those of a superior and more elevated mind, there is as much charity in the manner as in the measure of one's benevolence. It is something extremely mortifying to a well-formed spirit, to see itself considered as an object of compassion ; and it is the part of improved humanity to humour this honest pride in our nature, and to relieve the necessities, without offending the delicacy of the distressed.

It is generally observable that those whose lives are least useful to others, are the most tenacious of their preservation.

Elaborate attention to trifles denotes a little mind.

The love of home, or that attachment to local objects which have been intimately associated with the pleasures and affections of opening life, is a feeling which has been found to exist, in a greater or lesser degree, in every age and nation, and may, therefore, be deemed natural to, and for the most part adherent to man. It is, moreover, the basis of all the charities and virtues of our nature, and ever burns the brightest in the breast of him who is the most tender, philanthropic, and humane. It may, in fact, be asserted, that he who has not strongly felt this domestic tie, will never, in any of the relations of life, be either happy in himself, or useful to others.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land ?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wand'ring on a foreign strand ?

It is upon this principle, the association of pleasurable ideas with the home of our early years, that almost every individual prefers his own country to a foreign one, and the spot of ground which gave him birth, to any other portion of the globe ; and in particular, that

The Briton still prefers his changeful shore,
To cloudless plains where no rude tempests roar.

Many are the circumstances, indeed, which tend to modify, to strengthen, or to enfeeble our attachment to home. Of these, one of the most operative is the period of life. In childhood and youth, where all is fairy ground, where the delightful illusions of novelty and hope are always in play ; where the morning comes without a care, and the evening ushers in the sweet repose of health and innocence—home, the seat of pastime and parental love, must forcibly induce associations dear and durable as life itself. In that first home, unassailed by the temptations, vices, and suspicions of more advanced age, friendship is guileless, and affection unalloyed ; and whatever may be the lot of man in his subsequent pilgrimage—whether of joy or sorrow, he looks back upon this season of his existence with never-failing regret, as on visions of bliss which can never return. And it is precisely in proportion as the kindlier affections

animate the bosom of manhood and old age, as virtue and religion have been acted upon and cherished through life, that the home of early youth is valued and regretted, as the scene which, in purity and simplicity, most approximates to that which, we are instructed, awaits us in a better world.

“ O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e’er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems, as to me, of all bereft ;
Sole friends, thy woods and streams were left :
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow’s stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way ;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick’s break,
Although it chill my withered cheek ;
Still lay my head by Tiviot stone,
Though there forgotten, and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

“ There let Time’s creeping winter shed
His reverend snow around my head ;
And while I feel by fast degrees
My sluggard blood wax chill and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fixed eye
A scene of deep eternity,
Till, life dissolving at the view,
I wake, and find the vision true.”

We ought to beware of limiting our felicity to the gratification of our individual wishes. Nature, ever wise and provident, hath endowed us with capacities for various pleasures, and has opened to us many fountains of enjoyment. Let no tyrannous passion, no rigid doctrine deter thee ; drink of the streams, be moderate, and be grateful.

In conversing with books we may choose our company, and disengage without ceremony or exception. Here we are free from the formalities of custom or respect. We need not undergo the penance of a dull story from a fop of figure ; but may shake off the haughty, the impertinent, and the vain, at pleasure. Books well managed, afford direction and discovery. They strengthen the organ, enlarge the pros-

pect, and give more universal insight into things than can be learned from unlettered observation. Books are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burthen to ourselves or others. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design, in their conversation.

“ Books,” says Bacon, “ can never teach the use of books. The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.”

Change of scene, argue as we may in behalf of constancy of attachment to localities, is invigorating to the moral constitution of our being. It is like the new potting of plants, which droop a little at first on being disturbed, but imbibe a fresh portion of vitality afterwards.

Men in great place are thrice servants ; servants of the sovereign or state ; servants of

fame, and servants of business ; so that they have no freedom, neither in their persons nor in their actions, nor command of their time. It is a strange desire to seek power, and to lose liberty ; or to seek power over others, and lose it over ourselves. The rising into place is laborious ; and by pains, men attain to a station still more arduous, and it is sometimes by base means, and by indignities, that men rise to a dignified station, where the standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. Men in power cannot always retire when they would, and oftentimes they will not when it is reasonable that they should ; but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness. Certainly great persons have need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy ; for if they judge by their own feelings, they cannot find it : but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when, perhaps, they find quite the contrary within ; for they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Men in power are generally strangers to themselves ; and while

they are in the hurry of business, they have no time to attend to the health either of their bodies or their minds. In place, there is licence to do both good and evil : of the latter, the option is dangerous to ourselves, but the power to do good is the true and lawful end of ambition ; for good intentions (though God accepts them), yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they can be acted upon, and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's action ; consciousness of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest.

While we preserve the adamantine shield of a clear conscience, terror can never strike a dart through it to our hearts.

When we contemplate the ways of Providence, we are like a person unskilled in painting, who looks at a half-finished picture ; he is immediately struck with the want of harmony in the colouring, and the improper disposition of light and shade, and thinks he shows his wisdom by finding faults in the whole plan, and in the execution of every part : but let him

wait till it is finished, and he will then be forced to acknowledge that every stroke has contributed to the beauty of the whole, and that what he considered as defects, now appear the chief beauties of the piece. Perhaps there is none but an artist equal to the painter of the picture, who can, before it is finished, imagine what effect will be produced. Unless, then, we can suppose the creature to be equal to the creator, and the picture to rise up against the painter, let us not presume to call in question the ordinances of God, but wait till His plans are accomplished, when we shall be convinced that whatever is, is right !

Is the capacity of man finite? Is God infinite? How can the finite comprehend the infinite?

Reason is the most unreasonable of all things, for without common-sense to guide it, it never knows where to stop.

The most inconsistent thing in the world is to expect consistency of man, at the same time that we know him to be entirely dependent on circumstances. What we have most earnestly

wished, is often proved by events to have been the worst thing that could happen to us. We do, and must change our opinions according to every circumstance that occurs, unless we could know all things, and take in the present, past, and future, at a glance.

Humility has been so much recommended, and is, indeed, so truly a Christian virtue, that some people fancy they cannot be too humble. If they speak of humility towards God, they are certainly right; we cannot, by the utmost exertion of our faculties, measure the distance between Him and us, nor prostrate ourselves too low before Him; but with regard to our fellow-creatures, I think the case is different. Though we ought by no means to assume too much, a certain degree of respect to ourselves is necessary, to obtain a proportionate degree from others. Too low an opinion of ourselves will also prevent our undertaking what we are very able to accomplish, and thus prevent the fulfilment of our duty; for it is our duty to exert the powers given us to the utmost, for good purposes; and how shall we exert powers which we are too humble-minded to suppose we possess? In this particular, as in all others, we

should constantly aim at discovering the truth. Though our faculties, both intellectual and corporeal, be absolutely nothing, compared with the Divinity, yet, when compared with those of other mortals, they rise to some relative value ; and it should be our study to ascertain that value, in order that we may employ them to the best advantage : always remembering that it is better to fix it rather below than above the truth.

It is very surprising that praise should excite vanity ; for if what is said of us be true, it is no more than we knew before, and cannot raise us in our own esteem ; if it be false, it is surely a most humiliating reflection, that we are only admired because we are not known ; and that a closer inspection would draw forth censure, instead of commendation. Praise can hurt only those who have not formed a decided opinion of themselves, and who are willing, on the testimony of others, to rank themselves higher than their merits warrant in the scale of excellency.

It is not learning that is disliked in women, but the ignorance and vanity which generally

accompany it. A woman's learning is like the fine clothes of an upstart, who is anxious to exhibit to all the world the riches so unexpectedly acquired. The learning of a man, on the contrary, is like hereditary rank, which having grown up with him, and being interwoven with his nature, he is almost unconscious of possessing it. The reason of this difference is the scarcity of the commodity amongst females, which makes every one who possesses a little think herself a prodigy. As the sum total increases, we may reasonably hope that each will become able to bear her share with a better grace.

When I hear of a great and good character falling into some heinous crime, I cannot help crying ' Lord, what am I, that I should be exempt? Oh! preserve me from temptation, or how shall I stand, when so many, much my superiors, have fallen?'

Why do so many men return coxcombs from their travels? Because they set out fools. If a man take with him even a moderate share of common-sense, and a desire of improvement, he will find travelling the best introduction to an acquaintance with himself, and of course the

best corrector of vanity ; for if we knew ourselves, of what could any of us be vain ? Vanity is the fruit of ignorance, which thrives most in subterranean places, where the air of heaven, and the light of the sun, never reach it.

The more talents and good qualities we have received, the more humble we ought to be, because we have the less merit in doing right.

It is a great misfortune to have more learning than good-sense.

We cannot have a more striking proof of the incapacity of man, than the methods he takes to hide from himself his own ignorance. When he meets with anything in nature which he can neither explain nor understand, he invents a name, by which he imposes on the world with an appearance of wisdom ; and sometimes even fancies himself wise, because he has not acknowledged his ignorance. For instance, we pretend to know what it is that moves the planets in their orbits, and we call it ‘ attraction ;’ though it is plain we are no wiser than if the word had never been used. We meet with a fossil, of which we cannot account for the for-

mation; a plant or an animal differing from any we have before seen, and we say it is '*lusus naturæ*.' Some person is affected with a disorder we do not understand, it is immediately said to be '*nervous*.' If two or three of our acquaintance are affected in the same manner, '*it is a disorder that goes about, it is in the air*;' though, perhaps, the air has no more to do with it than any of the other elements; and each person, after uttering one of these wise sentences, sits down satisfied that he has completely explained his subject.

I cannot bear to hear people say, '*such a person did me a favour, but I have returned it, and am no longer obliged to him*.' If any one does me a favour, without the least expectation or wish of a reward, though it should afterwards be in my power to do ten times more for that person, I can never repay the original obligation; which from its nature does not admit of any recompense, but remains for ever in full force.

I have known some very good people maintain in theory, and almost all in practice, that we ought to endeavour to gain the good opinion

of others. It strikes me so far otherwise, that I should think it wrong to stir my finger *on purpose* to gain the good opinion of the whole world. Not that I despise it: I consider the esteem of the wise and good as a treasure which I should be glad to obtain;—but to obtain by being really worthy of it, and not by any little fraudulent arts exercised on purpose to catch it. To be better thought of than I deserve, is always a reproach; but the consciousness of having gained that high opinion by appearing in any respect better than I really am, would be to me as insupportable as that of having forged a bank-note. In either case I should have made something pass for more than it was worth; I should expect the fraud to be some time or other discovered; and if not, I could not enjoy what I had no right to possess. Perhaps there is nothing more difficult to guard against than the desire of being admired, but I am convinced it ought never to be the *motive* for the most trifling action. We should do right because it is the will of God; if the good opinion of others follow our good conduct, we should receive it thankfully, as a valuable part of our reward; if not, we should be content without it. Let us, however, guard against

being misunderstood, by observing, that wishing to gain the applause of others is very different from wishing to please them. In the one case, we act from selfish motives, in the other, they may be purely benevolent. To give pleasure to others by expressions of kindness and affection, as well as to set them a good example, forms a part of that law of kindness which is the distinguishing feature of the Christian religion; but our motive for every action should be duty to God, and the desire of pleasing Him; the applause of our fellow-creatures may be the consequence of our conduct, and when it is so, it may be received with gratitude and pleasure; but our conduct should be precisely the same in every instance, whether this reward is likely to be obtained by it or not. The Christian should act on higher motives, and, 'through evil report and good report,' he should always strive to please God.

There never did, and never will exist, anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.

The greatest truths are the simplest, so like-

wise are the greatest men. Such is the nature of true greatness, that simplicity is ever its favourite companion. Rhetoric is thrown away upon it, even if it is not calculated to disgust and revolt it. Truth, unvarnished truth, is all that it requires to make it decide rightly, whatever may be the embarrassments thrown in its way, even by prejudices. Warburton draws a just distinction between a man of true greatness and the little-minded :—‘ If you want to recommend yourself to the former, take care that he quits your society with a good opinion of you : if your object is to please the latter, take care that he leaves you with a good opinion of himself.’

It is virtue, integrity, and intrinsic honour alone that can be depended upon, and we must look for that in a regular consistent conduct.

O, indolence and indecision of mind ! if not in yourselves vices, to how much exquisite misery do you often prepare the way !

Vanity of our knowledge is generally found in the first stages of its acquirement, because we are then looking back to that rank we have

left, of such as know nothing at all. Greater advances cure us of this, by pointing our view to those above us ; and when we reach the summit, we begin to discover that human knowledge is so imperfect as not to warrant any vanity upon it. In particular arts, beware of that affectation of speaking technically, by which ignorance is often disguised, and knowledge disgraced. They who are really skilful in the principles of science will acquire the veneration only of shallow minds by talking scientifically ; for to simplify expression is always the effect of the deepest knowledge, and the clearest discernment. On the other hand, there may be many who possess taste, though they have not attained skill ; who if they will be content with the expression of their own feelings, without labouring to keep up the borrowed phrase of erudition, will have their opinions respected by all whose suffrages are worthy of being gained. The music, the painting, the poetry of the passions, is the property of every one who has a heart to be moved ; and there may be particular modes of excellence which national or temporary fashions create, yet that standard will ever remain which alone is common to all.

There is a politeness of the heart, which is confined to no rank, and dependant upon no education : the desire of obliging, which those possessed of this quality universally show, seldom fails of pleasing, though their style may differ from that of modern refinement. Politeness taught as an art, is ridiculous ; but as the expression of liberal sentiments, and courteous manners, it is truly valuable.

The being who lives entirely for pleasure, becomes gradually hardened to every natural sentiment, and selfishness is the invariable consequence of a life of idle dissipation. From selfishness springs every other evil ; and as it is the meanest of all principles of action, when considered in the baldness of the term, so it is, perhaps, the most common, and the one which above all others no person will like to avow.

True dignity is always to be found allied to simplicity, order, and the strict performance of duties.

The restlessness, the discontent, and flaming patriotism of the demagogue, may generally be traced to personal or domestic

causes, occasioning irritation to a vindictive spirit. Want of money is generally the root of the evil, and an adequate supply of it will usually effect a cure. True patriotism, that rare commodity, is easily distinguished from the spurious, by the absence of selfishness in its origin, and of love of mischief in its progress.

The character of every action takes its tone, not from the opinion of others respecting it, but from the motive which dictates its performance.

When our conscience tells us that the plain speaking of a monitor expresses nothing but the truth, we are more frequently driven to take offence at his candour, than to profit by his reproofs.

The palace, like the cloister, is the spot where prejudices are condensed, and where the breath of popular opinion reaches the latest in order to dissipate them.

Indiscriminate praise is the opposite of slander, but it is the opposite extreme, and however

it may affect to be thought excess of candour, is commonly the effusion of a frivolous understanding, or proceeds from a settled contempt of all moral distinctions.

He whose first emotion on the view of an excellent work, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.

People are generally found to prize those advantages most in others of which they are conscious of the want in themselves.

Learning with respect to language is only calling the same thing by different names. Learning in its best sense is only nature at the rebound ; it is only the discovery of what is ; and he who looks upon nature with a penetrating eye, derives learning from its source.

When we have no tie to any particular spot, life is, I think, most pleasantly and most profitably passed where we can best avail ourselves of the society of our personal friends. Change of scene has also great advantages ; it invigorates and often brings into action our best feelings and faculties ; whereas a length of time

passed in solitude, or the heartless forms of the society of those to whom we are indifferent, will generally cause a mind of strong powers, either to lose its energy, or prey upon itself.

Sorrow narrows the circle of sympathy, but it at the same time concentrates the force of the feeling. It converts our nearest or most attentive acquaintance into a friend, whilst it casts the rest of the merely 'known to us' into the far and wide class of the indifferent.

Affection is more easily won than kept. Vivacity tires without intellect, and intellect without honesty.

Economy and prudence seem to be most found amongst the middling classes, as the propensities of the aristocracy and the rabble are equally towards extravagance.

Nothing in this world is stationary; the world itself is passing swiftly away; but the use or abuse we make of existence remains.

La cour est le lieu du monde où l'on a le moins de scrupule sur le fond des actions, et

le plus de délicatesse sur les apparences ; les mœurs, sous tous les rapports, y paraîtraient meilleures que dans toute autre classe, si le secret des affaires pouvait s'y garder toujours. Lorsqu'on n'y est dans aucune confiance, on a bien rarement sujet de désapprouver ce qu'on y voit, et ce qu'on y entend ; mais on est souvent épouvanté de ce qu'on y découvre.

Courtiers are proverbially insincere in their smiles and promises ; and whoever builds on their favour more than convenience warrants, erects " the baseless fabric of a vision."

Untried, how sweet is court attendance ;
When tried, how dreadful the dependance.

What is ambition but a vain delusion—love a still vainer one—and genius maketh its own misery. Wherever nature has been prodigal of her gifts, there fortune has been almost sure to thwart with adverse circumstances. The most contented people are the mentally indolent : the money getting,—those whose ideal of happiness is being ' comfortable,' and those who have seen the world under so many aspects as to convince them that " all is vanity."

If any one look his own experience steadily in the face, what a dark and discouraging picture will it not present? How many enjoyments have passed away for ever! As to friendship (generally speaking) how many would weigh your dearest interests for one instant against the very lightest of their own? As to fame, of what avail is it in the grave?—and during life, it will be denied, or dealt forth grudgingly, even to the most distinguished. To be as indifferent as you possibly can,—to aim only at present enjoyment and passing popularity,—is the best system for a *steam-coach* along the *railroad of life*.—*L.E.L.*

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex, and in prudently cultivating an under-growth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

FROM EVELYN'S EPITAPH,

Written by himself.

Living in an age of extraordinary events and

revolutions, I have learned from thence this truth, which I desire might thus be communicated to posterity, that all is vanity which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real goodness.

When we have once made up our minds to stand against adversity, the scene generally brightens; for danger, contrary to the rules of drawing, is less in the foreground than in the perspective,—difficulties of all sorts being magnified by the misty space which separates us from them.

The suffering which has been felt is long remembered; the suffering only seen or heard of is soon forgotten.

Memory is the treasurer of our joys and pains,—whose important charge differs from the bright office of hope, in the sad particular of having to deal with nothing but realities.

For the young it is generally delightful to look back,—beautiful to look forward: when the heart dares do neither, it has been in error, or in sorrow. It will not think, because it will

not amend, or because the darkness of the past, the threatening aspect of the future, if dwelt upon, will unnerve the mind, and unfit it for its duties, or sadden those it loves.

The various kinds of distress under which literary men (I mean such as have no other profession than letters), must labour, in a commercial country, is a great disgrace to society. 'I own,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'I always tremble for the fate of genius when left to its own exertions, which, however powerful, are usually, by some bizarre dispensation of nature, useful to every one but themselves.'

The general reader can scarcely imagine the hesitation with which writers record events arising from, or connected with, their personal adventures. Every occurrence out of the common track has an air of fiction or improbability, and every character at all uncommon, is considered out of nature. But a little reflection would remove many of those impressions. The very facts that on paper always look so unreal, are in everyday life perpetually happening around us; and many a scene performed by our own circle, or in which we take a part,

only want to be printed to make them pass the bounds of belief. The fact is, that it is the fewness of those varied passages of life which are recorded that gives to them this apocryphal air. Were a thousandth part of the living romances of the time to be given to the world, those inventions which have staggered credulity, would be pronounced tame and insipid, and all would declare, what every one can vouch from his own experience, that romance is the mere common-place of life, and like some of the phenomena of nature, is incredible only to those who do not examine into that which forms the very essence of their own being.

Robertson, the historian, observes, that the characters of nations depend on the state of society in which they live, and on the political institutions established among them ; and that the human mind, whenever it is placed in the same situation, will, in ages the most remote, assume the same form, and be distinguished by the same manners.

There is at all times much evil in human societies, and in great towns of course a larger

proportion than elsewhere ; nevertheless, the quantity of good is great also, so as to keep the preponderating scale in favour of virtue.

Books of the same sort, like persons of the same pursuits, generally congregate together, although profane hands or ill-chance may occasionally part or mismatch them.

We sometimes meet with persons with whom we cannot help feeling as though we had lived all our lives with them without knowing it.

It seldom ends happily when people alter, in a moment of agitated feeling, plans which have been adopted under mature deliberation.

It is from deficiency of the reasoning faculty that springs the obstinacy so generally found in persons of weak intellect. They have not the power of observation and comparing, though they may have had the experience requisite for enabling them to reason justly, and no one was ever convinced by the reasoning of another.

Arguments are said only to convince those who use them.

To be content is the greatest gain ; and to be sensible of the good we possess, and enjoy it with thankfulness, is wisdom.

Moderation in our desires, though often the consequence of disappointment and dismay, is nevertheless the best ingredient of rational happiness.

The effects of kind and benevolent actions are sometimes found, even in this world, to assuage the pangs of subsequent afflictions.

Happy are those who have acquired in early life that happy love of order and regularity of occupation which gradually settles into a fixed habit in declining years ;—it is seldom or ever seen, where a life of vicious pleasure or idleness has previously unfitted the mind for those serene enjoyments which attend a dignified and virtuous old age.

It is in small things that brotherly kindness and charity chiefly consist. Little attentions ; trifling, but perpetual acts of self-denial ; a minute consultation of the wants, wishes, tastes, and tempers of others ; an imperceptible deli-

operate upon all men alike. It is granted that this internal evidence is not so strong and conspicuous in the prophetic volume, as in the New Testament ; but whatever it may be in either, its force turns upon a certain exercise of the moral perceptions, which vary, and upon what men are in their own character. They in whom the sense of religion, the desire of holiness, integrity, and purity, are the highest, and their minds most alive to such subjects, will see, by a real intuition, the excellence of a code of doctrine to which others will be feebly attracted by any sympathy of their judgment or feeling ; or, it may be, will turn from it with the alienation and distaste of a mind opposed to its whole spirit. It is no more than the admitted principal that evidence in moral subjects is modified by the mind to which it is addressed. If, therefore, unbelievers really study the Scripture with attention, and yet see nothing in its genuine character, its sublime or its didactic matter, to command their faith and reverence, this indifference and failure of conviction on their part ought to create no surprise, nor consequently any uneasiness or mistrust in others, who experience a different impression. We know not how far their tem-

per and spirit may have taken the lead of their judgment. This is certain, that unless they are examples of sanctity and virtue in their own lives, their indifference to revealed religion on the head of its internal evidence, must, by the nature of the case, be of no weight. It has been justly observed, that religion and its evidence may serve equally to the ends of a moral probation to all to whom it is offered, however it may be received. But, perhaps, it is by its internal evidence in particular that this trial is most distinctly made, that evidence having the nearest connexion with our personal habits: whereby, whilst we scan religion, its Author, it is plain, may be making His judgment of us. For it is a great and universal truth which is spoken by Christ, ‘ If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.’ And this is a truth which is prior to the question of revealed religion, and will remain whether we admit that or no; only it follows from the same truth, that if that religion be of God, it cannot be deliberately rejected without a personal fault in some obliquity of will and temper.

For my part, says Franklin, when I am em-

ployed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favours, but as paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have any opportunity of making the least direct return ; and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. These kindnesses from men, I can therefore only return on their fellow-men ; and I can only show my gratitude for these mercies from God, by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator. You will see in this my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting to merit heaven by them. By heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree, and eternal in duration : I can do nothing to deserve such rewards. He that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world, are

rather from God's goodness than our merit: how much more such happiness as that of heaven! For my part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it—the folly to expect it—nor the ambition to desire it; but content myself in submitting to the will and disposal of that God who made me—who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide, that he will never make me miserable; and that even the difficulties I meet with may tend to my benefit. The faith so much talked of in the present day, has certainly its use in the world: I do not wish to see it diminished, nor would I endeavour to lessen it in any man. But I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it: I mean real good works—works of kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit; not holiday keeping, sermon-reading or hearing; performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity. The worship of God is a duty—the hearing and reading sermons may be useful; but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on

being watered and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit. Our great Master thought much less of those outward appearances and professions, than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the doers of the word to mere hearers only ;—the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commands, to him that professed his readiness, but neglected the work ;—the heretical but charitable Samaritan, to the uncharitable though orthodox priest and sanctified Levite ;—and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick, though they never heard of his name, he declares shall in the last day be accepted ; when those who cry Lord ! Lord !—who value themselves upon their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed that ‘ He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.’

True religion is seated in the heart, and sends out from thence a purifying influence over the whole character. In its essential nature, it is a contest within, open only to the eye of Him

who seeeth in secret. It seeks not, therefore, the applause of men ; and it shrinks from that spurious religionism whose prominent characters are talk and pretention, and external observance, often accompanied by uncharitable censure. Like its divine pattern, it is meek and lowly.—‘it is pure and peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.’ It aims not at an ostentatious display of principles, but a steady exhibition of fruits. Qualities which it cultivates with especial care, are humility, and charity, and mercy—the mortification of every selfish passion, and the denial of every selfish indulgence. When thus exhibited in its true and genuine characters, it commands the respect of every sound understanding, and challenges the assent of all to its reality and its truth, as the highest principle that can regulate the conduct of a human being.

The great point is to put away expediency from our thoughts when judging of right and wrong, and to look simply to the two grand principles of good and evil.

By the established modes of education, we

become conversant with sounds rather than stocked with ideas—we learn languages, not for the wisdom they contain, but for the idiom that should convey it: thus worshipping the shrine instead of the god. One mind is set up for a guide for another, until, by following the beaten track, instead of inquiring the way for ourselves, we become like horses who have been so long accustomed to the rein, that when they miss it, they become incapable of self-government, and either run away, or are stopped by the first obstacle they encounter. By such a servile imitative system, the memory and the judgment may be strengthened, but the powers of original thought, of decomposing and viewing things in the abstract, must be proportionably weakened, from their never being called into use.

The true logic is, that the thing desired is not necessary, if the ways are unlawful which are proposed to bring it to pass.

It is a very good plan to write down one's thoughts as they occur, for an idea often strikes me, which, turning to something else, I forget immediately; but considering it as much as is

necessary to write it down, makes me more acquainted with the object, and makes my thoughts more my own. For want of some such plan, I see people dreaming away their lives in inactivity of mind, without forming any opinions of their own, till, from paying no attention to their thoughts, they come not to think at all.

If I hear a man praised for the performance of common duties, as for being a good husband, a good son, or a kind father (though each of them is highly praiseworthy) I conclude that there is nothing extraordinary to be said of him : but to call a man a good friend, is indeed comprising all the duties in one word ; for friendship is the balm as well as seasoning of life ; and a man cannot be defective in any of the social duties, who is capable of it, when the term is rightly understood.

There may not perhaps be any natural difference between the sexes in the abilities of mind necessary to form a proper judgment of any science ; yet the female labours under such disadvantages from a wrong education, that it is next to impossible for a woman to exert the faculties of reason in any distinguished degree ;

the time when the seeds of knowledge should be sown, being devoted to trifles, or absurdities that deserve a worse name, which by these means take such possession of the mind, as to influence the conduct of the whole life. Some rare instances, indeed, there are, of women who break through this oppression, and rise above the prejudices of such an education, to a degree of eminence equal to the foremost of the other sex ; but this requires such an uncommon strength of genius, as is indulged to a very few, and those are perhaps the least anxious to display them in a conspicuous manner to the world.

There are two extremes which make us willingly exclude all society from our presence but that of intimate and confidential friends : the excess of happiness, or the overwhelming load of pain : under these the heart suffices to itself ; nor can it pour its joys or its affliction into common bosoms : the affected sympathies and participation of the vulgar herd, would be nothing but impertinence. But a real friend can augment the draught of blissful enjoyment, and diminish (by sharing it) the bitter cup of sorrow : nay, we gain, in our hours of felicity, by their being witnessed by friendship.

There is a loneliness of heart which follows the loss of happiness, when that stimulating anguish subsides whose violence seems to lift us above the reach of despair. The hour of earliest suffering is certainly not that of greatest sorrow—for in the first, the intensity of feeling weakens its effects.

Happy are those whose feelings are subservient to their reason, and whose hearts submit to the dictates of their heads.

Pleasure and pain are dealt out to us in measures and at seasons we little dream of, by a power whose wisdom we dare not question; and if the latter is to be received with resignation, the other surely should be welcomed with gladness.

The man whose sense of moral excellence is uncommonly exquisite, will find it a source of pleasure and of pain in his commerce with mankind. Susceptible of every moral impression, the display of virtuous actions will yield him delight, and the contrary excite uneasiness. He will not receive that genuine and supreme felicity in associating with the wealthy and the

magnificent, the gay and the loquacious, if they have nothing in their hearts to recommend them, that he will enjoy in the society of gentle, benevolent, and enlightened spirits, though they are not the favourites of fortune, and have not that glitter and false brilliancy of intellectual endowments, that dazzle without being useful, yet often recommend men of slender abilities and less virtue, to the attention of mankind. As moral qualities are those principally that produce and cement his attachments, the esteem he entertains for his associates will be exactly proportioned to their degree of merit. To erase an established affection, and substitute aversion, or even indifference, in its stead, does unutterable violence to our nature : and to see those for whom we have contracted habits of attachment and regard, act inconsistently with their former conduct, and appear with dispositions of an immoral kind, and so lay the axe to the root of our fairest friendships, overwhelms us with cruel anguish : our affliction will bear an exact proportion to our former tenderness ; and, consequently, to our idea of former merit. Add to this, that even a slight transgression in those we esteem, if it is evidently a transgression, will affect us more sensibly than a gross

enormity committed by a person indifferent to us. So delicate is your affection, and so refined your sense of moral excellence, when the moral faculty is softened into a tender attachment, that the sanctity and purity of the heart you love, must appear to you without a stain.

One of the most painful feelings the heart can know, is to learn the unworthiness of a person who has hitherto shared our good opinion and protection; we are at once mortified at our mistaken judgment, and wounded in our affections.

Some foibles we must expect to find in the greatest characters—something to bear with, and to be foreborne by all those whom we most love and esteem, or by whom we are most loved and esteemed ourselves; these are the minutiae of life, which nevertheless compose its sum-total; and upon our treatment of these, depend more of our happiness than is gratifying to self-love to acknowledge.

The only way to go through the world easily, is to be contented with the surfaces both of things and persons—but it must at the same

time be acknowledged that a reflective mind and sanguine temperament could never arrive at this negative happiness, without the sacrifice of its best feelings.

It seems to be true that no plenitude of present gratifications can make the possessor happy for a continuance, unless he have something in reserve—something to hope for and look forward to. This appears to be the case upon comparing the alacrity and spirits of men who are engaged in any pursuit which interests them, with the dejection and ennui of almost all who are either born to so much that they want nothing more, or who have used up their satisfactions too soon, and drained the sources of them.

The past has taen a' frae me; the future can give me nothing.

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in the horse as he is leaping.

One great cause of the republican spirit which prevails at present, appears to have been a false principle in education, that it is neces-

sary to convince a child by reason before you expect him to obey. Now reason, being the faculty of comparing ideas already presented to the mind, cannot exist in a child, to whom few or no ideas have been presented; and no one was ever convinced by the reasoning of another. It is therefore impossible to convince him; and if he be suffered to do as he please till he be capable of reasoning, it is a great chance if his understanding be not so warped by the practice of evil, that he mistake it for good; and it is most probable that he may have contracted such a habit of disobedience, as not willingly to submit to the laws of his country, or even to those of his God.

Why are the writings of the ancients, generally speaking, superior to those of the moderns? Because paper was scarce. Of course they would think deeply, and consider their subject on every side, before they would spoil their parchment by writing what on reflection might appear not worth preserving. The same cause, added to the labour of transcribing, would prevent copies from being multiplied, except of what was really valuable. Thus, what has come down to our time is only the cream of

the writings of the ancients, and skimmed off by the judgment of their immediate successors, and cannot fairly be compared with the general mass of modern literature.

To acknowledge the truth when a person is in the wrong, is as difficult as to find it out on any ordinary occasion. For truth they say lies in a well, and those who look for it there, generally see nothing but the reflection of themselves, together with all their prejudices and passions, and so are not a whit the nearer their object. Evasion of the truth, whatever pain its disclosure may at first cost, causes in the end more suffering than it avoids.

In aged persons there is nothing so difficult as to make them like anything that is new. Either they dread incurring the pains and penalties always attendant upon loving anything, and therefore narrow the circle of their attachments as much as possible; or else they have a slowness of affection, just as an aged tree does not shoot out as many off-sets as a young one, but holds with greater tenacity to the spot where it grows.

Age and youth are not designated by years alone, but depend on a thousand circumstances, which wither the one, or nourish the other.

I scarcely ever heard of anything happy occurring to any one, that they did not say, oh, if such an one were alive now to see it ! or, oh, that my health permitted me to enjoy it ! or, had I the strength of limb, or of eye-sight, or of understanding, or of something or other that they had not, which did not take a grace from that which they had ; this is always the way, and must needs be so here : nevertheless, we should be thankful.

During the short span of existence to which man is doomed on earth, it is a merciful dispensation that youth anticipates no misfortune, and that, when the evil day arrives in after life, hope comes, on glittering wing, and gilds the scene, even till the last ray of our setting sun is extinguished !

There is nothing so dangerous as a love of low and illiterate society ; a habit which once formed, fails not to lower and debase the man, and to encourage in him the growth of all the

worst and most sensual propensities of his nature. I have never seen such a domineering spirit in any class of society as is to be found in those whose associates are beneath them in rank, intellect, and education: men who habitually live with low company, and enjoy only the companionship of such as they can with impunity bully or turn into ridicule. I have myself known some individuals, the most exalted in station, and most distinguished by the gifts of nature, who have become a prey to this fatal love of mixing in the society of the low and vicious part of mankind, and I have invariably found in them the same tyrannical and overbearing disposition.

Gentleness, affability, and a certain urbanity, distinguish the man that frequents polite company; these are marks by which he may be known.

By the appellation of a gentleman it is not meant to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, loyal, and true;— whoever is of humane and affable demeanour;

—whoever is honourable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement;—such a man is a gentleman,—and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth. High birth and distinction, however, for the most part, ensure the high sentiment which is denied to poverty and lower professions. It is hence, and hence only, that the great claim their superiority; and hence what has been so beautifully said of honour, the law of kings, is no more than true. It aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her, and imitates her actions where she is not.

By the word ‘elegance,’ is not meant the costly glare of riches, but something always the effect of proper proportion in whatever is the subject matter, and which interests from that very circumstance; and the sense of this proportion, constitutes what is called ‘taste.’

True politeness is a beautiful polish; nay more, it is a valuable lustre on worth of character, for it is the offspring of good feeling, and good feeling cannot bear to give pain. But this genuine good breeding, which has its

source in the heart, deserves not to be named with that merely superficial manner arising from early intercourse with the world.

High breeding, education, talent, and good appearance of dress, and address, fit men for good society; where a superior man will always be deemed an acquisition; and if not too ambitious, proud, and forgetful of what is due to rank, will always be respected.

Birthright is a sort of comfortable freehold property that makes the possessor sit down secure in his place in society. Nobody disputes it as far as it goes, and it alone goes a good way with the multitude; but when talent, and more especially the solid advantages of personal respectability, are superadded, it gives infinite lustre to the character.

How much more grateful we are apt to be for that which flatters, than for that which serves us;—it is because the latter implies the superiority of another, while the former insinuates our own.

Friendship can rarely exist but between

equals. When a service which cannot be repaid is rendered on either side, it sinks into patronage on the one, and gratitude on the other.

How irksome, how wearying it is to be doomed always to the society of those whose ideas and feelings are so different from our own that they could scarcely be expressed in the same language.

Where vanity has the leadership, the character is a simple one; for the other affections are commonly weak, and frequently altogether dormant.

A clever writer says (speaking in a worldly sense), it avails little to dwell upon the past,—the present is every thing,—the future is but a chance. It is a great mistake to cultivate what are called feelings, at least for those who aim at attainable happiness, or more properly pleasure. Encourage your vanities, your follies, your wishes, and you lay up perpetual sources of delight and gratification. But feeling!—why cherish the serpent that will sting, and the fire that will consume,—dreaming of a return

which is never made, and of some impossible happiness which never comes?

The desire of happiness in general is so natural to us, that all the world are in pursuit of it; all have this one end in view, though they take such different methods to attain it, and are so much divided in their notions of it. Evil, as evil, can never be chosen; and though evil is often the effect of our own choice, yet we never desire it, but under the appearance of an imaginary good. Many things we indulge ourselves in may be considered by us as evils, if we calculate upon their effects and consequences, which may not appear so at the time. Reason represents things to us, not only as they are at present, but as they are in their whole nature and tendency; passion only regards them in their former light: when this governs us, we are regardless of the future, and are only influenced by the present. It is impossible ever to enjoy ourselves rightly, if our conduct be not such as to preserve the harmony and order of our faculties, and the original frame and constitution of our minds. All true happiness, like everything that is truly beautiful, can only result from order. While there

is a conflict between the two principles of passion and reason, we must be miserable in proportion to the struggle : and when the victory is gained, and reason so far subdued as seldom to trouble us with its remonstrances, the happiness we have then is not the happiness of our rational nature, but that only of the inferior and sensual part of us, and consequently a very low and imperfect happiness, in comparison with what the other would have offered us. If we reflect upon any one passion and disposition of mind, abstract from virtue, we shall soon see the difference between that and true solid happiness. It is of the very essence, for instance, of envy, to be uneasy and disquieted. Pride meets with provocations and disturbances upon almost every occasion. Covetousness is ever attended with solicitude and anxiety. Ambition has its disappointments to sour us, but never the good fortune to satisfy us ; its appetite grows the keener by indulgence, and all we can gratify it with at present serves but the more to inflame its insatiable desires. The passions, by being too much conversant with earthly objects, can never fix in us a proper composure and acquiescence of mind. Nothing but an indifference to the things of this world,

an entire submission to the will of Providence here, and a well-grounded expectation of happiness hereafter, can give us a true satisfactory enjoyment of ourselves. Virtue is the best guard against the many unavoidable evils incident to us ; nothing better alleviates the weight of the afflictions, or gives a truer relish of the blessings of human life. What is without us has not the least connexion with happiness, otherwise than the preservation of our lives and health depend upon it. Health of body, though so far necessary that we cannot be perfectly happy without it, is not sufficient to make us happy of itself. Happiness springs immediately from the mind ; health is but to be considered as a circumstance without which this happiness cannot be tasted pure and unabated. Virtue is the best preservative of health, as it prescribes temperance, and such a regulation of our passions, as is most conducive to the well-being of the animal economy, so that it is, at the same time, the only true happiness of the mind, and the best means of preserving the health of the body. If our desires are the things of this world, they are never to be satisfied ; if our chief view is upon those of the next, the expectation of them is an infinitely higher satisfaction

than the enjoyment of those of the present. There is, then, no happiness but in a virtuous and self-approving conduct : unless our actions will bear the test of our sober judgments, and reflections upon them, they are not the actions, and consequently not the happiness of a rational being.

It is the sun within the breast, whose shining or withdrawing beams gladden or distress our hearts, and even change seasons and scenes to our mental view. Even happiness pays the penalty of its human nature ; and beyond the even tenor of a peaceful consciousness of rectitude, there is no transport here below, which does not in its extreme tend to pain.

No matter what may be, at times, our condition, care is our only permanent possession.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who would labour to subvert these pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the destinies of mankind. A volume could not trace all their

connexions with private and public felicity. And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion : reason and experience both forbid us to expect that morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

The doctrine of total corruption, so, almost exclusively, dwelt upon by modern religionists, seems not only contrary to reason and common sense, but to what we may learn from Scripture. A mixture of good and evil is observable in everything in this life ; why then should human nature be stated to contain nothing but the latter ? Though it lost at the fall much of the image in which it was originally created, there is no reason to conclude that it brought forth nothing but thorns and thistles, any more than the earth, the anathema on which was not carried to that extent even before the flood, after which an amelioration of the curse took place. What is the use of the conscience (that divine monitor within), if the human heart be incapable of any good impressions ? and our Saviour's precepts could be of little use, if there is no good ground on which they could be sown ! Surely it would be to better purpose to incul-

cate (what indeed we are expressly told) that he who is really desirous to do his Lord's will, shall not only 'know of the doctrine,' but receive every assistance in the performance of what is enjoined.

It is a most Christian exercise to extract a sentiment of piety from the works and appearances of nature.

The mind of the pious naturalist is always cheerful, always animated with the noblest and the most benign feelings. Every repeated observation, every unexpected discovery, directs his thoughts to the great source of all order, and all good; and harmonizes all his faculties with the general voice of nature.

What incalculable injury is done to the cause of religion, by representing it as a system that necessarily excludes all natural enjoyment! While we live, let us remember that the only foundation of real happiness, upon which we can with safety build, is so rational, so elevated in its nature, and at the same time so admirably adapted to the faculties of man, that it not only gives a zest to all his simple pleasures, but

at the same time raises his purest and most intellectual aspirations to the highest point of laudable ambition. Let us not only remember this important truth, but so recommend the belief of it to others, that if we have erred in any case by making religion appear unlovely before the eyes of men, we may endeavour to atone to our heavenly Father, by labouring with our hearts and hands in the spread of its benignant influence, and by doing humble but fervent homage to its beauties and its consolations.

The religious opinions of many emancipationists forbid them to partake in the lighter amusements of society ; and by being thus shut out from other sources, a slavery meeting, where there is never any lack of colouring, is at once a fashion and an excitement :—as the saying is, ‘ ’tis as good as a play.’

‘ It is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself,’ says Cowley ; ‘ it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader’s ear to hear anything of praise from him. Let the tenor of his discourse be what it will upon this subject, it will generally be thought to proceed from vanity.’

Those who have courage to do great things have seldom the courage to boast of them. They are moreover remarkable for a disposition to make all due allowance for others.

On n'éprouve le besoin de s'en vanter que lorsqu'on dut croire qu'ils pouvaient paraître douteux.

We have recourse to invectives only when we fail of proofs. Between two disputants there is a hundred chances to one, that he who is wrong will be angry. 'Thou takest to thy thunders instead of replying,' said Menippus to Jupiter; 'thou art then in the wrong.'

Ceux qui ont tort se fâchent toujours.

A promptness to accuse of pride those who are placed in circumstances which would afford us the means of extending the idea of self, is a certain proof of the operation of the same passion in our own hearts. Where, by narrow fortune, low birth, neglected education, or other unfavourable circumstances, the ambition meets with a check in any given direction, those who

are in that respect superior, become, to the proud, the objects of secret but vindictive malice.

As cowards are the greatest tyrants, so the doubtful in station are the most touchy as to precedence.

There is no sign of cowardice so unerring, as that of an attempt to bully. True courage has no bluster ; but is as quiet in the drawing-room, as it is resistless in the field.

In battles it is ever in the rout that the great slaughter takes place, and for his own safety therefore, the soldier should look not behind him, but before.

Liberty is a super-excellent thing, very much talked about, and very little understood, generally least of all by those who make the most noise about it : indeed, I should say, it is an unerring rule, that a noisy advocate for liberty is never a sincere one. Noise comes of ignorance, interest, or passion ; but the true love of liberty dwells only in the bosoms of the pure and reasonable. The vital maxim of the wor-

shippers of liberty is the Christian one : ' Let us do unto others as we would they should do unto us ;' all else who profess their devotion, are tyrants in disguise, which disguise they throw off the moment they attain the power, against which they have been exclaiming. The essence of liberty is division and order, and its preserving principle, self-government. In proportion as this combination is perfect, the state of liberty will be perfect. The ignorant cannot keep this in view, and the designing will not.

The loudest assertors of liberty, when liberty is not invaded, are generally men of the worst passions, which in the end lead them to acts of atrocity, being conspirators against the peace and security of social order, under the mask of being its best friends.

There are many persons who declaim continually about liberty, who do not wear their principles out in practice. Most levellers are well pleased to bring their superiors down to an equality with themselves, but do not care to descend to an humbler level. Violent liberals in politics are commonly the most aristocratic in their manners and habits, and the hardest

landlords and masters. In the same manner, it will be found, that ultra-religionists are, generally speaking, the least amiable in the relations of private life. These analogous hypocrites have God and the people continually upon their lips ; but there is little uncharitableness in predicating of each, that their hearts are respectively far from either.

He is a rash man who ventures to say positively what he will do in such or such circumstances, which he thinks may possibly happen. It is never until the circumstance occurs, that we can know what will occur along with it, which may tend, and seasonably tend to modify if not to alter, the abstract views which we previously entertained regarding it.

In almost all instances it is energy that gives power ; and with persons not well educated, or not very highly endowed by nature, that energy loses none of its effect from approaching somewhat towards rashness.

It is for this reason that the bold and the designing so generally succeed in their undertakings, from their energies meeting with no check, either from conscience, or any considera-

tion for others. Thus, when bad men are opposed to those who are under the restraint of good principles, the former have weapons at command which their opponents have no power of using in their defence.

There are some minds so indolent, that they prize nothing which they cannot with facility attain—desire nothing with sufficient intensity to labour for its acquisition ; their conduct being ruled by the line—‘ Take the goods the gods provide thee.’ There are other minds so craving, so energetic, so ultra-active, that they only value acquisitions in proportion to their difficulty of attainment. Give them what they ask at the first bidding, and, obtained, they fling it from them in disgust, though a priceless jewel ; refuse their bidding, and they will pine, and fret, and toil, till life itself becomes a burden in pursuit of what may prove a worthless bauble. Most clever and strong-minded persons are of the second class, though they often lack the judgment to know where a healthy and laudable perseverance ends, or blinded obstinacy begins.

Perhaps there never was a mortal being of

high intellectual capabilities, who did not experience an insatiable thirst for something it believed itself born to attain, or to pursue. If such extraordinary capability be purely intellectual, the thirst of the soul can only be allayed by the investigation of truth, under whatever form it may be concealed, or in whatever character it may be embodied. But if the capability be one of feeling, rather than of understanding, the mind thus animated, will spend its energies in search of sympathy, and wherever it finds it, will strike root and live, be the soil ever so sterile.

Those who are not annoyed by trifling circumstances, usually pay the penalty of the exemption by deeper suffering in the sterner trials of this life. Our natural tempers and qualities, I suspect, are more nearly balanced for good or evil to their possessors, than is generally supposed. The oak towers in its strength above the bending flower; but the storm passes harmlessly over the one, whilst it uproots the other. The feeble mind bows to sorrow, and weeps away its grief; the strong soul struggles and rebels, and it may be that the spring of life is broken in the warfare. It

is our duty, as it makes our happiness, to seek to subdue or strengthen where the wisdom of self-knowledge shall direct ; to subdue and strengthen, not in pride, but in humility, which is the low, but broad and deep foundation of every Christian virtue.

There is nothing that makes us so kindly disposed to others, as the mingling of a slight degree of pain with our own experience ; and when we can do nothing to lighten our own load of care, the noble and generous mind will find fresh stimulus, in its sufferings, for seeking to lighten that of others.

Life consists not of a series of illustrious actions ; the greater part of time passes in compliance with necessities—in the performance of daily duties—in the removal of small inconveniences — in the procurement of petty pleasures ; and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small and frequent interruptions.

EFFECTS OF TRAINING.

It is astonishing how much the nature and

disposition of a child may be altered by tuition. Let a child be always with its nurse, even under the guidance of a mother, regularly brought up as children usually are, and it will continue to be a child, and even childish, after childhood is gone. But take the same child, and put it by degrees into situations of peril, requiring thought and observation beyond its years, accustom it to nightly vigils, and to watching, and to hold its tongue—and it is astonishing how the *mind* of that child, however much its *body* may suffer, will develope itself so as to meet the demand upon it. Thus it is with lads who are sent early to sea.

There is no taste which stands in so much stead under every variety of circumstances, and is generally the source of happiness and cheerfulness through life, and a shield against its ills (however things may go amiss, or the world may frown upon us), as a love of reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher and surer panoply of religious principles; but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasur-

able gratification. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good-breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best bred and the best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It civilizes the con-

duct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous.

A passion for reading, it is said, cannot exist with a disposition to vice.

It needs the simple and strong nutriment of truth to fit us to relish poetry. The mind must have strength and cultivated taste,—and then it is like a language from heaven. We are astonished at its power and magnificence. We have been familiar with knowledge as with a person of plain garment and homely presence—and he comes to us in poetry, with the state of a king, and glorious in purple and gold. We have known him as an unassuming friend, who talked to us by the way-side, and kept us company on our familiar paths—and we see him coming with a stately step, and glittering diadem on his brow; and we wonder that we did not see that his plain garment honoured him not, and his bearing were fitter for a king!

Enchanting as it is, a creative and poetical mind, with its attendant feelings, is a fatal gift; for when possessed in its highest quality and strength, what has it ever done for its votaries?

What were those great poets of whom we talk so much? In their lifetimes they were the most miserable of their species: depressed, doubtful, obscure, or involved in petty quarrels and persecutions,—often unappreciated, and uninfluential, or obliged to flatter those who were unworthy of their recognition. This is too true a picture; still what does it prove, but that earth is no home for the more spiritual part of our nature;—that those destined to awaken our highest aspirations, and our tenderest sympathies, are victims rather than votaries of the divine light within them! They gather from sorrow its sweetest emotions; they repeat of hope but its noblest visions; they look on nature with an earnest love, which wins the power of making her hidden beauty visible; and they reproduce the passionate, the true, and the beautiful. Alas! they themselves are not what they paint; the low want subdues the lofty will; the small and present vanity interferes with the far and glorious aim: but still it is something to have looked beyond the common sphere where they were fated to struggle. They paid in themselves the bitter penalty of their not realising their own ideal; but mankind have to be thankful for the generous

legacy of thought and harmony bequeathed by those among earth's proscribed and miserable.

Feelings are very touching and very beautiful, but like many other delightful things, they are surrounded with pains and dangers. Feeling may give to life its brightest charm ; but it can also add a severer pang to sorrow. It may enchant and beautify, but it must not be our sole guide and ruler.

Alfred sera malheureux toute sa vie, parce qu'il rêve un monde vertueux, moral, désintéressé, tel, en un mot, qu'il n'en existe pas. Il se plaint sans cesse du monde tel qu'il est ; il le voudrait autre, dit-il, presque par egoïsme, parce que, pour être heureux, il aurait besoin que les hommes fussent autrement faits.

Quand on est au comble du malheur, l'indolence et l'inaction conduisent au désespoir : rien ne soulage comme un projet extraordinaire ou violent, qui occupe l'imagination, et qui surtout impose la nécessité d'agir.

Alas ! the worst part of a heavy sorrow is the despondency which it leaves behind.

The willow which bends to the tempest, often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so, in great calamities, it sometimes happens, that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.

No two persons view the world in the same light; the difference is not in the objects they see, but in the relative position from which they are seen. Self is invariably the point of view: other beings are seen in perspective, and reduced in proportion.

Protracted reflection upon any favourite plan wears out the energy requisite to execute it, and the original conception loses its force by too minute examination of details. Constant indulgence of the imagination grows into a habit, and we love to escape from the dull reality of life to wander in an ideal world. But such visions are too perfect to be realised, and the longer we cherish these illusions, the greater is the disappointment when they are dissipated.

‘The native hue of resolution is’ (oftentimes)

‘sicklied o’er by the pale cast of thought ;’ and by indulging too much in theories, we become at last unfit for practice.

Every worldly trust is unstable ; the most hallowed affections are apt to degenerate into idol-worship, and then they are cast down and broken.

It is not in the deep passion, the keen feeling, the thoughtful mind, that are sown the seeds of earthly enjoyments. They are flowers that take root best in the light soil.

Sir Walter Scott observes, ‘I have often noticed, kindly placid good-humour is the companion of longevity, and, I suspect, frequently the leading cause of it. Quick, keen, sharp observation, with the power of contrast and illustration, disturbs this easy current of thought.’

Health and intellect are said rarely to march together ; when the former is high and buoyant, the latter is clogged and depressed. Our brightest thoughts are in the hour of suffering, and our noblest efforts are often wrung from an enfeebled frame.

Religion is the broad basis of all the Christian's conduct in the relationships of life. It is a great mistake, and a most fatal one, to imagine that we have one source from whence we derive guidance for our religious opinions and conduct, and another from whence we are to derive the principles which shall govern our conduct in the common affairs of life; to imagine that in matters directly religious we must seek to please God, and to be guided by his word and will; but that in matters not directly religious, we may please ourselves, and be actuated by other motives and principles. There is no situation in which a Christian can be placed, no relationship which he can have to fulfil, whether it be religious, moral, political, or social, in which he ought not to take the revealed will of God as the foundation of all that he says, and all that he does.

A virtuous action is that of which both the motive and the tendency concur to excite our approbation.

There is a spirituality in the starry hour of night, a separation from material things, which is of a fine order of feeling. The purity of the

morning, and the noontide quietness, and the glorious sunset, are all human and comprehensible feelings; but this has the mystery and the lofty energy of a higher world, and you return to your human nature with a refreshed spirit and an elevated purpose. See now the wisdom of God!—the collected intellect for our morning's duty and occupation,—quiet repose for our noontide weariness,—the purity of night to direct our reflections to a better world, and keep wakeful the eye of immortality! They are all suited to our need; and it is pleasant to think, when we go out at this season, that its peculiar beauty is fitted to our peculiar wants, and that it is not a chance harmony of our hearts with nature.

“As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred
light;

When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole.
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head.”

.It has been said that tragedy purifies the affections by terror and pity,—that is, it substitutes imaginary sympathy for mere selfishness. It gives us a high and permanent interest, beyond ourselves, in humanity as such. It raises the great, the remote, and the possible to an equality with the real, the little, and the near. It makes man a partaker with his kind. It subdues and softens the stubbornness of his will. It teaches him that there are and have been others like himself, by showing him as in a glass what they have felt, thought, and done. It opens the chambers of the human heart. It leaves nothing indifferent to us that can affect our common nature. It excites our sensibility by exhibiting the passions wound up to the utmost pitch by the power of imagination, or the temptation of circumstances; and corrects their fatal excesses in ourselves by pointing to the greater extent of sufferings and crimes to which they have led others. Tragedy creates a balance of the affections. It makes us thoughtful spectators in the lists of life. It is the refiner of the species; a discipline of humanity. The habitual study of poetry and works of imagination is one chief part of a well-grounded education. A taste for liberal art is

necessary to complete the character of a gentleman. Science alone is hard and mechanical. It exercises the understanding upon things out of ourselves, while it leaves the affections unemployed, or engrossed with our own immediate narrow interests. Shakspeare has in the play of *Julius Cæsar* and elsewhere, shown the same penetration into political character, and the springs of public events, as into those of every day life. For instance, the whole design of the conspirators to liberate their country, fails from the generous temper and over-weening confidence of Brutus in the goodness of their cause, and the assistance of others. Thus it has always been. Those who mean well themselves think well of others, and fall a prey to their security. That humanity and honesty which dispose men to resist injustice and tyranny, render them unfit to cope with the cunning and power of those who are opposed to them. The friends of liberty trust to the professions of others, because they are themselves sincere, and endeavour to reconcile the public good with the least possible hurt to its enemies, who have no regard to anything but their own unprincipled ends, and stick at nothing to accomplish them. Cassius was more cut out for

a conspirator. His heart prompted his head. His watchful jealousy made him fear the worst that might happen, and his irritability of temper, added to his inveteracy of purpose, and sharpened his patriotism. The mixed nature of his motives made him fitter to contend with bad men. The vices are never so well employed as in combating one another. Tyranny and servility are to be dealt with after their own fashion: otherwise, they will triumph over those who spare them, and finally pronounce their funeral panegyric, as Antony did that of Brutus.

Four things have struck us in reading the tragedy of Lear. 1st. That poetry is an interesting study; for this reason, that it relates to whatever is most interesting in human life. Whoever, therefore, has a contempt for poetry, has a contempt for himself and humanity. 2nd. That the language of poetry is superior to the language of painting; because the strongest of our recollections relate to feelings, not to faces. 3d. That the greatest strength of genius is shown in describing the strongest passions: for the power of the imagination, in works of invention, must be in proportion to the force

of the natural impressions, which are the subject of them. 4th. That the circumstance which balances the pleasure against the pain in tragedy is, that in proportion to the greatness of the evil, is our sense and desire of the opposite good excited ; and that our sympathy with actual suffering is lost in the strong impulse given to our natural affections, and carried away with the swelling tide of passion, that gushes from, and relieves the heart.

A wise minister, if he can afford to be a good one, will wrap himself up in his integrity, instead of casting his skin at the threshold of office, and wearing his heart upon his sleeves for the daws to peck at.

The man who is most anxious about repressing censure, will provoke the greatest share of it.

It has been laid down as a general rule, that he who talks a great deal of fighting is seldom a brave soldier, and he who always speaks about wealth is seldom in reality a rich man.

Among the capricious weaknesses of human-

ity, that one is particularly remarkable which inclines us to esteem persons and things not by their real value, so much as by the opinion of others, who are often very incompetent judges.

When thou doest good, do it because it is good ; not because men esteem it ; when thou avoidest evil, fly it because it is evil ; not because men speak against it : be honest for love of honesty, and then thou wilt be uniformly so ; he that doeth it without principle is wavering.

For sanctions and rewards, ethics promise happiness as the reward of right action. Yet it gives not the most remote intimation of what that happiness consists, and implies, that to do so were impossible. Still it does promise it ; and at the same time forbids, by implication, its being sought as a motive, except through faith, as it were in the means which lead to it, and in the promise that it shall so be ; showing, from analogy, that it will follow on right action, if done because it is right ; but that, if sought on its own account, and not through moral principle, it must of necessity fail, not only of being obtained, but of being understood.

Moral science is not recommended as the remedy for human depravity, but as something useful towards the application of the remedy. It might indeed be studied on lower grounds, as a part of the system of humanity to which that remedy is applicable.

LINES INSCRIBED ON A STABLE DOOR.

A man of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind.
Remember, He who made thee made the brute ;
Who gave thee speech and reason, form'd him
mute.

He can't complain: but God's omniscient eye
Beholds thy cruelty, He hears his cry.
He was designed thy servant and thy drudge ;
But know that his Creator is thy Judge.

Cruelty of every kind is, if possible, more inconsistent under the Christian dispensation than any other; as, besides the general laws of nature and reason, the particular laws of Christianity do, everywhere, clearly and expressly command brotherly love, tenderness and compassion, forbidding every appearance of cruelty under the severest denunciations of wrath.

The desire of knowing future events, is one

of the strongest inclinations of the mind of man. Indeed, an ability of foreseeing probable accidents is what, in the language of men, is called wisdom and prudence : but not satisfied with the light that reason holds out, mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiously into futurity. Magic, oracles, omens, lucky hours, and the various arts of superstition, owe their rise to this powerful cause. As this principle is founded in self-love, every man is sure to be solicitous in the first place about his own fortune, the course of his life, and the time and manner of his death. If we consider that we are free agents, we shall discover the absurdity of such enquiries. One of our actions which we might have performed or neglected, is the cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts ; as the contrary blessings are of good ones ; so that we cannot suppose our lot to be determined without impiety. A great enhancement of pleasure arises from its being unexpected ; and pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other accounts, we ought to rest satisfied with the portion bestowed on us ; to adore the hand

that hath fitted every thing to our nature, and hath not more displayed his goodness in our knowledge than in our ignorance.

We are not to choose our own trials ; and indeed we should not know how to choose them to our advantage, even if to do so were permitted us. No, we are to receive those that are appointed to us with resignation.

It is perhaps the privilege of woman only to extract the sting of grief from others, by the gentle patience with which she is taught by nature to set the example of meek endurance. Her first step in the career of duty, is generally by the bed of sickness or of suffering. There she hushes helpless infancy to repose ; and to the infirmity of age supplies the sweetness of cheerful patience. It is her province to sooth the angry passions, to allay the violence of intemperate man, to divert or sooth the querulousness of peevish, fretful tempers. It is her's, in fine, to be a peace-maker on earth ; and let her not disdain this her allotted career, nor ever swerve from it. It has not the promise of this world's beatitudes or glories, but it is blessed, and it is glorious nevertheless ; and oh ! above

all, let not those who ought to cherish and foster these gentle virtues, endeavour to stifle or eradicate them by substituting in their place the excitements of frivolous vanities, and the empty cares of dissipation.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman ; the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man ; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God.

Expect not a friendship with him who hath injured thee : he who suffereth the wrong, may forgive it ; but he who doeth it, never will be well with him.

Never place too much confidence in such as place no confidence in others. The man prone to suspect evil usually looks in his neighbour for what he sees in himself. As 'to the pure, all things are pure ;' so it is vice versâ.

There is an indefinable kind of ill-will, which conscious inferiority of character, and an uneasy sense of obligation, always give to a mind incapable of any sentiment but that of self.

Hatred ever roots itself firmly in the breast of those who have returned friendship by treachery, and given back injuries for benefits ; and it is a known principle, that the weak and selfish are always given to hate those whom they have injured.

Wish rather to be reproved by the wise, than to be applauded by him who has no understanding ; when they tell thee of a fault, it is with the supposition that thou art capable of improvement ; the other, when he praiseth thee, thinketh thee like unto himself.

When an evil is known to be universal, it makes its endurance less painful ; for nothing irritates like singular peculiar misery.

Every one would pursue his own interest, if he knew what it was : and, in fact, every one does pursue it, but the generality totally mistake it. No man would choose riches before happiness, power before quiet, or fame before safety, if he knew the true value of each ; no man would prefer the transitory and worthless enjoyment of this world, to the permanent and sublime felicity of a better, if he had a clear

prospect of them both ; but we see the former through a mist, which always magnifies, and the latter appears at so great a distance, that we scarce see it at all ; and therefore it makes little impression upon our senses, and has as little influence on our conduct.

Men of splendid talents are generally too quick, too volatile, too adventurous, and too unstable to be much relied upon ; whereas men of common abilities, in a regular plodding routine of business, act with more regularity and greater certainty. Men of the best intellectual abilities are apt to strike off suddenly, like the tangent of a circle, and cannot be brought into their orbits by attraction or gravity : they often act with such eccentricity, as to be lost in the vortex of their own reveries. Brilliant talents in general are like the *ignes fatui* ; they excite wonder, but often mislead. They are not, however, without their use : like the fire from the flint, once produced it may be converted, by solid thinking men, to very salutary and noble purposes.

In forming a judgment, lay your hearts void of foretaken opinions ; else, whatever is done

or said will be measured by a wrong rule ; like those who have the jaundice, to whom every thing appears yellow.

The feeling is often the deeper truth, the opinion the more superficial one.

In our passage through life we meet with some few persons who immediately inspire a feeling of confidence and ease, with whom we feel a sympathy of taste, of feeling, and of opinion, and who appear to be actuated by the same motives and sentiments. These are the secret ties which more than any other, attract and attach ; giving birth to an affection which is more real than one formed, perhaps, from the performance of great services, or sacrifices, but unsustained by such characteristics.

I never liked any persons because they were great, or powerful, or the fashion ; I love those I love naturally, without asking myself why, and then I find out a thousand good reasons afterwards.

Friendship is a plant of a delicate growth, sown by accident, but reared with difficulty,—

natural to the temperament of placid dispositions, but ill-suited to stormy passionate natures.

Our affections are the last things we can give away ; for this best reason, they are gone before we are aware.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the execution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue and happiness ; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted harmony and fictitious benevolence.

There is a passage in Deuteronomy, which seems to give a higher claim to a real friend, than to any other, even the nearest connexion, viz. : ‘ If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, &c., to serve other gods.’

Give not thy son and wife, thy brother and friend, power over thee while thou livest, and

give not thy goods to another, lest it repent thee, and thou entreat for the same again.

Vivre avec ses ennemis comme s'ils devaient un jour être nos amis, et vivre avec nos amis comme s'ils pouvaient devenir nos ennemis, n'est ni selon la nature de la haine ni selon les règles de l'amitié : ce n'est point une maxime morale, mais politique.

On ne doit pas se faire des ennemis de ceux qui mieux connus, pourraient avoir rang entre nos amis. On doit faire choix d'amis si sûrs et d'une si exacte probité, que, venant à cesser de l'être, ils ne veuillent pas abuser de notre confiance ni se faire craindre comme nos ennemis.

There is a happiness resulting from pure friendship which can only be attained by those who are born capable of feeling it.

People young and raw, and soft-hearted, think it an easy thing to gain love, and reckon their own friendship a sure price of any man's ; but when experience shall have shown them the hardness of some hearts, the hollowness of others, and the baseness and ingratitude of

almost all, they will then find that a true friend is the gift of God, and that He only who made hearts can unite them.

Lord Clarendon was often heard to say, that next to the immediate blessing and providence of God Almighty, which had preserved him throughout the whole course of his life (less strict than it ought have been), from many dangers and disadvantages, in which many other young men were lost, he owed all he knew, and the little good that was in him, to the friendship and conversation he had been used to, of the most excellent men in their several kinds that lived in that age; by whose learning, and information, and instruction, he formed his studies and mended his understanding; and by whose gentleness and sweetness of behaviour, and justice, and virtue, and example, he formed his manners, subdued that pride, and suppressed that heat and passion he was naturally inclined to be transported with. And he never took more pleasure in anything than in frequently mentioning and naming those persons who were then his friends, or of his most familiar conversation; and in remembering their particular virtues

and faculties, he used often to say 'that he never was so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he was the worst man in the company;' all his friends and companions being in their quality, their fortunes, at least in their faculties and endowments of mind, very much his superiors; and he always charged his children to follow his example in that point, in making their friendships and conversation; protesting, that in the whole course of his life, he never knew one man, of what condition soever, arrive to any degree of reputation in the world, who made choice of or delighted in the company of those, who in their qualities were inferior, or in their parts not much superior to himself.

The word of an honest man is better than his oath, at any time; those who are so lavish of solemn asseverations upon every passing trifle, show the value they set upon them, by bestowing them thus liberally.

It is in the power of the human mind to create its own happiness out of the simplest materials that Providence, ever merciful, casts in its way.

Those who have had much intercourse with the world must have observed, that as unions are often formed betwixt couples differing in complexion and stature, they take place still more frequently between persons totally differing in feelings, in taste, in pursuit, and in understanding: and it would not be saying, perhaps, too much, to aver, that two-thirds of the marriages around us have been contracted betwixt persons who, we should have thought, had scarce any charms for each other. A moral and primary cause might easily be assigned for these anomalies, in the wise dispensations of Providence, that the general balance of wit, wisdom, and amiable qualities of all kinds should be kept up through society at large. For, what a world were it, if the wise were to intermarry only with the wise, the learned with the learned, the amiable with the amiable, nay, even the handsome with the handsome? and is it not evident, that the degraded castes of the foolish, the ignorant, the brutal, and the deformed (comprehending by the way, far the greater portion of mankind), must, when condemned to exclusive intercourse with each other, become gradually as much brutalized in person and disposition as so many

ouran-outangs? When, therefore, we see the 'gentle joined with the rude,' we may lament the fate of the suffering individual, but we must not the less admire the mysterious disposition of that wise Providence which thus balances the moral good and evil of life ; which secures for a family, unhappy in the dispositions of one parent, a share of better and sweeter blood, transmitted from the other, and preserves to the offspring the affectionate care and protection of at least one of those from whom it is naturally due. Without the frequent occurrence of such alliances and unions—mis-sorted as they seem at first sight—the world could not be that for which eternal wisdom has designed it—a place of mixed good and evil—a place of trial at once, and of suffering, where even the worst ills are chequered with something that renders them tolerable to humble and patient minds, and where the best blessings carry with them a necessary alloy of embittering depreciation. When, indeed, we look a little closer on the causes of those unexpected and ill-suited attachments, we have occasion to acknowledge, that the means by which they are produced do not infer that complete departure from, or inconsistency with, the character of the parties,

which we might expect when the result alone is contemplated. The wise purposes which Providence appears to have had in view, by permitting such intermixture of dispositions, tempers, and understandings, in the married state, are not accomplished by any mysterious impulse by which, in contradiction to the ordinary laws of nature, men or women are urged to an union with those whom the world see to be unsuitable to them. The freedom of will is permitted to us in the occurrences of ordinary life, as in our moral conduct ; and in the former as well as the latter case, is often the means of misguiding those who possess it. Thus it usually happens, more especially to the enthusiastic and imaginative, that having formed a picture of admiration in their own minds, they too often deceive themselves by some faint resemblance in some existing being, whom their fancy, as speedily as gratuitously, invests with all the attributes necessary to complete the ' beau idéal ' of mental perfection. No one, perhaps, even the happiest marriage with an object really beloved, ever found all the qualities he expected to possess ; but in far too many cases, he finds he has practised a much higher degree of mental deception, and has

erected his airy castle of felicity upon some rainbow, which owed its very existence only to the peculiar state of the atmosphere.

‘A man of sense and education should meet a suitable companion in a wife,’ says Dr. Johnson, ‘for it is a miserable thing when the conversation can only be such as, whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about that.’

The chief end to be proposed in cultivating the understandings of women, is to qualify them for the practical purposes of life. Their knowledge is not often like the learning of men, to be reproduced in some literary composition, nor ever in any learned profession; but it is to show itself in conduct.

Johnson, though of no high extraction himself, had much respect for birth and family, especially among ladies,—advantages which are rarely appreciated by those who do not possess them. ‘Adventitious accomplishments,’ said he, ‘may be possessed by all ranks; but one may easily distinguish the born-gentlewoman.’ A young lady who had married a man much

her inferior in rank being mentioned, a question arose, how a woman's relations should behave to her in such a situation. While one contended that she ought to be treated with an inflexible steadiness, and another was all for mildness and forgiveness, and according to the vulgar phrase, 'making the best of a bad bargain,' Johnson said,—'We must distinguish. Were I a man of rank, I would not let a daughter starve who had made a mean marriage; but having voluntarily degraded herself from the station she was originally entitled to hold, I would support her only in that which she herself had chosen; I would not put her on a level with my other daughters. It is our duty to maintain the subordination of civilized society; and when there is a gross deviation from rank, it should be punished so as to deter others from the same perversion.'

Any sudden cause for anxious and mortifying reflection, which, in advanced life, occasions sullen and pensive inactivity, stimulates youth to eager and active exertion, as if, like the hurt deer, they endeavour to drown the pain of the shaft by the rapidity of motion.

It is generally observable, that those whose lives are of least use to others, are most tenacious of their preservation.

The heart which is least disposed to self-pity, has the more space and leisure for universal benevolence, or the peculiarities of endeared affection.

Politeness is an universal desire of pleasing others (that are not too much below one) in trifles for a little time, and of making one's intercourse with them agreeable to both parties, by civility without ceremony, by ease without brutality, by complaisance without flattery, and by acquiescence without sincerity.

Always set a high value on spontaneous kindness. He whose inclination prompts him to cultivate your friendship of his own accord, will love you more than one whom you have been at pains to attach to you.

A man, says Johnson, cannot with propriety speak of himself, except he relates simple facts. All censure of oneself is oblique praise. It is in order to show how much we can spare.

It has all the invidiousness of self-praise, and the reproach of falsehood. Never, said he, speak of a man in his own presence ; it is always indelicate, and may be offensive. He also remarked that questioning is not the mode of conversation amongst gentlemen. It is assuming a superiority, and it is particularly wrong to question a man concerning himself : there may be parts of his former life which he may not wish to be made known to other persons, or even brought to his own recollection.

There is nothing against which an old man should be so much upon his guard as putting himself to nurse. Innumerable have been the melancholy instances of men once distinguished for firmness, resolution, and spirit, who, in their latter days, have been governed like children by interested female artifice.

Life is short ; no time can be afforded but for the indulgence of real sorrow, or contests upon questions seriously momentous. Let us not throw away any of our days upon useless resentment, or contend who shall hold out longest in stubborn malignity. It is best not to be angry ; and best in the next place to be

quickly reconciled. Life admits not of delays ; when pleasure can be had, it is fit to catch it. Every hour takes away part of the things that please us, and perhaps part of our disposition to be pleased. Too much of life must not be spent in idle deliberation how it shall be employed ; deliberation which those who begin it by prudence, and continue it with subtlety, must, after long expense of thought, conclude by chance. To prefer one future mode of life to another, upon just reasons, requires faculties which it has not pleased our Creator to give us. If, therefore, the profession you have chosen has some unexpected inconveniences, console yourself by reflecting that no profession is without them ; and that all the perplexities of business are softness and luxury compared with the incessant cravings of vacancy, and the unsatisfactory expedients of idleness.

Against melancholy, Johnson recommends constant occupation of mind, a great deal of exercise, moderation in eating and drinking, and especially to shun drinking at night. Melancholy men were apt, he said, to fly to intemperance for relief, but it only sunk them much deeper in misery ; and he observed, that la-

bouring men who work hard and live sparingly are seldom troubled with low spirits.

It was observed by Dr. Franklin, that 'the person who is good at excuses, is generally good for nothing else.'

I cannot conceive how it is that people are in love with their own persons, or astonished at their own performances, which are but a nine days' wonder to every one else. In general, it may be laid down that we are liable to this twofold mistake in judging of our own talents. We in the first place think much of that which has cost us much pain and labour; and we set little store by what we do with most ease to ourselves, and therefore best. The works of the greatest geniuses are produced almost unconsciously, with an ignorance on the part of the persons themselves that they have done anything extraordinary. Nature has done it for them. How little Shakspeare seems to have thought of himself or his fame! Yet, if 'to know another well, were to know one's self,' he must have been acquainted with his own pretensions and character, 'who knew all qualities with a learned spirit.' His eye seems never to have been bent upon himself, but out-

wards upon nature. A man who thinks highly of himself may almost always set it down that it is without reason. Milton, notwithstanding, appears to have had a high opinion of himself, and to have made it good. He was conscious of his powers, and great by design. Perhaps his tenaciousness, on the score of his own merit, might arise from an early habit of polemical writing, in which his pretensions were continually called to the bar of prejudice and party spirit, and he had to plead 'not guilty' to the indictment. Some men have died unconscious of immortality; as others have almost exhausted the sense of it in their lifetime. Corregio might be mentioned as an instance of the one, —Voltaire of the other. There is nothing that helps a man in his conduct through life more than a knowledge of his own characteristic weaknesses (which, guarded against, become his strength), as there is nothing that tends more to the success of a man's talents than his knowing the limits of his faculties, which are thus concentrated on some practicable object. Universal pretensions end in nothing, or, as Butler has it,

' Too much wit

Requires as much again to govern it.'

There are those who have gone (for want

of this self-knowledge) strangely out of their way, and others who have never found it. We meet with many who succeed in certain departments, and are yet melancholy and dissatisfied, because they failed in the one to which they first devoted themselves. Authors in general over-rate the extent of posthumous fame : for what (as it has been asked) is the amount even of Shakspeare's fame? That in that very country which boasts his genius and his birth, perhaps scarce one person in ten has ever heard of his name, or read a syllable of his writings!

The famous Schiller used to say, that he found the great happiness of life, after all, to consist in the discharge of some mechanical duty. To do anything, to dig a hole in the ground, to plant a cabbage, to hit a mark ; in a word, to attempt to produce any effect, and to succeed, has something in it that gratifies the love of power, and carries off the restless activity of the mind of man. Indolence is a delightful but distressing state : we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame.

Few subjects are more nearly allied than these two,—vulgarity and affectation. It may be said of them truly, that ‘their partitions do their bounds divide.’ There cannot be a surer proof of a low origin, or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel. We must have a strong tendency to that which we are always trying to avoid: whenever we pretend, on all occasions, a mighty contempt for anything, it is a pretty clear sign that we feel ourselves very nearly on a level with it. Of the two classes of people, I hardly know which is to be regarded with most distaste,—the vulgar aping the genteel, or the genteel constantly sneering at and endeavouring to distinguish themselves from the vulgar. These two sets of persons are always thinking of one another; the lower of the higher with envy, the more fortunate of their less happy neighbours with contempt. They are habitually placed in apposition to each other; jostle in their pretensions at every turn, and the same objects and train of thought (only reversed by the relative situation of either party) occupy their whole time and attention. The one are straining every nerve, and outraging common-sense, to be thought genteel; the others have no other object or idea in their

heads than not to be thought vulgar. This is but poor spite, a pitiful style of ambition. To be merely not that which one heartily despises, is a very humble claim to superiority; to despise what one really is, is still worse. Most of the characters in Miss Burney's novels,—the Brangtons, the Smiths, the Dubsters, the Cecilias, the Delvilles, &c. are well met, and much of a piece: the one half are trying not to be taken for themselves, and the other half not to be taken for the first. They neither of them have any pretensions of their own, or real standard of worth. A feather will turn the scale of their avoirdupois: though the fair authoress was not aware of the metaphysical identity of their principal and subordinate characters, affectation is the master-key to both. Gentility is only a more select and artificial kind of vulgarity. It cannot exist but by a sort of borrowed distinction. It plumes itself upon and revels in the homely pretensions of the mass of mankind. It judges of the worth of everything by name, fashion, opinion; and hence, from the conscious absence of real qualities or sincere satisfaction in itself, it builds its supercilious and fantastic conceit on the wretchedness and wants of others. Violent

antipathies are always suspicious, and betray a secret affinity. The difference between the 'great vulgar and the small' is mostly in outward circumstances. The coxcomb criticises the dress of the clown, as the pedant cavils at the bad grammar of the illiterate, or as the prude is shocked at the backslidings of her frail acquaintance. Those who have the fewest resources in themselves, naturally seek the food of their self-love elsewhere. The most ignorant people find most to laugh at in strangers: scandal and satire prevail most in country places; and a propensity to ridicule every the slightest or most palpable deviation from what we happen to approve, ceases with the progress of common sense and decency. True worth does not exult in the faults and deficiencies of others; as true refinement turns away from grossness and deformity, instead of being tempted to indulge in an unmanly triumph over it. Raphael would not faint away at the daubing of a sign-post, nor Homer hold his head the higher for being in the company of a Grub-street bard. Real power, real excellence does not seek for a foil in imperfection, nor fear contamination from coming in contact with that which is coarse and homely. It reposes

on itself, and is equally free from spleen and affectation. But the spirit of gentility is the mere essence of spleen and affectation; of affected delight in its own would-be qualifications, and of ineffable disdain poured out upon the involuntary blunders, or accidental disadvantages, of those whom it chooses to treat as its inferiors. Vulgaritas consists in taking manners, actions, words, opinions, on trust from others, without examining one's own feelings, or weighing the merits of the case. It is coarseness or shallowness of taste arising from want of individual refinement, together with the confidence and presumption inspired by example and numbers. It may be defined to be a prostitution of the mind or body to ape the more or less obvious defects of others, because, by so doing, we shall secure the suffrages of those we associate with. To affect a gesture, an opinion, a phrase, because it is the rage with a large number of persons, or to hold it in abhorrence because another set of persons, very little, if at all, better informed, cry it down to distinguish themselves from the former, is in either case equal vulgarity and absurdity. A thing is not vulgar merely because it is common. 'Tis common to breathe, to see, to live.

Nothing is vulgar that is natural, spontaneous, unavoidable. It is grossness, awkwardness, or ignorance, which constitutes vulgarity; but all these become vulgar when they are affected and shown off on the authority of others, or to fall in with the fashion or the company we keep. Simplicity is not vulgarity; but the looking to affectation of any sort for distinction is.

There are various ways of getting at a knowledge of character,—by looks, words, and actions. The first of these, which seems the most superficial, is perhaps the safest, and least liable to deceive: nay, it is that which mankind, in spite of their pretending to the contrary, are generally governed by. Professions pass for nothing, and actions may be counterfeited: but a man cannot help his looks. Speech, said a celebrated wit, was given to man to conceal his thoughts. Yet I do not know that the greatest hypocrites are least silent. The mouth of Cromwell is pursed up, in the portraits of him, as if he was afraid to trust himself with words. Lord Chesterfield advises us, if we wish to know the real sentiments of the person we are conversing with, to look in his face, for he can more easily com-

mand his words than his features. A man's whole life may be a lie to himself and others ; and yet a picture painted of him by a great artist would probably stamp his true character on the canvass, and betray the secret to posterity. Men's opinions were divided in their life-time about such prominent personages as Charles the Fifth and Ignatius Loyola, partly, no doubt, from passion and interest, but partly from the contradictory evidence in their ostensible conduct : the spectator, who has ever seen their pictures by Titian, judges of them at once, and truly. I had rather leave a good portrait of myself behind me, than have a fine epitaph. The face for the most part tells what we have thought and felt—the rest is nothing. First impressions are often the truest, as we find (not unfrequently) to our cost, when we have been wheedled out of them by plausible professions or studied actions. A man's look is the work of years, it is stamped on his countenance by the events of his whole life, nay more, by the hand of nature, and it is not to be got rid of easily. There is, as it has been remarked repeatedly, something in a person's appearance at first sight which we do not like, and that gives us an odd twinge, but which is

overlooked in a multiplicity of other circumstances, till the mask is taken off, and we see this lurking character verified in the plainest manner in the sequel. We are struck at first, and by chance, with what is peculiar and characteristic; also with permanent traits and general effect: these afterwards go off in a set of unmeaning, common-place details. This sort of *prima-facie* evidence, then, shows what a man is, better than what he says or does; for it points out to us the habit of his mind, which is the same under all circumstances and disguises. It is difficult to judge of characters, because extremes often meet, and qualities often display themselves by the most contradictory appearances. Any inclination, in consequence of being generally suppressed, vents itself the more violently when an opportunity presents itself; refinement and grossness sometimes meet, and we find the most reserved and indifferent tempers at the beginning of an entertainment, or an acquaintance, turn out the most communicative and cordial at the end of it. Some spirits exhaust themselves at first—others gain strength by progression. Some minds have a greater facility of throwing off impressions, and are, as it were, more trans-

parent or porous than others. There is a class of persons whose virtues and most shining qualities sink in, and are concealed by, an absorbent ground of modesty and reserve. These have a natural aversion to affectation or pretence, and placing their reliance on solid worth, simplicity, and truth, they reject all gaudy tinsel, and retire upon the centre of their conscious resources. But modest merit never succeeds, and a man to get on in the world, to be successful, conspicuous, applauded, must not retire upon his resources, but be always at the circumference of appearances. He must invest himself in a halo of mystery—he must ride in an equipage of opinion—he must walk with a train of self-conceit following him—he must not strip himself to a buff-jerkin, to the doublet and hose of his real merits, but must surround himself with a *cortège* of prejudices, like the signs of the zodiac—he must seem anything but what he is, and then he may pass for what he pleases. The world love to be amused with hollow professions, to be deceived by flattering appearances, to live in a state of hallucination, and can forgive anything but the plain, downright, simple truth.

A surly man, in spite of warning, neglects his own interest, and will do so, because he has more pleasure in disobliging you than in serving himself. A friendly man will show himself friendly, to the last; for those who are said to have been spoiled by prosperity were never really good for anything. A good-natured man never loses his native happiness of disposition: good temper is an estate for life; and a man born with common-sense rarely turns out a very egregious fool. It is more common to see a fool become wise, that is, set up for wisdom, and taken at his word by fools.

The reputation is not the man. Yet all true reputation begins and ends in the opinion of a man's intimate friends. He is what they think him, and in the last result will be thought so by others. Where there is no solid merit to bear the pressure of personal contact, fame is but a vapour raised by accident or prejudice, and will soon vanish like a vapour. But he who appears to those about him what he would have the world think him, from whom every one that approaches in whatever circumstances brings something away to confirm the loud rumour of the popular voice, is alone great in

spite of fortune. The malice of friendship, the littleness of curiosity, is as severe a test as the impartiality and enlarged views of history. The most useful study is that of the human heart, and the best moral to be drawn from the study of mankind and individual character, seems to be, that we should mind our own business, cultivate our good qualities (if we have any), and irritate ourselves less about the absurdities of other people, which neither we nor they can help. People are apt, in their first setting out in life, to raise their standard of character as much too high, as from disappointed expectation it often sinks too low afterwards.

The character of a gentleman may be explained nearly thus:—A blackguard is a fellow who does not care who he offends,—a clown is a blockhead who does not know when he offends,—a gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them. Politeness and the pretensions to the character in question have a reference almost entirely to this reciprocal manifestation of good-will and good opinion towards

each other in casual society. Morality regulates our sentiments and conduct, as they have a connexion with ultimate and important consequences : manners, properly speaking, regulate our words and actions in the routine of personal intercourse. They have little to do with real kindness of intention, or practical services, or disinterested sacrifices ; but they put on the garb, and mock the appearance of these ; in order to prevent a breach of the peace, and to smooth and varnish over the discordant materials, when any number of individuals are brought in contact together.

Suspense, where the mind is engrossed with one idea, and kept from amusing itself with any other, is not only the most uncomfortable, but the most tiresome of all things. The fixing our attention on a single point makes us more sensible of the delay, and hangs an additional weight of fretful impatience on every moment of expectation. People in country places, without employment or artificial resources, complain that time hangs heavy on their hands. Its leaden pace is not occasioned by the quantity of thought, but by vacancy, and the continual

languid craving after excitement. It wants spirit and vivacity to give it motion. We are on the watch to see how time goes ; and it appears to lag behind, because, in the absence of objects to arrest our immediate attention, we are always getting on before it. We do not see the divisions, but we feel the galling pressure of each creeping sand that measures out our hours. Again, a rapid succession of external objects and amusements, which leave no room for reflection, where one gratification is forgotten in the next, makes time pass quickly, as well as delightfully. We do not perceive an extent of surface, but only a succession of points. We are whirled swiftly along by the hand of dissipation, but cannot stay to look behind us. On the contrary, change of scene, travelling through a foreign country, or meeting with a variety of striking adventures that lay hold of the imagination, and continue to haunt it in a waking dream, will make days seem weeks. From the crowd of events, the number of distinct points of view, brought into a small compass, we seem to have passed through a great length of time, when it is not the case. Time wears away slowly with a man in solitary confinement ; not from the number

or variety of his ideas, but from their wearisomeness, fretting like drops of water.

It is the indulgence of hope that embitters disappointment.

The brittle chain of worldly friendship and patronage is broken as effectually, when *one* goes beyond the length of it, as when the *other* does. To the vessel which is sailing from the shore, it only appears that the shore also recedes; in life it is truly thus. He who retires from the world will find himself, in reality, deserted as fast, if not faster, by the world. It is not the threat of desertion that will increase fondness.

The resentment excited by a breach of faith, is felt in proportion as the violator has been loved and trusted.

There is a principle of disunion in unequal connexions. Active beneficence is a virtue of easier practice, than forbearance after having conferred, or than thankfulness after having received, a benefit. I know not, indeed, whether it be a greater or more difficult exercise

of magnanimity for the one party to act as if he had forgotten, or for the other as if he constantly remembered the obligation.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who least deserve you should do them any.

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way : for want of a block, he will stumble at a straw.

To give way to anger is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

The feeling of gratitude generally exists in proportion to that of resentment.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

Although reason was intended by Providence to govern our passions, yet it seems that, in two points of the greatest moment to the being and continuance of the world, God had intended our passions to prevail over reason. The first is the continuance of the species, since so few

wise men have ever married from the dictates of reason. The other is the love of life, which from the dictates of reason, he might sometimes wish at an end.

The preaching of divines helps to preserve well-inclined people in the course of virtue, but seldom or never reclaims the vicious.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common-sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be often at a loss from the want of readier change.

The cultivation of domestic politeness is a subject not nearly enough attended to, yet it is the sign, and ought to be the manifestation, of many beautiful virtues—affection, self-denial, elegance, are all called into play by it; and it

has a potent recommendation in its being an excellent preservative against affectation.

Amusement is the happiness of those who cannot think, and diverts those to whom thought is painful, either from the retrospect of the past, or the prospect of the future.

The wall of our church and country is built of those who love the constitution in both. Our domestic enemies undermine some parts of the wall, and place themselves in the breach, and then cry 'we are the wall!'

Liberty of conscience, properly speaking, is no more than the liberty of possessing our own thoughts and opinions, which every man enjoys without fear of the magistrate: but how far he shall publicly act in pursuance of those opinions, is to be regulated by the laws of the country. Every man, as a member of the state, ought to be content with the possession of his own opinion in private, and without perplexing his neighbour, or disturbing the public.

Violent zeal for truth most frequently has its origin either in petulance, ambition, or

pride. Cromwell's notion upon this article was natural and right, when upon the surrender of a town in Ireland, the popish governor insisted upon an article for liberty of conscience, Cromwell said, 'he meddled with no man's conscience; but if by liberty of conscience, the governor meant the liberty of the mass, he had express orders from the Parliament of England, against admitting any such liberty at all.'

There is nothing wanting to make all rational, sincere, and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

Speak that which is true, do what is just :
be what you appear, and appear what you are.

Rien n'est beau que le vrai,—le vrai seul est aimable.

Among the many imputations which we are willing to fasten upon those whom we have an aversion to, that of pride is one of the most common. Now, if we would examine the innermost recesses of the mind, I doubt we should often find that our own pride is the cause why

we tax others with it. Men elate with the thoughts of their own sufficiency, are ever imagining that others are wanting in their regard to them, and therefore very apt to conclude that pride must be the cause why they withhold from them that respect which they have an unquestioned right to in their own opinion. Of this we have a striking instance in Scripture. 'You take too much upon you,' said Corah and his accomplices, when they themselves were taking too much upon them, and invading the province of Aaron. Hence it is, that their character seldom escapes the brand of vanity, who have the fortune to be possessed of those accomplishments which would make their detractors vain.

Dignity is always the more irascible the more petty the potentate.

There is an indescribable something which always distinguishes the gentleman; that something which dwells in a man's air and deportment, and not in his clothes; and which it is as difficult for a gentleman to put off as for a vulgar fellow to put on.

The writer who styles himself Don Leucadio Doblado, in his letters from Spain, uses the word 'simple' in the same sense as the author of *Waverly*, and to one of the letters there is this note,—'Gentle and simple are terms used by the Scottish peasants in the same manner as the English word noble; and Llano (plain, simple) by the Spaniards.'

There is an unstudied grace and dignity which is the result of conscious worth and honour, habituated to receive the tribute of respect. This is the privilege of minds which are always in their own place, and neither stoop to solicit applause from their inferiors, nor strive to rise to a fancied equality with those whom nature or fortune have placed above them.

We should never be ashamed to show that we know our own value; for unless we estimate our qualities, we shall not long preserve them. There is no dignity of character without a modest consciousness of worth.

A very high degree of refinement certainly often produces a quickness of discernment, a

niggard approbation, and a fastidiousness of taste, that find a thousand repulsive and disgusting qualities mingled with those that excite our admiration, and would (were we less critical) produce affection. Alas, that the tree should so literally impart the knowledge of good and evil !

Extensive reading, superficial and indiscriminate, such as the very easy access to books among us encourages, is not (at an early period of life) favourable to solid thinking, true taste, or fixed principle.

Speculative opinions are said, generally speaking, to have little influence upon practice.

The author who calls himself Geoffrey Crayon, in drawing the character of his practical philosopher ; describes him as one who had been a little chilled and buffeted by fortune, without being soured thereby ; as having profited by the ‘ sweet uses ’ of adversity without imbibing its bitterness ; as having learnt to estimate the world rightly, yet good-humouredly ; and while he perceives the truth of the saying, ‘ that all

is vanity,' is yet able to do so without 'vexation of spirit.'

Compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the law ; a cock, which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn ; and an ass, on which he rode. The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came at last near a village. He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking, where human beings dwelt, there dwelt also humanity and compassion ; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging,—it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him. He was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighbouring wood. 'It is hard, very hard,' said he, 'not to find a roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather ; but God is just, and whatever He does is for the best.' He seated himself beneath a tree,

lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm arose, and extinguished the light. 'What,' exclaimed he, 'must I not be permitted even to pursue my favourite study? But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best.' He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours' sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed the cock. 'What new misfortune is this?' ejaculated the astonished Akiba. 'My vigilant companion is gone! who then will henceforth awaken me to the study of the law? but God is just, He knows what is good for us poor mortals.' Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when a lion came and devoured the ass. 'What is to be done now?' exclaimed the lonely wanderer, 'my lamp and my cock are gone!—all is gone! but praised be the Lord, whatever he does is for the best.' He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village, to see whether he could procure a horse, or any other beast of burden, to enable him to pursue his journey. But what was his surprise, not to find a single individual alive! It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night,

killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice, and exclaimed, 'Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob, now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind; often considering as evils what is intended for their preservation! But thou alone art just, and kind, and merciful! Had not the hard-hearted people driven me, by their inhospitality, from the village, I should have shared their fate. Had not the wind extinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have murdered me. I perceive also that, it was thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not by their noise give notice to the banditti where I was. Praised, then, be thy name for ever and ever.'

On n'a jamais vu sur la terre un père nourrir ses oiseaux et abandonner ses enfants, et on craindrait cela du Père céleste!

Whoever has trod but a third part of life's briery path, and has not looked on the cares

and calamities which obstructed his way as merely accidents, must often have been led to remark, that during this trying pilgrimage we are generally assailed in our most vulnerable part: the thorns pierce where the flesh is tenderest; the sorrow strikes where our sensibility is most acute. Whatever be the passion which predominates over every other, and makes our hopes, and fears, and efforts, all tend toward its gratification, it is from that quarter the severest disappointments await us.

However we may suffer under afflictions, the period always comes in which we recognise their beneficial effect, either upon our character or our fate.

The act of devotion has generally the effect of composing the spirits which have been harassed by a succession of calamities. The sincere and earnest approach of the Christian to the throne of the Almighty, teaches the best lesson of patience under affliction; since, wherefore should we mock the Deity with supplications, when we insult him by murmuring under his decrees?—or how, while our prayers have in every word admitted the vanity and nothing-

ness of the things of time in comparison to those of eternity, should we hope to deceive the Searcher of Hearts, by permitting the world and worldly passions to reassume their turbulent empire over our bosoms, the instant when our devotions were ended? There have been, and perhaps are now, persons so inconsistent as to suffer earthly passion to reassume the reins even immediately after a solemn address to Heaven, but it is to be hoped there are few such; and the effect of prayer under severe calamity on the well-disposed mind, will be that of leaving it comforted and strengthened, and better prepared to execute or submit to whatever it may be called upon to do or to suffer.

Common danger and common suffering, especially of the mind, prove often the readiest and most indissoluble bonds of human friendship: and when to this influence is added the blending power of an intercommunity of thoughts and sentiments, imagination can hardly measure the warmth and devotedness of honest hearts thus united.

There are no hearts so cold, when once chilled, as those which are so soon and so

violently set in a blaze ; and there are no hearts so impossible to be recalled as those which would have adhered to the chosen object, through every change of fortune, had they not been wantonly repelled : such hearts bear much—bear long : but once stung to the quick by injury or contempt, their keen sense is not to be dulled by all the opiates of future artifice, or future acted penitence.

Cases sometimes occur, where, from motives of delicacy, caution is carried so far as to excite that suspicion which it has especially in view to prevent.

Many a truant heart may be converted from its evil ways by affection, and turned into the path of penitence by mildness and forbearance ; while the contrary conduct, of reproach, resentment, or retaliation, hardens guilt, and obliterates attachment.

In every generous mind there is a spring which if rightly touched, yields fine issues ; but if struck by an unskilful hand, produces only discord.

In dealing with people of sense, if you can convince the understanding, you may render them perfectly docile ; but to stir up the passions by coldness or affronts, only confirms them in their purpose.

Time spent entirely amongst books, though the employment may seem both dignified and interesting, has sometimes been found, when indulged in to excess, to diminish not only the respectability but utility of the deceived student, and he has been led to forget, amid the luxury of deep and dark investigation, that society has its claims, and that the knowledge which is unimparted is necessarily barren talent, and lost to society like the miser's concealed hoard.

There are some whimsical characters, who think themselves privileged to cast off the usual forms of society, from never having been subject to the restraints of that which is really good, and entertaining perhaps an undue contempt for that which they frequently mix with. This generally arises from their having none to teach them the important truth, in early life, that some forms and restraints are to be observed, less in respect to others, than to ourselves.

Time passes imperceptibly when each day resembles the preceding one, for it will be found that those which are most full of interest and events, and during which there has been no time for weariness, seem longer in retrospect, than those in which no event or variety has occurred to mark their course.

There is an ease and composure of manner, equally void of awkwardness and affectation, which emphatically marks the gentleman.

There is a self-respect, and an elevation of countenance and manner, which always so beautifully accompanies inward refinement.

In some cases, exaggerated or inappropriate praise, becomes the most severe satire.

The human mind is a blank, and if care be not taken to fill it with useful knowledge, it will fill itself with trifles. Prejudice of education is absolutely unavoidable. He who is taught is commonly prejudiced in favour of what he has learnt ; he who is untaught is as really prejudiced against even the most evident truths, merely because he is unacquainted with them.

Reason unassisted will never teach man his duty; and the instruction of the parent was doubtless the design of Providence. The use of reason is to apprehend what is taught, and to rectify, when strong enough, the mistakes of education.

It is a curious fact, but fact it is, that your witty people are always the most hard-hearted people in the world. The truth is, fancy destroys feeling. The quick eye to the ridiculous turns everything to the absurd side; and the neat sentence, the lively allusion, and the odd simile, invest what they touch with something of their own buoyant nature. Humour is of the heart, and has its tears; but wit is of the head, and has only smiles,—and the majority of those are bitter.

Reading is one thing, but learning to think and to converse is another. A promiscuous multitude of books always within search retards the acquisition of useful knowledge. It is like having a great number of acquaintances and few friends; one of the consequences of the latter, is to know much of exterior appearances, of modes and manners, but little of nature and

genuine character. By running over numbers of books without selection in a desultory manner, people, in the same way, get a general superficial idea of the varieties and nature of different styles, but do not comprehend or retain the matter with the same accuracy as those who have read a few books, by the best authors, with diligent attention. This applies to those one generally meets with, not those commanding minds, whose intuitive research seizes on everything worth retaining, and rejects the rest as naturally as one throws away the shell when possessed of the kernel.

Is there aught more provoking than the misinterpretation of our saddest thoughts? What an extraordinary mental delusion jesting is,—that sort of laboured vivacity which fancies it is pointed when it is only personal, and is always the resource of stupid people. Take any shape but that, one is tempted to exclaim, when dullness attempts a joke; striving to pervert some poor ill-used word from its lawful meaning, till it ceases to have any at all. Surely there is nothing so stupid and worrying in conversation as witticisms. No, let the generality inflict upon you histories of themselves and their kind,

even to the third and fourth generation,—let them talk of their feelings when they mean their temper,—let them for the hundred-and-fiftieth time dilate on the lovers they had in their youth, or the receipts which made the glory of their age,—let them even give advice,—let them, in fact, do anything but jest,—the power of patience can no further go.

‘ *Quelle charmante fête !—on y étouffait,* ’—exclaimed a fashionable lady who had been at a very brilliant party in Paris the night before.

How events lengthen the time they number ! Weeks pass unheeded which are marked only by the usual routine of occupation, and we exclaim, ‘ good gracious ! it is Saturday again ! ’

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end.

In the little as in the great things of life, are to be found the type and sign of our immortality. Every hope that looks forward is a pledge of the hereafter to which it refers. Who rests contented with the present ? None. We have

all deep within us a craving for the future. In childhood we anticipate youth ; in youth manhood ; in manhood old age ; and to what does that turn but to a world beyond our own ? We look forward, and forward, till that which was desire becomes faith. The future is the universal heritage of mankind ; and he claims but a small part of his portion who looks not beyond the grave.

FROM MONTGOMERY'S "POEM ON DEATH."

And yet, though life enchant and death appal,
How gently do the weaning years unloose
The many links that chain us to the world !
The passions which inspirit youthful hearts,
And spread a beauty o'er the spring of life,
And bid the hopes of young ambition bound,
Decay, and cool, as further down the vale
Of darkling years we wend ; until at length
The time-worn spirit muses on the tomb
With elevating sadness, and the shades
Of death dissolve amid those cheering rays
Which revelation sheds from Heaven.

How pure
The grace, the gentleness of virtuous age !
Tho' solemn, not austere ; though wisely dead
To passion, and the 'wildering dreams of hope,

Not unalive to tenderness and truth,—
The good old man is honoured and revered,
And breathes upon the young-limb'd race around
The grey and venerable charm of years.

An eminent writer on a future state has asserted the probability that much of its happiness would arise from those persons being associated who have lived in all ages of the world whose feelings and ideas were suitable, and who had been actuated through life by the same motives. This is a pleasant idea, however imaginative it may be.

If men would only be determined to overcome difficulty, they would find it half performed before they thought they had commenced ; it is the want of exertion, and not ability, that makes many men unsuccessful.

A people who change their laws too readily, finish by having no laws at all.

The world is made up of two sorts of people—men of deeds, and men of thought. The men of deeds have always had the upper hand, and will keep it to the day of judgment ; the men

of thought are those that scheme, and those that find fault; and the ends and purposes of the men of deeds are to carry into effect the suggestions of the one, under the correction of the other.

By lightening the tasks of the poor where requisite, and procuring them comforts suitable to their condition, is the only way by which the rich can wisely assist the poor; for toil is their inheritance, and all that the well-regulated spirits among them ever covet, is employment suitable to their strength.

Before the Fall, the soul (the rational and immortal part of our nature) had an entire ascendancy over the animal and material part of it, namely, our passions and appetites. Since that time, the case has been reversed, and it is only through the assistance of Divine grace, (purchased for us by our Saviour's death) added to our own best endeavours to perform the will of God, that we can in any measure hope to attain to that purity of heart which man possessed in his first estate, before he lost the image of his Creator, in which he was originally made. Before that event (the Fall), the law of obedience was the only one enjoined; afterwards

faith was added ; but the first law was not thereby abrogated, though faith was requisite to strengthen the foundation on which our future obedience was to be built.

Unjust repinings against Providence are equally prevalent among all classes, when they experience the ordinary calamities of life, and the reverses of fortune to which their several situations may expose them. In the circles of toil and labour and penury, within the walls of a cottage, murmurs against the Divine dispensations are equally frequent and loud. The disposition that all who suffer feel to think their own trials more insupportable than those of others, is as prevalent as the ingratitude of forgetting the comforts and consolations which God has graciously provided for every state in life, in a manner suitable to itself. To common observation, all this may appear more excusable in the poor than in those who are more amply provided with the good things of this world. But if we try this question by the touchstone of the Gospel, we shall find that the discontented and murmuring poor are as inexcusable as the discontented and murmuring rich. In proof of this, I would appeal to the very poorest of those

around us, whether they do not know that there are many calamities which they have never suffered? If there are not many comforts unknown to others of their own class, which they are permitted to enjoy; I would ask them, if, although in the feelings of a parent, a husband, or a wife—of a brother or sister, they have experienced much anguish and known many sorrows, they do not also find, in the same feelings, and in the same ties of blood and of nature, many comforts and enjoyments that make them forget their toils and their labours, and take pleasure and delight in everything around them? I would ask, if, when they calmly and dispassionately compare their own situation and circumstances with those of their friends and neighbours, they do not find some cause to be more satisfied with their own lot, and that there are many aggravations even of what they do suffer, from which their God has preserved them. Now, they may rest assured that the most powerful, and those whom they most envy, can say no more. They have their joys and their sorrows, their enjoyments and their privations, their eagerness of pursuit, and bitterness of disappointment—they have health and disease, peace of mind, and broken hearts. The suffer-

ings of the more or less opulent may be different; but they are the same in their effects—the same in their objects: they are alike productive of pain and sorrow—they are equally trials from the hands of God, and equally designed by Him to prove that this earthly pilgrimage is only a space for probation—a season for preparing us for another place, where happiness is reserved for those who are really poor, and in their poverty love, fear, and serve God: or for those whom their Saviour calls the ‘poor in spirit’—they, who in the midst of riches, cultivate the humbleness of mind, the restraint, the patience and resignation that more naturally belong to the state of poverty.

· If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who claim our envy now!

The fatal secret, when reveal'd,
Of every aching breast,
Would show that only when conceal'd,
His lot appear'd the best.

· Might I be allowed to choose my own lot, I

should think it much more eligible to want my spiritual comforts, than to abound in these at the expense of my humility. No, let a penitent and contrite spirit be always my portion ; and may I ever be so favoured by Heaven, as perpetually to keep in mind my own unworthiness. Knowledge in the sublime and glorious mysteries of the Christian faith, and ravishing contemplations of God and a future state, may be very desirable advantages ; but still I prefer charity, which edifieth, before the highest intellectual perfections of that knowledge which puffeth up. Those spiritual advantages are certainly best for us, which increase our modesty, awaken our caution, and dispose us to suspect and deny ourselves. The highest in God's esteem are meanest in their own ; and their excellency consists in the meekness and truth, not in the pomp and ostentation of piety, which affects to be seen and admired of men.

The only way by which riches ever make their possessors truly happy, is by judiciously dispensing them to others.

He that wants good-sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways

of exposing himself; and he that has sense, knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

Read not to contradict and confute, but to weigh and consider. Some books require to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

Reading maketh a full man—conversation a ready man—and writing an exact man.

He that does not know those things which are useful and necessary for his station, is an ignorant man, whatever knowledge he may possess besides.

Etudiez soigneusement ce qui a rapport à votre profession, et vous deviendrez savant.

It is generally observed in society, that he who listens is thought better off than he who talks.

If, as they say, discretion be the better part of valour, silence is often the better part of discretion.

Besides the many persons we meet with in the world to whom one is totally indifferent, there is a sort of instinct in regard to others, which may serve as a guide or restraint for either giving or withholding one's friendship. We feel either an indescribable attraction or antipathy to some few whom we meet in the path of life. But in order that these two opposite sentiments may be of use in directing the judgment, they must be free from all personal interest—the social position of the two parties must be pretty nearly equal; and there must be on neither side any expectation of future benefit, except that accruing from agreeable society, to influence the feeling of attraction; nor, on the contrary, any fear of injury or disadvantage, which might have the effect of producing a natural antipathy. In such cases, one may yield one's self to the sentiment inspired, with some confidence and certainty.

Hypocrisy has been said to be the homage which vice pays to virtue.

Conventional forms may with justice be called the homage which selfishness pays to benevolence.

It is wise in society to fix and determine certain forms of mourning. Were it not for this arrangement, there would be all manner of extravagances and indecorums. There would be a wild and irrational rivalry of grief, and there would perhaps be most extravagance where there was least feeling, in order to conceal the deficiency. Now, when a family wears black, that family is acknowledged and recognized to be in mourning. There may be no difference in their looks or their ordinary conversation from the rest of the world ; but the attention is fixed upon the dress, while the countenance and manners are not scrutinized. Oftentimes the acuteness of sorrow is past before the black has lost its first gloss, and oftentimes the mourning garb is laid aside, when for years afterwards there are sad regrets lying heavily upon the heart.

It rarely happens that one artificial mind can succeed in forming another : we seldom imitate what we do not love. There is something in human nature which recoils from an artificial character, even more than from a faulty one, and when the attempt fails, the revulsion generally produces a character of a totally different stamp.

Such is the influence of the sexes on each other, that in no country do we find one corrupt and vicious, and the other moral and virtuous. But the continuance and progress of depravity may in a great measure be ascribed to men, as having most power. Women are considered in general to be the most vain and deceitful, and men the most selfish.

When women are certain of not being loved by their husbands, they are too apt to lose all esteem and respect for themselves. Their natural sensibility is then soon changed into dangerous sensuality, and they gratify their passions because they are unable to please their hearts.

Une belle femme qui a les qualités d'un honnête homme, a ce qu'il y a au monde d'un commerce plus délicieux : l'on trouve en elle tout le mérite des deux sexes.

Il y a un goût dans la pure amitié où ne peuvent atteindre ceux qui sont nés médiocres. L'amitié peut subsister entre des gens de différents sexes, exempte de toute grossièreté. Une femme cependant regarde toujours un homme comme un homme, et réciproquement, un

homme regarde une femme comme une femme.
Cette liaison n'est ni passion ni amitié pure ;
elle fait une classe à part.

Youth has one delightful time, when hope walks like an angel, at its side, and all things have their freshness and their charm. There appears so much to enjoy, that the only question is, what to enjoy first. In after-life one says to oneself, 'I wish I could anticipate things as eagerly as I used to do ;'—but, alas ! scarcely anything seems worth anticipating ; or if some fair hope arise upon the distance, it is too good to be true.

O life ! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young fancy's rays thy hills adorning,
Cold pausing Caution's lessons scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

In young hearts hope is vigorous ; it shoots forth with renewed bloom after a stay.

It is seldom that youth, however high-minded, is able from mere strength of character and

principle, to support itself against the force of ridicule.

Quand on est jeune, souvent on est pauvre : ou l'on n'a pas encore fait d'acquisitions, ou les successions ne sont pas échues. L'on devient riche et vieux en même temps : tant il est rare que les hommes puissent réunir tous leurs avantages ! et, si cela arrive à quelques-uns, il n'y a pas de quoi leur porter envie : ils ont assez à perdre par la mort pour mériter d'être plaints.

The usual resource of the selfish is to turn from everything that is distressing to them to dwell upon.

L'expérience confirme que la mollesse ou l'indulgence pour soi et la dureté pour les autres n'est qu'un seul et même vice.

The moment anybody is satisfied with himself, every body else grows dissatisfied with him ; whenever any one thinks much of himself, all others give over thinking about him, and he who thinks of no one but himself, excuses others from thinking of him.

Men are most struck with form and character, women with intellect.

Men are said to be more faithful with regard to the secrets of others, than their own ; women, on the contrary, are reckoned to keep better their own secrets, than those of others.

Il y a peu de femmes si parfaites qu'elles empêchent un mari de se repentir, du moins un fois le jour, d'avoir une femme, ou de trouver heureux celui qui n'en a point.

Most men admire those qualities in women which render them least amiable in the eyes of their own sex. How singular it is, that the highest and best qualities of the female heart, are those with which the generality of men are the least captivated.

What is it that makes men and women love those most who least resemble themselves? It is a wise decree of Providence, that the balance of good and evil should be fairly adjusted. It may also arise from people of quiet dispositions wishing to connect themselves with those

who are qualified to fight their battles for them through life.

A slight contrast of character is said to contribute to the happiness of married life.

The northern and southern hemispheres' are not more divided, says an eminent writer, than those allotted to men and women—public and private life. There is no period of history which records the authority of the gentler sex without also recording its injurious effects. The exceptions which exist to this rule possessed masculine understandings, which enabled them to distinguish suitable ministers to forward their views, and whose object was the general good. Impulse and sentiment are too often the main springs of female action, which are most mischievous in matters of politics or business.

Mental fortitude, in a great measure, is dependent on habit. When life is in danger either in a storm or a battle, it is certain that less fear is felt by the commander or pilot, and even by the private soldier actively engaged, or the common seaman laboriously occupied,

than by those who are exposed to peril, but not employed in the means of guarding against it. The reason is not that the one class believe the danger to be less ; they are likely, in many instances, to perceive it more clearly. But having acquired a habit of instantly turning their thoughts to the means of counteracting the danger, their minds are thrown into a state which excludes the ascendancy of fear. Mental fortitude, in a great measure, depends upon this habit. The timid horseman is haunted by the horrors of a fall. The bold and skilful think only about the best way of curbing or supporting his horse. Even when all means are equally unavailable, and his condition appears desperate to the bystander, he still owes to his fortunate habit that he does not suffer the agony of the coward. Many cases have been known where fortitude has reached such strength that the faculties instead of being confounded by danger, are never raised to their highest activity by a less violent stimulant. The distinction between such men and the coward does not depend on difference of opinion about the reality, or extent of the danger, but on a state of mind which renders them more or less accessible to fear.

The share taken by the women in the memorable defence of Saragossa belongs to history to record, says the author of the *Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns*. By their voices and their smiles the men were rewarded for past exertions, and animated to new. Regardless of fatigue and danger, they formed parties for relieving the wounded, and for carrying refreshment to those who served in the batteries. Of these undaunted females, the young, delicate, and beautiful Countess Burita, was the leader. Engaged in her blessed work of merciful ministration with death surrounding her on all sides, she went with unshrinking spirit, wherever anguish was to be relieved, or sinking courage to be animated. Never, during the whole course of a protracted siege, did she once swerve from her generous purpose. With all a woman's softness of heart, yet without a woman's fears, she partook in every danger and every privation—a creature at once blessed, and bringing blessings.

The father of dyspeptic medicine is undoubtedly John Abernethy ; for prior to his time, the cure of local disease by constitutional, that is, general treatment, was either little under-

pressed a particular desire to see me, to know if I could order anything that would do him good. I was sent for, and I went into the country to see him. I said, 'Really, sir, I should be most happy if I could suggest anything that was likely to do you good, but I am very ignorant of the medical profession, and if I were not, I really don't think I could suggest more judicious treatment than has been prescribed ; but, sir, I shall give you a lecture on your diet, in the presence of your medical man.' I knew the man before ; he prided himself on his virtue ; he drank no wine ; but he did that which, for anything I know, is as bad—he eat most preposterously. ' Now,' said I, ' I know you like milk ; I shall give you a cup of milk for breakfast, and you may put a piece of bread in it, but not one drop of the milk displaced by the bread must be replaced in the cup ; you may take a new laid egg for dinner, and a piece of bread and butter ; in the evening you may drink some soda-water, and then have done for the day. Continue that for some time, taking it at the distance of every six hours of the day.' He did so, and behold, the man got well ; he seemed to have grown young again ; he got quite active, and really it was quite astonishing

to see him. About three months afterwards he asked me to dine with him ; I went, and saw him at his old trick, stuffing most enormously. After dinner we walked in the garden ; he was a merchant, and in the course of our walk I said to him, ‘ Pray, sir, what would you think of a man, who from nothing had raised a small capital, and who might, if he pleased to go on, increase that into an immense fortune, but who did not choose to go on, but squandered the capital away ;—what would you think of him ? ’ ‘ Why,’ said he, ‘ I should say he was a great fool.’ ‘ Then,’ said I, ‘ what one may think of wealth, another may think of health, and thou art the man.’ I say health is like wealth, extremely difficult to get a little of ; and when you have got it, if you take care of it, it will increase with compound interest ; but it is the nature of man that he will not do well unless he is compelled ; and I believe you will find this to be the lesson of human life. If people will not take care of health, and do well from inclination, they will be obliged to do it from compulsion ; but there are those that will even defy necessity, and they must of course take the consequences.

There is a curious thing with respect to the heart, showing its sympathies with the lungs. This is one of the curious experiments that have been made. If an animal be pithed, the medulla spinalis divided high up, he dies ; because the lungs want energy, and the diaphragmatic nerve has its function abolished, and he dies for want of breath. But if he is pithed, and respiration kept up by mechanical means—the inflation kept up—then life will go on. Now this is the experiment of John Hunter, on inventing a pair of bellows for drowned animals : he says, the nearest dependance of the heart is upon the lungs, for when I left off blowing my bellows (said John), the heart left off its action : and when I began again to blow into the lungs, the heart recovered its power of action, at first feebly, but after a time more strongly. I use the words exactly as Mr. Hunter uttered them. Now, I trust all that nonsense is completely abolished ; people say the cerebrum has no influence upon the heart ; but I say, unquestionably, it has a great influence upon it, and I quote this instance to show it : suppose a timid person, or a delicate female, hears a noise in the middle of the night, which she supposes either to be a ghost or a

robber,—why, her pulsation fails, she gets cold, and is so alarmed as to be almost dead. Suppose a fellow calls another person a scoundrel? the person who is so called feels his spirit rising, his face grows red, and he takes up his fist and knocks the other down. Now, it is very strange that such a person as Bechat should make the heart the seat of feeling, and the head merely the seat of thought. Why he should put his hand upon his heart to show that that is the place of feeling, and his other hand upon his head to denote that it is the place of thought, I don't know: but his head had no thought in it, I think, when he talked such nonsense as that. You know that pleasant feelings do produce a pleasant action; as Shakspeare said, 'My bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne;' and that uneasiness of mind has directly the converse effect. It is, therefore, certainly the effect of the cerebrum that acts upon these organs. I wonder it has not entered into the wise head of some person to argue that the diaphragm was not the seat of all these emotions.

'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?

Rase out the written troubles of the brain?'

and so on; you know the rest, I dare say, but

I don't. Well now, so much with respect to that; and so much nonsense has been said about it, that I hope it will never enter into your consideration.

If any positive signification, distinct from what we mean by pleasure, can be affixed to the term 'happiness,' it seems to denote a certain state of the nervous system, in that part of the human frame in which we feel joy and grief, passion and affection. Whether this may be, in the heart, as some imagine, or the diaphragm, or the orifice of the stomach, or elsewhere,—pain in those parts, however produced, will derange the nervous system, and occasion unhappiness. Contra, a succession of pleasurable sensations (of course however produced) will restore us to that harmonious condition which gives to the mind its sense of complacency and satisfaction. This state is happiness; and it is so far distinct from mere pleasure, that it does not refer to any particular object of enjoyment.

Mind and matter are the acknowledged elements of man. But the question has been often asked, in what part of the body does the soul

dwell? Consciousness and the termini of our sensations demonstrate the brain to be the seat of the soul. It is not, therefore, from the heart the commands of the thinking power issue; nor from the heart that the power goes forth which moves the muscles, bones, and limbs, but from the brain that the power proceeds that makes every sense, every muscle, every joint obedient to the volitions of the mind. Each distinct nerve, each pair of nerves, or system of nerves, has its root in the cerebral or spinal brain. The nerves that take their rise from the posterior column of the spinal marrow are for sensation, those from the anterior column for voluntary motion, and those from the middle column of the spinal marrow are destined to regulate the respiratory movements. The gustatory nerves rise from the cerebral brain, and take cognizance of tastes; the optic nerves are constructed for the perception of light; and the acoustic nerves to take cognizance of the vibrations of air or sounds. Every pair of nerves has its separate functions to perform on its own exclusive sense, muscle, ligament, organ, viscera, &c. This association of each nerve with its appropriate function was not formerly understood. The opinion of pathologists was,

that all nerves were essentially the same. That if a nerve of sensation were attached to a muscle, it would become a nerve of motion; or if the optic nerve were distributed over the ear, it would become a nerve of hearing. The organ of the brain, therefore, which appears to consist of an unit, is in fact an aggregate of parts, each closely resembling the other in structure, though each part is essentially distinct, and designed to perform a different function,—a function for which it is specifically prepared.

There are many predisposing causes to a nervous temperament, and tendency to mental disorder;—ill-conducted nurseries, heated rooms without air, constant indulgence or continual severity; infantine and youthful days passed in constant excitement, cause a large race of both sexes to be constitutionally feeble, and tremulously weak. Many of these sink soon into nervousness and timidity; become incompetent to bear the trials of time, or discharge its duties, falling beneath the load of life, deprecate their birth, and sigh for the grave. All violent excitement, either from intemperance, family disagreements, or whatever cause disturbs that proper balance of the circulation on which the

equilibrium of the mind depends, are predisposing causes of nervous complaints. There is a wide difference between disordered mind and incompetence to business; a distinction too often lost sight of. It occurs chiefly in persons of a highly excitable and irritable temperament, who, from trifling causes, are carried away by trains of thinking and of feeling, which less susceptible persons experience only after a succession of the most powerful impressions. Persons so constituted pass years of their lives apparently on the verge of insanity, without it ever becoming decided. They are remarkable for unequal spirits, and doing odd things, and manifesting strange feelings; but on the whole they conduct themselves so like other people, that though every one remarks their peculiarities, none venture to pronounce them insane!

Uncontrolled passions are dangerous adjuncts to all, but especially to youth. The violence of passion exhibited under circumstances of great provocation, by a spoiled boy or a petted girl, compared with the self-control displayed by the son or daughter of a Quaker under similar circumstances, demonstrate the position, that children are in their habits and manners very

much what education makes them. How many volumes would the details of the evils of violent passions fill ! And who can tell the melancholy, the weariness of life, the suicides, the murders, the insanity, which violent passions have predisposed multitudes to suffer or to commit. The absence of appropriate exercise and occupation is another predisposing cause. Every organ of the brain should be employed to secure its improvement, and to prevent mental deterioration and daily wretchedness. The well-being of man and his happiness depend on his activity ; and the brain is constituted in conformity to this great law, and, if not exercised, it becomes relaxed, and sinks into a condition of incompetency. The physiological explanation of this fact is simple and interesting. Arterial or oxygenated blood is the essential element of nutriment to every organ. It is the means of repairing their lost power, and of stimulating their vital energies. The chief local effect of exercise is, to increase the action of the blood-vessels, the nerves, &c.; to cause a more rapid and plentiful supply of blood, and of nervous energy, and thereby to increase the vigour of every part. Keeping these principles in view, it will excite no surprise to find that

non-exercise of the brain and the nervous system, or inactivity of intellect and feeling, is a very frequent predisposing cause of every form of nervous disease and insanity itself. For demonstrative evidence of this position, we have only to look at the numerous victims to be found among females of the middle and higher ranks, who have no strong motives to exertion, or any cause to exert themselves for honour or gain ; no interests that call forth their mental energies, or to prevent, by employment, these energies sinking into feebleness by disease. If we look round, we shall see from this cause innumerable examples of nervous or mental debility. Of those whose minds having become apathetic, and possessing no grounds of sympathy in common with others, they have sunk into extreme sensitiveness, and, shrinking within themselves, live in a circle of their own construction, and try in vain to protect themselves against annoyances by living out of society. In this state, home with its little interests is the centre of attraction, and the mind, which is constituted for a wide range of employment and pleasure, is confined within boundaries too limited to afford exercise to the faculties. Among young ladies of the most respectable circles, as well as

among females of the middle ranks of society, many suffer from these and similar causes. Young men, whose days are entirely without the occupations of the state, church, army, navy, or business, and who find it difficult to kill their time, are among the sufferers of this class. Nor are military men, when occupying retired positions, and are obliged for weeks to be much alone, strangers to these feelings ;—feelings which, without much caution, will terminate in very distressing symptoms. But excess of mental activity is as much to be guarded against as the want of exercise. The brain requires more blood than any other organ, and that it should be of the best kind. The languor and nervous debility that attend very long continuance in crowded places of worship or amusement, or of business, as factories, &c., are produced by the bad air of these places deteriorating the blood. This vital fluid, under such circumstances, cannot receive a sufficient supply of oxygen to keep it in vigorous health ; and deprived of this quickening power, this essential ingredient of vigour in all nature, languor, nervous debility, &c., follow as naturally and certainly, as ice will melt when exposed to the sun. The too ardent application of the

mind to any study, the composition of poetry, &c.—indeed, close reading on any subject, and sedentary occupations of every kind, will predispose all of both sexes to nervous sufferings, if long and severely pursued. Let moderation, therefore, in all things govern thee, O reader !

Bamfylde Moore Carew, by assuming so many habits and characters, had a fairer opportunity of seeing the world, and knowing mankind without disguise, than many of our youths who have made the grand tour. Having no amusements like them to divert his attention, it was wholly applied to the study of mankind—their various passions and inclinations ; and he made the greater improvement in this study, as in many of his characters they acted before him without reserve or restraint. He saw in small and plain houses, hospitality, charity, and compassion, the children of frugality ; and found under gilded and spacious roofs, littleness, uncharitableness, and inhumanity, the offspring of luxury and riot : he saw servants waste their master's substance, and that there was no greater nor more crafty thief than the domestic one ; and met with masters, who roared out for liberty abroad, acting the arbitrary tyrant

at home ; he saw ignorance and passion exercise the rod of justice ; self-interest outweighing friendship and honesty ; pride and envy spurning and trampling upon what was more worthy than themselves ; he saw the pure white robes of truth sullied with the black hue of hypocrisy and dissimulation ; he met, sometimes, too, with riches unattended with pomp or pride, but diffusing themselves in numberless unexhausted streams, conducted by goodness and beneficence ; and saw honesty, integrity, and greatness of mind, inhabitants of the humble cot of poverty.

Greatness confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life ; its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the Israelitish monarch experienced. He sought in piety that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the disquietudes of state with the exercises of devotion. Composed for particular occasions, yet designed for general use ; delivered out as services for Israelites under the Law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel,—the Psalms present religion to us in the most engaging dress, com-

municating truths which philosophy could never investigate—in a style which poetry can never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of Him to whom all hearts are open, and all events foreseen and foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, and under all circumstances.

The manner of the predictions of Moses is very remarkable. He is like a man standing on an eminence and addressing people below him, and pointing to things which he can and they cannot see. He does not say, you will act in such and such a way, and the consequences will be so and so; but, so and so will take place, because you will act in such a way!

Events do not happen because God foresees them; but he foresees them because they happen.

The Ishmaelites, in their own country, and

the Jews in every country but their own, have each, through ages, exhibited, in the peculiarity of their condition, an object of inquiry and attention, and thereby drawn men's notice, first to the records of prophecy, and thence to a visible confirmation of its truth and foreknowledge. These are kindred nations, derived from the same patriarchal founder, though with a great dissimilarity in their most important relations to revealed religion; the early prophecy annexed to the alien Ishmaelite, contributes to seal and corroborate the whole primitive history of that religion, and places the divided progeny of Abraham under a public cognizance of prophetic designation.

The Jews, in their present condition, are a kind of standing miracle; being a monument of the wonderful fulfilment of the most extraordinary prophecies that were ever delivered: which prophecies they themselves preserve and bear witness to, though they shut their eyes to the fulfilment of them.

We are apt to make much less allowance for the unbelieving Jews, than for Christians who lead an unchristian life. It is difficult for us

of these days, to understand and fully enter into the great difficulty which the Jews had (and still have) in overcoming all the prejudices they had been brought up in, and which were so flattering to their nation as God's peculiar people. It was a hard task for them to wean themselves from all the hopes and expectations of temporal glory and distinction to that nation—hopes which they and their ancestors had cherished for so many ages. No doubt it was a grievous sin in them to reject Christ as they did; but it is a greater sin to acknowledge Him, as some Christians do, for their Lord and Master, 'and to believe that He shall come to be our Judge,' and at the same time, to take no care to obey his precepts, and copy the pattern of his life. This is more truly impiety than that with which an infidel is chargeable. For, suppose two men each received a letter from his father, giving directions for his children's conduct; and that one of these sons, hastily, and without any good grounds, pronounced the letter a forgery, and refused to take any notice of it; while the other acknowledged it to be genuine, and laid it up with great reverence, and then acted without the least regard to the advice and commands con-

tained in the letter ;—you would say both these men indeed were very wrong ; but the latter was much the more undutiful son of the two. Now this is the case of a disobedient Christian compared with infidels. He does not, like them, pronounce his father's letter a forgery ; that is, deny the truth of the Christian revelation ; but he sets at defiance, in his life, that which he acknowledges to be the Divine command.

In the earlier ages under the Mosaic law, only temporal rewards and punishments were held out to the Jews ; but after the Christian dispensation was promulgated, more distinct but more perfect objects of aspiration were offered to more enlightened minds, in a future retribution. Thus, the Law was our school-master to bring us unto Christ.

The multiplied delusions of the Romish system of debased Christianity, and its machinery of pious frauds, pretended prophecies, and miracles, have corresponded but too correctly with St. Paul's prophetic delineation. For such an usurpation of tyranny, and such a change of the Christian faith from its original purity, could not be supported and conducted without the

instruments of a suitable policy. These instruments were to be taken from the only forge which could supply them : they were to be after the working of Satan who is the father of falsehood, with all power and signs and lying wonders, and all deceivableness of unrighteousness. These words most faithfully describe the practices and arts which have made the chief resources of the Papal power. Its legends, its relics, its meritorious pilgrimages, its indulgences, its dispensations, its liturgy in an unknown tongue, together with its images, its spurious miracles, its purgatory, its mediator-saints, and other plausible or revolting superstitions, were set up as much against the genius of the Gospel, which teaches the worship of God in spirit and in truth, and in the faith of ' one Mediator,' as against the moral honesty and Godly sincerity which are the glory of the Christian ethics ; and these delusions have been the work of a see and priesthood, which having made a kind of religion too corrupt to bear the light of Scripture, and too incredible to be examined by reason, have, with sufficient consistency, prohibited or discouraged the use of the one and the other, and obtruded the phantom of their own infallibility in the very height

of its errors and abuses as the substitute of compensation for both. This mystery of iniquity in the temple of God had its reign. If Christian faith was well-nigh extinguished by it, the truth of Christian prophecy has thereby been the more illustrated.

The word 'Catholic' or Universal, belongs exclusively to the professors of no one creed, or set of abstract opinions, but to those of all nations, and languages, and opinions, throughout the world, who truly reverence the Supreme Governor of the universe, and serve Him to the best of their knowledge. Those whose actions spring from pure and Christian motives—not talked about, but felt and acted upon, in the intercourse of every-day life.

Every attempt in a sermon, to cause emotion, except as the consequence of an impression made on the reason, or the understanding, or the will, is fanatical and sectarian. No article of faith can be truly and duly preached, without necessarily and simultaneously infusing a deep sense of the indispensableness of a holy life.

The true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul: it banishes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with perpetual serenity, cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, and to be pleased ourselves.

At a Carlow Bible meeting, held some years ago, the Rev. Mr. Nowlan, a Catholic priest, concluded a speech of considerable length with the following remarkable words:—‘The object of the Catholic Church is to prevent now, as it ever has prevented, the introduction of schism. Even in our days there are no less than forty sects in England. This is the way in which the indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures must ever act. The Catholic Church fears not the efforts of the Bible Society; she opposes them with vigour, and approaches to the contest like an army marching in battle array! The Church of England, on the contrary, appears like an oak shivered to pieces—blighted by the storm; and its trunk impoverished by wedges taken from its own stock.’

There is nothing, how holy soever in itself,

that the perverseness of man may not turn to evil. The most harmless pleasures become sinful by their abuse ; and our greatest blessings turn into curses by being made idols. This is proved by heathen records, where the common gifts of a merciful God are turned into objects of worship ; and at the present day, even among professing Christians, the blessings of God are not less perverted. The same idolatrous spirit which causes us to lavish our frail affections upon the gifts instead of the Giver, first induced men to pay to the sun and moon that adoration which was due only to their Creator. In a word, man beholds some of the beneficent attributes of God reflected in his gifts, and blindly worships the reflection. This is, perhaps, the very origin of idolatry. The fact is exemplified by the Persians, who first worshipped the sun, as the most glorious representation of the Deity, and then bowed to fire, as the fittest emblem of the sun. We all know how soon the emblem became the god, and the divine original was forgotten. If then, the mind of man be so grovelling, that he will worship the feeble likeness of God in inanimate and earthly things, it is not surprising that the spiritual gifts of God, in which His divine image shines

more resplendently, should, too often make us forget the purpose for which they were originally bestowed. Many an outward ordinance of religion, intended by an all-wise lawgiver as a means to strengthen and further us in our Christian course, has been thus perverted.

Alas ! all public, like all private greatness, rests its security on moral rectitude, and where that is deficient, the edifice is built on sand. No marvel, that those who are denominated the vulgar should be so taken by the bait of rank and greatness, which in its original and highest sense, is an attribute of the Divinity, and earthly grandeur is the visible sign by which it is represented to our senses. The misfortune is, that there can scarcely be such an image of Divinity existing, as true greatness, and where it does in a considerable degree exist, the possessor is rarely placed in circumstances to call it into notice.

The most blameless actions are often subject to certain misconstructions. The same conduct, differently interpreted, may be dignified by the name of virtue, or degraded by the name of vice. To act rightly, is one thing—to escape

censure is another. Actions are judged by the motives which have led to their perpetration, until their results are evident to the world, and then the cause is forgotten in the effect. But all the knowledge which we have of the motives which propel a man to act, is conjectural, and therefore liable to be miscalculated.

Mankind are too apt to judge of measures solely by events ; and to connect wisdom with success, and folly with disaster.

Every flourishing nation endeavours to improve arts, and cultivate reason and good sense ; yet, if these are extended too far, or too universally diffused, no rational government or national religion can long stand their ground ; for it is with old establishments as with old houses, their deformities are commonly their supports, and these can never be removed without endangering the whole fabric. In short, no government can be administered without in some degree deceiving the people, oppressing the mean, indulging the great, corrupting the venal, opposing factions to each other, and temporising with parties. It is this necessity for evil in all governments which gives that

weight and popularity which usually attends all those who oppose and calumniate any government whatever ; appearing always to have reason on their side, because the evils of all power are conspicuous to the meanest capacity ; whereas the necessity for those evils are perceivable only to superior understandings.

Un état n'est jamais heureux, ni sous le joug de la tyrannie, ni dans l'abandon d'une trop grande liberté ; le plus sage parti est d'avoir des chefs, sujets eux-mêmes des lois. La servitude et la licence sont également dangereuses, et produisent à-peu-près les mêmes effets.

Hume has said, that despotic government is more favourable to individual liberty, than democracy.

Lord Bacon observes that 'a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism, but that depth in philosophy bringeth them back to religion.'

There is a very deep human truth hidden in the story of *Beauty and the Beast*. I really am of opinion (says an eminent writer), that, be-

tween the extremes of hideousness, and the highest perfection of loveliness, there is no face which after a month's intercourse, does not depend exclusively on its expression (or in other words, on the amiable qualities of the individual), for the admiration it excites. The plainest features become handsome unawares when associated only with kind feelings; and the loveliest face disagreeable, when linked with ill-humour or caprice. People should remember this, when selecting a face which they are to see every morning across the breakfast table, for the remainder of their natural lives.

There are intensifiers to the passion of love; such as pride, jealousy, poetry—money above all, and idleness, says an American writer: but, if the experience of one who first studied the art of love in an 'evangelical' country, is worth a para, there is nothing within the bend of the rainbow that deepens the tender passion like religion. I speak it not irreverently. The human being that loves us throws the value of its existence into the crucible, and it can do no more. Love's best alchymy can only turn into affection what is in the heart. The vain, the

proud, the poetical, the selfish, the weak, can, and do, fling their vanity, pride, poetry, selfishness, and weakness, into a first passion; but these are earthly elements, and there is an antagonism in their natures that is ever striving to resolve them back to their original earth. But religion is of the soul as well as the heart,—the mind as well as the affections,—and when it mingles in love, it is the infusion of an immortal essence into an unworthy and else perishable mixture.

To one under the influence of this sort of love, how painful must be the discovery, that its object was not actuated by the sincerity of motive it gave it credit for.

Constancy in love is certainly not of every day occurrence; but when it does occur, it has its advantages. It generates whatever is liberal and refined; it purifies all that is gross; it spurns all meanness; creates a nobleness of sentiment, and equals in mind the high and the low. The denizens of the world, indeed, whether votaries of ambition, of wealth, or of sensual pleasure, are not able easily to understand the all-absorbing power of a pure and

deep-rooted attachment, when it has once taken possession of a sensitive mind. They know not of how little worth all other objects, all other things, seem in comparison; and even when hopelessly indulged, as to the future, such minds will dwell with painful pleasure on past recollections, and are soothed by remembrances which might by some be thought to increase their misery.

L'amour vrai corrige du libertinage.

Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but sensual love corrupteth and debaseth it.

Happiness, in this life, is the gay 'to-morrow of the mind' which never comes.

Such is the world, that though we find in it absolute misery, happiness is only comparative; we may suffer as much pain as we can possibly endure, but we can never obtain happiness proportionate to our capacity of enjoying it.

The veil which hides the future is indeed a blessing, for the happy may then expect their

happiness to endure, and the miserable hope that their troubles are near an end. Could we discern coming events as clearly as we can retrace past occurrences, we should only neglect the present moment, and thereby diminish our sum of pleasure. We should waste our time in preparing against distant evils, and undervalue passing enjoyments from our knowledge of their short duration.

In our passage through life, we are too apt to see only the good in another's lot, and to dwell exclusively on the evil in our own.

It is a strange thing, but so it is, that very brilliant spirits are almost always the result of mental suffering,—like the fever produced by a wound. I sometimes doubt tears, I oftener doubt lamentations; but I never yet doubted the existence of that misery which flushes the cheek and kindles the eye, and which makes the lip mock with sparkling words the dark and hidden world within. There is something in intense suffering that seeks concealment, something that is fain to belie itself. In Cooper's novel of the *Bravo*, Jaques conceals himself and his boat by lying in the moonlight, as it fell dazzling on the

water. We do the same with any great despair; we shroud it in a glittering atmosphere of smiles and jests; but the smiles are often sneers, and the jests sarcasms. There is always a vein of bitterness runs through these feverish spirits,—they are the very delirium of sorrow seeking to escape from itself, and which cannot. Suspense and agony are hidden by the moon-shine.

Change is the usual prescription for a wounded spirit. ‘It will do you so much good,’ is the constant remark. Perhaps it may; but how reluctant is any one who is suffering mentally, to try it! There is an irritation about secret and subdued sorrow; and almost all sorrows are so more or less, for we are either alone, or, being with others who do not share them, we have no right to extend the gloom we feel. This state of mind peculiarly unfits us for exertion; we are unsatisfied with all around us, and yet we shrink from alteration: it is too much trouble; we do not feel in ourselves even energy enough for the ordinary demands of life.

There is nothing like business for enabling us to get through a weary existence. The intel-

lect cannot sustain its sunshine flight long ; the flagging wing drops to earth. Pleasure palls, and idleness is—

‘ Many gathered miseries in one name ;’

but necessary occupation gets over the hours without counting them. It may produce weariness at the end, but it brings the day to a close sooner than anything else.

Travelling is productive of great advantages. It enlarges the mind, suggests new ideas, removes prejudices, and generally improves the health.

There are times when a fatality seems to hang over our actions, though our objects may be pure and benevolent ; and often we find ourselves involved in sudden misery and unhappiness, by circumstances over which we have no control. We ask bitterly, ‘ what have I done to deserve this ?’ not in this world, will be the answer. He alone who sees the past, the present, and the future, at a glance, can tell,—who sendeth all things for the ultimate and general good.

Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things; and bear without repining the result.

The custom of reading a chapter of the Bible every day is an excellent custom. It is one which secures (independent of other good consequences) a tolerable acquaintance with what the Scripture inculcates in general, and not the dwelling continually (as is now the mode with so many preachers) upon the repetition of detached parts of it. If those who are desirous merely of acquiring sound political notions were to adopt it, they would soon feel the benefit of it; for all sound politics must base themselves on sound Christianity.

He who has an ill cause to support, studies to supply its deficiency by diligence; while he that knows he hath right on his side is often cold, negligent, lazy, inactive, trusting that his cause will prevail without assistance. So wrong succeeds, because evil persons are zealous, and the good remiss.

In all countries you may nearly guess the people's sentiments from their manner. An open cordial civility, an unsuspicious and guileless eye, characterize the right-minded, that is, the faithful to their God and their king. On the contrary, an abrupt rude tone, a fierce yet lurking expression, and sometimes an atrocious mien, denounce the unsettled and discontented.

An extensive contemplation of human affairs will lead us to conclude, that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is in a great measure equal: and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach much nearer each other than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations both of pleasure and of pain universally take place. Providence never intended that the state here should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If feelings of pleasure are more numerous and more lively in the higher departments of life, such, also, are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases in the same proportion our desires and

demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions, which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true. In a state, therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be to the disposal of Providence ! How temperate in our desires and pursuits ! How much more attentive to preserve a good conscience, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity !

The main point in education, is to induce children to think, to compare, and to apply ; to draw religious and moral inferences ; and, in short, to extract from nature, from history, and from everything they see, read, or experience, lessons which will guide their future conduct and promote their everlasting welfare. The first object is to train up an immortal soul. The second is to do this in a manner most conducive to human happiness ; never sacrificing either the interests of the future world to those of the present, or the welfare of the man to the inclinations of the child ; errors not dissimilar

in complexion, though so awfully different in their results.

It is certain that ill manners towards those we live with, cannot fail to undermine natural affection. We can never feel real pleasure in the company of those, however nearly connected, who are continually contradicting or sneering at us ; and they judge very improperly who think it more necessary to be civil and attentive to strangers, than to those with whom they are in habits of living, to whom, perhaps, they owe the material comforts of life. It is of far less consequence to our happiness for strangers to think well of us, to esteem us, to be pleased with our manners, and, consequently, with our company, than for those to be so, who form, or who ought to form, our more constant society ; and it is certainly essential for us to be well with those who have it continually in their power to strew flowers or thorns in our way. It is wonderful to see how often brothers and sisters mistake this plain matter of fact. No doubt it requires not only a considerable degree of self-government and knowledge of the world, but much good-sense, to practice uniform good-breeding, to be what is really very well-

bred, to resist the common temptations to what are called fashionable airs, but more properly speaking fashionable silly impertinence, and to conduct one's self with uniform propriety—but there are a thousand little attentions, the omission of which has nothing to do with impertinence, and yet leads to discomfort : for instance, the want of a polite regard to the convenience, taste, or fancies of others ; an ill-arranged party bringing persons together who dislike each other, or who move in very different ranks of life ; introducing very troublesome children who dirty or tear the clothes of those about them ; and an hundred other such trifles as are here named, may, any one of them, be sufficient to destroy comfort, and therefore should be attended to. Hence it is that what are called parties of pleasure, if the truth were acknowledged, so often turn out tiresome and unpleasant. Frequent and unnecessary contradiction will irritate, ruffle, and disgust even a good temper, and will throw a cloud over pleasure, that no agreeable qualities, if possessed, can disperse. It is, therefore, a great mistake to omit paying regard to what may be deemed the trifling circumstances of life, and not to consider an attention to them among the duties we owe

to our connexions in society, and as productive of the comfort we eventually establish for ourselves. By an attention to these frequently-occurring circumstances, your society will always please, when by a disregard to them it will be disliked and shunned. Upon trifles in a great measure depend the opinions of the world, and that individuals most commonly form. If they see you petulant about trifles, they naturally think ill of your temper: if they observe you brusque or inattentive to politeness, they naturally think ill of your manners: if they find you unmoved by distress, unkind and rough to your servants, severe to your horses and dogs, they will have a bad opinion of your disposition; and if they see you seemingly indifferent to your parents, brothers, sisters, or those to whom you should be supposed to feel affection, they will condemn your heart; and yet there are many persons, who, merely from their inconsiderate manners, acquire a much worse character than in fact they deserve. They are, however, highly to blame, and not to be pitied, if they suffer in consequence of inattention to circumstances on which the pleasure of society so much depends.

If people would but consider how possible it

is to inflict pain and perpetuate wrong, without any positive intention of doing either, but merely from circumstances arising from inadvertence, want of sympathy, or an incapability of mutual comprehension, how much acrimony might be spared ! Half the quarrels that embitter wedded life, and half the separations that spring from them, are produced by the parties misunderstanding each other's peculiarities, and not studying and making allowances for them. Hence unintentional omissions of attention are viewed as intended slights, and as such are resented : these indications of resentment for an unknown offence appear an injury to the unconscious offender, who in turn widens the breach of affection by some display of petulance or indifference, that not unfrequently irritates the first wound inflicted, until it becomes incurable. In this manner often arises the final separation of persons, who might, had they more accurately examined each other's hearts and dispositions, have lived happily together.

More than half the happiness of life depends upon trifles : great events happen comparatively but seldom, and when they occur, if unfortunate, everything possible is done to mitigate

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their ill effects. Not so the chagrin produced from trifles ;—they do not appear of magnitude enough to interest others for you, and they tease away your comfort, corrode your temper, and destroy your ease—only self-felt. At first sight, perhaps, it may seem trifling to say, that our happiness in general actually depends more upon what seem trifles, than events of magnitude ; but certainly such is the fact. Trifles occur every half-hour, every minute ; and, if they are rendered of a galling unpleasant nature—if they are tinctured with the irritability of a husband or wife—with the peevishness of a parent—with the acrimonious jealousy of a sister—or the overbearing manners of a brother, our feelings will certainly be grated and hurt ; and the repeated stroke will as certainly undermine affections, as the washing of the sea will undermine the bank against which it is continually dashing. We should beware of acquiring a querulous contradictory manner. Some people, to establish the idea of their having a will of their own, which they fancy implies superior judgment and understanding, contract such a system of contradiction, that they can hardly be tolerated in society, and the natural consequence is, that instead of the superior

character they aspire to obtain, they stamp themselves with that of weakness and obstinacy. We should remember never to hurt, if we can possibly help it, any person's *amour propre*, for most people will sooner forgive what may be deemed a much greater offence. There are many persons whose situations in life have not introduced them into circles where refinement of manners and etiquette might be acquired, and yet have seemingly been instinctively really polite. True good-breeding and genuine politeness are not only captivating, but are strong if not unerring marks of a good understanding ; for to possess those qualities in perfection, a person must have good-sense, a discriminating judgment, and a considerable knowledge of the world. The politeness of such a man will be equally void of formality, coldness, and obtrusion, and will be shown consistently upon all occasions,—not merely the flash of an hour. The influence and power of real good manners and true politeness, are far beyond what could be imagined, without reflecting very seriously upon the subject: points of essential consequence have frequently been carried entirely by the fascination of these captivating qualities ; resolutions have been overset, plans changed,

passion has become pacific, and anger become calm, merely by their magic. They equally charm the ignorant and the well-bred, the poor and the powerful—all descriptions of people equally feel their effect. What are called dashing, but in truth weak ill-bred young people of both sexes, will sometimes set up a principle of defiance ; and conscious of doing what is reprehensible and deserving of censure, they wish to turn aside its sting by affecting to despise it—but such endeavours will not avail them : the world (that is, those among whom they live) will decide upon the conduct of individuals, and they are jurors who must be attended to, unless we mean to forego society, character, and comfort. Such defiers of the world are generally persons who know but little of it—have never early in life been in good company, or for want of real good-sense, have not made such observations as would convince them how necessary it is for the good and happiness of society that we should bring with us into it a thorough disposition to please.

Some persons, who really know better, often give offence to others, and appear vulgar and ill-bred, from indulging an irritable temper, which, without any provocation, inclines them

to contradiction and sarcasm ; and to the pleasure rather of mortifying than of giving pleasure even to those they call their friends. When a good temper and real good breeding are blended in the same person, their effects are soon visible in his behaviour (especially in a private circle) : he will try to diffuse satisfaction, and assiduously endeavour to put those he is with in good humour with themselves ; he will endeavour to introduce such subjects as will set those around him in the most favourable point of view ; he will praise their particular accomplishments and promote their being brought forward ; he will refrain from subjects likely to hurt the feelings of any one present, and be attentive to the occurring trifles of the moment ; ready to take the lead in everything seemingly wished for by the company he is in, attentively promoting any little amusement or convenience to them—and particular in attention to those whose merits may be higher than their rank or situation in life—in short he will pay that attention to others, which could not fail of pleasing himself were he to receive it, and cannot fail of gratifying those to whom it is shown ; and which, if universally practised, would do more towards promoting general good humour, tranquillity, and happiness, than, with-

out considerable reflection upon the subject, would be supposed possible.

Common minds generally spend their own ill-humour by blaming some one or other for every misfortune that happens ; complaint relieves, and their style of using it is always personal. How irritating is that *talking at* !—only those who have suffered from it can understand its wearing and petty misery, especially when placed in circumstances which forbid reply, which is almost always the case. We are eloquent about oppression on a large scale, we deprecate the tyranny of government, which, after all, extends to but few ; and yet how little pity is bestowed upon those who suffer from the worst of tyranny in daily practice. It is such as these that gain the ascendancy in almost every house, where they happen to be associated with those who delight in peace and ease, and who cannot avail themselves of such unworthy weapons to obtain it. Persons of this description read practical lectures on self-government which are not without their use : indeed, self-government (however little thought of) is the chief end of education.

Friendship, if established on true principles, will last as long as life ; but it can only in

reality exist among the good—can only be the companion of virtue. A weak mind or a bad temper can never retain true and lasting friendship. Weakness is as unsteady as it is injudicious—and ill-temper can never uniformly pursue such a conduct as can give rest to, or preserve strong and lasting affection. The word friendship, therefore, is profaned by those who do not possess such qualities as it necessarily requires. If the person who calls himself your friend will make no sacrifice for your comfort and happiness;—if he will only consider his own convenience, and has not such feelings of regard towards you as will impel him to make many sacrifices to do you a service,—to contribute to your comfort,—to console you in trouble,—to soften your affliction,—to support you in sickness;—if he will make no sacrifice of his own immediate convenience;—indeed if he has not sufficient regard for you to lead him to do so as his own wish;—he has no zealous friendship for you, such as deserves the sacred name so often prostituted;—and however he may deceive the world, and possibly himself, by assuming the title of friend, he should not be able to deceive you: at least if you are aware what true friendship is—what are its claims and its privileges. It ought not

to be checked by difficulties, and nothing but a higher duty should impede its course. That title carries with it an almost boundless right to attention and kindness, and, therefore, should be warily adopted, as it involves a defaulter in falsehood, duplicity, insincerity, and disgrace. We should be ready to assist, relieve, and sympathise with our friends upon all occasions through the varying scenes of life : follow them through every danger, so that we do not go beyond the bounds of virtue and integrity.

Excellence is not to be obtained in any profession without great pains and attention. If very young men would but consider the gratification and advantage that await a few years of really well-spent time, and how surely an early and strict attention to the improvement of their minds would be repaid in honour and profit, they would not misemploy their time in the wretched manner so many of them do, only existing as merely machinery to perform the offices of eating, drinking, and sleeping. It is absurd in the extreme for a young man to suppose that he can spend one half of his time in pleasure and amusements, and expect to shine or succeed in any learned pursuit.

Mind, as it exists in the animal creation below man, in consequence of varied and peculiar organization, possesses faculties not existent in the human family ; or, if they do exist, are less perfect and manifest, because less necessary. This peculiar power of mind in the lower animals, enables them, in whatsoever regards their welfare and preservation in their natural state, intuitively to see at once their position and requirements ; and furnishes them in instantaneous impressions and perceptions, as inducements or motives for action in exigencies, and under circumstances where a long process of the reasoning faculties would not assist them. This power is essential to their preservation, and beautifully does it show the perfectness of the Almighty's works. It gives to the performances of the lower animals a perfection which no art could teach, no science improve, equally necessary to the young as to the old ; and their performances being perfect, no experience of years, or of ages, can possibly improve them—an arrangement of the laws which govern the animate world, without which they must perish. The word *instinct* should therefore be understood to mean that modification of mind which each race of animals possesses, the consequence of peculiar

organization, fitting each to occupy a certain determinate position or place in the material world, and essential to the welfare and preservation, individually and collectively, of the whole.

There can be no appearance more hopeful and promising in childhood and youth than a tenderness of conscience respecting small things. A child who is never inclined to plead excuses for what is known to be wrong ; who resists an improper thought, forbids a hasty word, and fears the slightest deviation from the truth, bids fair to rise by gradual but certain steps, to true excellence. But whatever may be our view of the subject, it is certain that God does not in any sense condemn small things. He looks at motives more than actions ; at thoughts more than words ; and by these we shall be judged.

With the conscience there is no arrangement to be made ; it is an eternal witness of all our thoughts, of all our actions ; an inflexible untiring judge, who accompanies us ever, even in our sleep ; one who never pardons. The immortality of the soul is more revealed in this thought than in all the fine discourses which have ever been made on the subject.

L'on sait qu'en général la conscience est une cloche qui tinte avant toutes autres. Aussi voit-on toujours ceux qui ont tort, crier d'avance après les offensés.

It is the great work of intellectual education to invigorate the faculties, to make the mind free, active, and independent of all influences but those of truth and goodness.

The friends of instruction look upon intellectual culture as the grand panacea for all evils ; and the enlightened and benevolent exhaust themselves in efforts to extend to the many the advantages once confined to the few. Good results follow, but not the results expected. Intellectual by no means involves moral progress ; this we see in nations : intellectual by no means involves moral prosperity ; this we see, alas ! in gifted individuals ; but we are fairly entitled to deduce, that, though intellect may give dignity and vigour to moral sentiments where they do exist, it has no tendency to produce them where they do not. Nay, like an unprincipled ally, it is ever ready to aid either party, and to lend energy to bad passions, as well as loftiness to good ones. It is a singular

corroborating fact, that the grosser passions are never found in co-existence with the higher moral sentiments ; such co-existence being not only possible, but frequent in case of intellect.

Political economists expect moral results from external prosperity : confounding prosperity with happiness, and thinking that happiness induces goodness, they labour to remove obstacles to external prosperity. It is right, it is benevolent, so to do ; and good results follow, but the results which they expect will not follow. They have taken up a false position. When society takes for its ultimate object the physical well-being of the community, it makes men active, ardent, restless enemies of each other, insatiable in the pursuit of riches and pleasure—not better or happier.

If misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues ; and so many great
Illustrious spirits have conversed with woe,—
Have in her school been taught,—as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
E'en wish the frown, beyond the smile of fortune.

———— Be just, and fear not ;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

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When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, the Romish party thought they had done their work so effectually by taking off the most eminent of the reformed clergy, that the Queen would not be able to remove those who were in possession of the benefices, from the impossibility of supplying their places. They knew not, however, how many most able and excellent men had escaped their vengeance, and employed their years of exile or concealment in the severe study of divinity : — “ Men,” says a writer of that age, “ who coming forth of affliction, and the evils they had experienced, were looked upon with contempt by the Romanists ; simple men who made no pretensions, and without pontifical ornaments to set them out, but eminent for the integrity of their lives, the firmness of their minds, and finally, for their diligent search, and accurate knowledge of Scripture, councils, orthodox fathers, and all ecclesiastical antiquity.”

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There is a maxim of some philosopher, "that pain is no evil;" which, if asserted with regard to the individuals who suffer it, is absurd; but if considered as it affects the universal system, is an undoubted truth, and means only that there is no more pain in it than what is necessary to the production of general and ultimate happiness. How many soever, therefore, of the various evils and imperfections which are blended with all created things, present themselves to our view, so long as good preponderates, it is a work well worthy of infinite wisdom and benevolence; and, notwithstanding the imperfections of its parts, the whole is most undoubtedly perfect. Hence then we may plainly see, that much evil may exist, not at all inconsistently with the power and goodness of God: and the further we pursue this clue, the more we shall at every step discern new lights break out, which will discover clearly numberless examples, where the infinite power and goodness of God is fairly reconcilable with the misery and wickedness of his creatures, from the impossibility of preserving a just balance without them. And if, in the very small part of the universal system that lies within the reach of our imperfect capacities,

many instances of this kind appear, in which they are visibly consistent, we ought with the utmost assurance to conclude, what is undoubtedly true, that they are really so in all, though we are not able to comprehend them. This is the kind of faith most worthy of the human understanding, and most meritorious in the sight of God, as it is the offspring of reason, as well as the parent of all virtue and resignation to the just but inscrutable dispensations of Providence.

It is impious for us to attempt to understand the dispensations of Providence, in the success of the wicked, or the sufferings of the good, in this life ; as in all those awful speculations we can never be true judges ; we are presumptuous pretenders, finites as we are, to judge of infinite. Confined to this little circle, this close and bounded horizon, this speck of vision, it is needless to say that He who sees the whole, (the past, present, and future, at a glance), sees more than we do, and can alone be judge. In short, that it is not only foolish, but wicked, to question God's justice, or require to understand the wisdom of the All-wise, or measure His knowledge by our ignorance.—*Archbishop King.*

In this life we are only qualified to see as 'through a glass darkly,' and the imperfection of our faculties is such, that though we see and feel strongly the partial evils which press upon us, we know too little of the general system of the universe, to be aware how the existence of these is to be reconciled with the benevolence of the great Creator.

FORGIVENESS: AN INDIAN THOUGHT.

When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously
Beneath the keen stroke bends ;
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and love to all.
How hardly man this lesson learns—
To smile and bless the hand that spurns ;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only love again !
This spirit not to earth is given :
One had it—but he came from heaven ;—
Reviled, rejected, and betray'd,
No curse he breath'd, no plaint he made ;
But when in death's deep pang he sighed,
Pray'd for his murderers, and died !

An idle and vacant life, even with all the aid that amusements can give, is not calculated to be a happy one ; and this simply because Providence has constituted us with a view to activity, as what was to be the means of accommodating the raw materials of the physical world to our need. Idleness, therefore, unavoidably injures and disorganizes, while activity alone will preserve health or secure the prolongation of life. Who, it may be asked, in one word, are the happy?—those who have something, and not too much, to do, that something being suitable to their faculties and their tastes. Who are the unhappy? Alas ! what a large portion of the class is composed of those who, having all their ordinary needs supplied from other sources, do not need to labour.

The right use and occupation of time is of the utmost importance, when not taken up by necessary attention to business. It has been said, that the devil tempts all but the idle, but that they tempt him. Idleness softens the body and weakens the mind, and in an especial manner conduces to those evil communications which corrupt good manners.

The true and generous notion of religion is, that it is a system of many truths, and which are of such efficacy, that if we receive them into our minds, and are governed by them, they will rectify our thoughts, and purify our natures : and by making us like God here, they will put us in a sure way to enjoy him eternally hereafter. Sorrow for past sins, and all reflections upon them, are enjoined us as means to make the sense of them go so deep in our minds, as to free us from all those bad habits that sin leaves in us, and from those ill inclinations that are in our nature. If we therefore set up a sorrowing for sin as a merchandize with God, by so many acts of one kind, to take off the acts of another, here the true design of our sorrow is turned into a traffickîng, by which how much soever priests may gain, or the value of sacraments may seem to rise, religion will certainly lose its main design,—which is the planting a better nature in us, and the making us become as nearly as we can like God, by the imitation of all such of his attributes as are within the reach of our present nature, and to apply them in all our dealings with each other.

The promises of the Gospel run all upon the

condition of repentance ; which imports a renovation of the inner man, and a purity of life : so that no repentance can be esteemed true, but as we perceive that it has purified our hearts, and changed our course of life. What God may do with death-bed penitents, in the infinite extent and absoluteness of his mercy, becomes not us to define ; but we are sure that he has given no promises to such persons in the Gospel ; and since the function of the clergy is the dispensing of that, they cannot go beyond the limits there set them.

The true penance enjoined by the Gospel is the forsaking of sin, and the doing acts of virtue. Fasting, prayers, and alms-giving, are acts that are very proper means to raise us to this temper. If fasting is joined with prayer, and if prayer arises out of an inward devotion of mind, and is serious and fervent, then we know that it has great efficacy ; as being one of the chief acts of our religious service of God, to which the greatest promises are made, and upon which the best blessings do descend upon us.

Alms-giving is also a main part of charity ; which, when done from a right principle of love to God and our neighbour, is of great value in

his sight. If fasting is only an exercise of the body, and of abstaining so long, and from such and such things, this may perhaps trouble and pain the body, but “bodily exercise profiteth nothing ;” so that, not to mention the mockery of fasting, when it is only a delay of eating, after which all liberties are taken, or an abstinence which is made up with other nutritives, considered allowable—these are of no other value than arises from the motive individually for which they are performed ;—but even severe and afflicting fasting, if done only as a punishment, which, when it is over, the penance is believed to be completed, gives such a low idea of God and religion, that from thence men are led to think very slightly of sin, knowing at what price they can carry it off. Such a continuance in fasting in order to prayer, as humbles and depresses nature, and raises the mind, is a great mean to reform the world ; but fasting, as a prescribed task, to expiate our sins, is a scorn put upon religion. Prayer, when it arises from a serious heart that is in earnest in it, and when it becomes habitual, is certainly a most effectual mean to reform the world, and to fetch down divine assistances : but to appoint so many vocal prayers to be

gone through as a task ; and then to tell the world that the running through these with few or no inward acts accompanying them is contrition, this is more likely to root out the impressions of religion, and sense of repentance which the Gospel requires, than to promote it. This may be a task whereby to accustom children to learn religion, while they are under the government of others, but, in after life, it can be of no utility unless carried into practice, by governing our actions according to it.

Of all the Divine attributes, the goodness of God is that in which we are most concerned ; so the forming a false notion of it, as a tenderness that is to be overcome with importunities and howlings, and other submissions, and not to be gained only by becoming like him, is a fundamental error in religion.—*Bp. Burnett.*

“ Charity covereth a multitude of sins.” How strange it is that this simple passage is so often misapplied. It means that charity, or affection, overlooks the faults of those whom it loves ; or, perhaps, that a charitable spirit makes allowance for the failings of others ; but it does not mean that charitable actions counterbalance a multitude of sins ; yet nine

people out of ten who quote this Christian aphorism, apply it in the last-mentioned most erroneous sense.

Most people think that to lack money is to lack the power of doing good. There cannot be conceived a greater fallacy than this. Money may assist the endeavours of the wise man, but where it is used without judgment, money is a dangerous weapon. It is not enough that a person should desire to do good, he must know at the same time how to do it. Wisdom without wealth may do much ; wealth without wisdom is more likely to produce evil. Knowledge, at all times, assists benevolence ; riches very often prevent it. Wisdom is wealth, but wealth is not wisdom.

There is a very important difference between being active in the diffusion of Christianity, and active in the diffusion of peculiar views of Christianity. The latter is both the more common, and the more energetic ; for, in addition to the ordinary aliments of zeal, it is fed by pride, self-sufficiency, the desire of being better than one's neighbours, and the pleasure of finding fault, much indulged in by many

good kind of people. Activity, like zeal, is only valuable as it is applied ; but most people bestow their praise on the quality, and give little heed to the purposes to which it is directed.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

There is not a more fertile source of evil than ignorant good intention. Nations, as well as individuals, are perpetually mistaking the road to a good object, and over-estimating their power to benefit mankind, even where the right means are pursued. We who now write have erred on this head ;—let others profit by our mistake. Not many years since we witnessed, and took an active part in, an experiment commenced with the view of ascertaining how far it were possible to improve the physical condition and moral habits of London artizans, by removing them from unwholesome apartments in crowded courts, into convenient and roomy cottages, surrounded with gardens in the country. A freehold estate, in short, was purchased with this view. Cottages were built, and a number of families were removed from the metropolis to occupy them. The design was not to convert London workmen into agricultural labourers, but to superadd to town

employments the agreeable labour and amusement of gardening. They had commodious dwellings, where provisions were cheap, and it was calculated that each family might easily save at least ten shillings per week, and might gradually accumulate furniture, and all necessary articles of domestic comfort. The experiment failed,—not so as to be entirely abandoned,—but it failed so far as to decide the question of the inexpediency of attempting to carry out the principle of home colonization upon a large scale. What was the cause of the failure?—not the want of money, energy, or will, on the part of those who directed the experiment, but moral energy was wanting on the part of those who were to be benefited. The more assistance was given them, the more they required; and instead of saving, as was expected, and as each might have done, ten shillings and sixpence per week, they preferred to earn that sum less than before, seeing they could support themselves from hand to mouth, as they had been wont to do upon comparatively little. Several of the economical methods were attempted to be introduced, but in few cases adopted, except by two families who were cleanly in their habits, steady, prudent,

industrious, and saving ;—these were benefited by the change, and so remain. It may be asked, why not select those of this class?—simply because these are not the men who require the benefit, nor are they always willing to accept your assistance. Compassion is excited by the destitute. The heads of these families had never allowed themselves to be destitute at any period of their lives. Nor are the prudent and industrious (whatever may be thought to the contrary) often found among the destitute even in old age. The poorest of the poor (speaking of the mass) are necessarily either the most ignorant, or the most improvident, or the most intemperate, or of the class of criminals. All who do not belong to one or other of these classes, except in cases of age and sickness, can usually retrieve themselves, because they will endeavour to do so ; but the mass of persons claiming relief will always be found to consist of those whom it is most of all difficult to induce to help themselves, and in many cases it has been found necessary to appear cruel in order to be really kind. The only part of this experiment which completely succeeded, was the school, which produced the effects which it was anticipated must result from improved methods of mental cultivation, the most certain

means of national improvement. — *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

Life affords disagreeable things in plenty to the highest ranks, and comforts to the lowest ; so that, on the whole, things are more equally distributed among the sons of Adam than they are generally supposed to be by superficial observers.

Habit reconciles us to many things that at first appear distasteful, and we should always endeavour to extract the sweet rather than the bitter from the cup of life : surely it is best and wisest to do so ;—and one of the chief ingredients in human happiness is a capability for enjoying the blessings we possess, instead of wearing out life in useless regrets on account of those we have not.

We ought to beware of limiting our felicity to the gratification of our individual wishes. Nature, ever wise and provident, hath endowed us with capacities for various pleasures, and hath opened to us many fountains of enjoyment. Let no tyrannous passion, no rigid doctrine deter thee ; drink of the streams, be moderate, and be grateful.

It is a curious fact, that new and valuable discoveries have been more opposed in the outset than many instances of charlatanism : the circulation of the blood and vaccination nearly lost their discoverers credit and practice, while some vender of quack medicines makes a fortune. This may perhaps be accounted for, simply, that the impostor addresses the multitude, while the scientific discoverer appeals to his brethren in knowledge, all of whom are inclined to deny, what, if admitted, must show, that a great part of their own research and acquirement has been in vain.

CRITICISM.

There is something in Southey's genius that always gives me the idea of the Alhambra ;—there is the great proportion, and the fantastic ornament. The setting of his verses is like a rich arabesque. It is fretted gold ; the oriental magnificence of his longer poems—such as “ Thalaba ”—is singularly contrasted with the quaint simplicity of his minor poems ; they give the idea of innocent, yet intelligent, children, yet almost startling you with the depth of knowledge that a simple truth may convey.

Wordsworth is a poet that even Plato might have admitted into his republic. He is the most passionless of writers. Like the noblest creations of Grecian sculpture, the divinity is shown by divine repose. But, if his sympathy with humanity be still, it is also deep ;—"the heaven that lies above us in our infancy," he would extend even to the tomb. He brings "faith, the solemn comforter," and the belief that even in things evil exists the soul of good.

Shelley's versification has a melody peculiarly its own. It can only be described by similitudes. It suggests the note of some old favourite song,—the sound of falling waters, or the murmur of the wind among the branches. There is a nameless fascination in some sweet human voices, and there is the same in many of the shorter poems of Shelley.—*From the Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L.*

Writing poetry can never be achieved by effort,—"it comes unbidden, if it comes at all." Its very writers themselves often wonder why at times harmony and imagery crowd upon the mind, which, at another time, would seek them in vain.—*L. E. L.*

THOUGHTS.

They come when the sunlight is bright on the mountain ;
They come when the moonshine is white on the fountain ;
At morn and at even, by minutes and hours,
But not as they once were, of birds and of flowers.

They come when some token of past days will rise,
As a link to the present, and then they bring sighs ;
They come when some dreaming thro' hopes and thro' fears,
Rushes on to the future, and then they bring tears.

They come when the sea-mist o'er ocean is rife,
And they tell of the shadow that hangs over life ;
They come when the storm, in thunder and gloom,
Spreads around, and they speak of the earth and the tomb.

They come when the ripple is low on the lake,
And the plover is nestling by fountain or brake ;
And the twilight looks out, with a star on its breast,
And they whisper that all but themselves are at rest.

They come when the low breeze is fanning the leaves ;
They come when the flower-cup the dew-drop receives ;
By night's noontide silence, by day's noontide hum,
At all times, oh ! deeply and darkly they come.

Alas, how much of the happiness of youth's delightful season is the result of ignorance !"—so true is it, that "he that increases knowledge increases sorrow, and he that increases riches increases care."

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.—*Shakespeare*.

Where is a genius to be found that has not been tried by suffering? Moore has beautifully said—

"The hearts that are soonest awake to the flowers,
Are always the first to be pierced by the thorns;"

and so it is with poets; they feel intensely before they can make others feel even superficially. And there are those who can talk lightly and irreverently of the suffering from which springs such exquisite, such glorious music, unconscious that the fine organization and delicate susceptibility of the minds of genius which give such precious gifts to delight others, receive deep

wounds from weapons that could make no incision on impenetrable hearts like their own. Yes, the hearts of people of genius may be said to resemble the American maple-trees, which must be pierced ere they yield their honied treasures.

*From the Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L.
on Sir Walter Scott's Female Characters.*

Never did one age produce two minds so essentially opposed as those of Byron and Scott. Byron idealized and expressed that bitter spirit of discontent which has at the present moment taken a more material and tangible form. He is the incarnation of November. From time immemorial it has been an Englishman's privilege to grumble, and Byron gave picturesque language to the feeling. He embodied in his heroes what is peculiarly our insular character,—its shyness, its sensitiveness, and its tendency to morbid despondency. Scott, on the contrary, took the more practical side of the character; he embodied its enterprise and resistance. The difference is strongly shown in the delineation of their two most marked heroes — “Lara” and “Marmion.” Both are men, grave, unscrupulous, and accus-

tomed to action; but Lara turns disgusted from a world which to him has neither an illusion nor a pleasure. Marmion, on the contrary, desires to pursue his career of worldly advancement: he looks forward to increased riches and power, and indulges in no misanthropic misgivings as to the worth of the acquisition when once gained. Both are attended by a page—that favourite creation of both dramatists.

Scott deprecates censure on him, who—

“Died a gallant knight,
With sword in hand for England’s right.”

Still more might we deprecate it for her “who died in holy isle.” The morality of pity is deeper and truer than that of censure. The sweetest and best qualities of our nature may be turned to evil, by the strong force of circumstance and of temptation. Constance is but the general history of those who escape from the convent-cell of restraint, and lose the softest feathers of the dove’s wing in the effort; a few feverish years flit by, and then comes the end!

—
L.E.L.

Remorse, unattended by repentance, always works for evil;—it adds bitterness and anger to error.

—

“Waverley” is a succession of pictures, both landscape and portrait;—indeed all Scott’s characters give the idea of portraits rather than inventions. Flora M’Ivor belongs to poetry,—poetry which takes the highest order of qualities, to fashion into beauty and quicken into life. She has those attributes which we all like to believe belong to human nature; the ideal is but a realization, in a palpable form, of our noblest emotions, of our highest aspirations. Generous and high-spirited as she is, Flora never goes beyond what we wish, and what we feel, a woman might be. Generally speaking, the female character is developed through the medium of the affections; till they are in some way brought into play, she has rarely felt sufficiently to induce thought,—for thoughts are but the representatives of past feelings, and it is the heart that usually awakens the mind in woman. But Flora M’Ivor is among the exceptions to this rule. I believe that the imaginative, and the highly gifted, are the least susceptible; but when they do love, it is with a depth and an energy to which their own temperament gives strength; but the imagination rarely at first seeks an object where it must depend; it likes to feel its freedom, and its

earliest pursuit is usually unselfish and abstract. Flora's imagination has an object in its loyalty, and her affection in her brother. If there be one tie on earth, dear even as love, it is that which unites an only brother and sister left together orphans in their childhood. If "heaven lie around us in our infancy," there is something sacred in the love—an instinct with that earliest time. It grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength; it has the confidence of marriage without its care; and cemented by those mutual associations, whose want is so often and so severely felt in married life, it has the tenderness with none of the jealous anxiety of love.

The very faults of Fergus, perhaps, did but draw the tie closer between himself and his sister. It is pleasant to excuse, when hope brings the promises of the future to palliate the errors of the past. We can imagine the youthful Highlanders returning to a country, dearer for absence; and under actual disappointment, looking forward as only youth can look. In after life, the heart sinks back upon itself; we have not courage to hope. Nothing can be more picturesque than the first introduction of Fergus and his sister; and while

the chieftain's animation in his cause carries us along, we cannot but feel that it is Flora who infuses into their loyalty its nobler elements. It is to the credit of our nature that the generous impulse, the unselfish devotion, are never without their influence ; but it is a fearful thing to influence others ; every thought we have suggested, every action we have stimulated, rise, if their issue be unsuccessful, in terrible array against us. Our own fate we might have borne, but regret becomes remorse when we have urged on that of another.

Nothing can be more affecting than his sister's bitter self-reproaches, that she had been the one to urge him on, and to the scaffold ! It is the cry of the heart-broken, when she so passionately exclaims, " Oh ! that I could but remember to have said to him, he that strikes by the sword, shall die by the sword."—*L.E.L.*

The character of Rebecca stands pre-eminent amid Scott's finest conceptions. Its nobility was at once acknowledged. If there be one thing which redeems our fallen nature,—which attests that its origin was from heaven, and its early home in paradise, it is the generous sympathy that, even in the most hardened and

worldly, warms in the presence of the good and the beautiful. There must have been, even in those whose course has darkened into crime, an innocent and hopeful time; and the light of that hour, however perverted and shadowed, is never quite extinguished. Enough remains to kindle, if but for a moment, the electric admiration whose flash, like the lightning, is from above. Fiction is but moulding together the materials collected every day, in real, as well as imagined life; the highest order of excellence carries the impulse along with it. Nature and fortune have this earth for their place of contention, and the victory is too often with the latter. We are tempted and we fall—we lack resolution to act upon the promptings of our better and inward self; the iron enters into the soul, the wings of our nobler aspirations melt in the heat of exertion—but nature is never quite subdued to what she works in; the divine essence will at times re-assert its divinity, and hence the homage, that is of love, rises to that which is above us—to beauty and to truth.

The characteristic of Rebecca is high-mindedness, born of self-reliance. From a very infant she must have been “a being drawing

thoughtful breath;" as is the case with all Scott's favourite delineations, she is the only child of a widower, and the death of her mother must have flung an early shadow over her path; from her infancy she must have learnt to be alone—solitude, which enervates the weak, feeds and invigorates the strong mind. Her studies, too, were well calculated to develope her powers; skilled in the art of healing, she knew the delight of usefulness; and she learnt to pity, because familiar with suffering. No one, not even the most careless, can stand beside the bed of sickness and of death without learning there sad and solemn lessons. Within her home she was surrounded by luxury and that refinement which is the poetry of riches; but she knew that danger stood at the threshold, and that fear was the unbidden guest who peered through the silken hangings. The timid temper lives in perpetual terror; the nobler one braces itself to endure, whenever the appointed time shall come. History offers no picture more extraordinary than the condition of the Jews during the Middle Ages. Their torture and their destruction was deemed an acceptable sacrifice to that Saviour who was born of their race, and whose sermon on the

Mount taught no lessons save those of peace and love. When Madame Roland went to execution, she turned towards the statue of that power, then adored with such false worship, and exclaimed: "Oh, liberty! what crimes are wrought in thy name?" The Christian might say the same of his faith; but different indeed is the religion which is of God, and that which is of man.—*L.E.L.*

Sir Walter Scott in his happiest moments, when memory furnished materials that genius worked out in invention, was never more fortunate than in the character of Jeannie Deans. She is a heroine in the highest and best sense of the word, though without one of the ordinary characteristics—she is neither romantic, picturesque, nor beautiful. Scott seems to have delighted in scorning the usual accessories of interest, and yet how strong is the interest excited! and it is the very triumph of common-sense and of rigid principle.

We recognise a grandeur in the beatings of the heart, though that heart's beat is neither for love, fame, nor ambition; whose echo is like the sound of a trumpet, startling men into pleased sympathy with the triumph its stately

music proclaims. Nothing can be more quiet than what seems likely to be the tenor of the Scottish maiden's path; she belongs to that humble class, which, if it has neither the quick sensibilities, nor the graceful pleasures of a higher lot, is usually freed from its fever, its sorrows, and its great reverses; her very lover seems to insure her against the troubles of that troubled time.

“—— Whose spring resembles
The uncertain glory of an April day.”

For

“Somewhat pensively he wooed,
And spake of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending,
Of serious faith, and gentle glee.”

She dwells among her own people, with the prospect of no greater grief than to see, in the fulness of years, her father's grey head go down in honour to the grave. Patience and saving will, sooner or later, enable Reuben and herself to marry, when

“Contented wi' little,
But canty wi' mair,”

they would be heads of a house, as grave, calm, and well-ordered, as those wherein their own childhood learned its sedate and serious lessons.

Yet this girl becomes the centre of one of those domestic tragedies, which are the more terrible from their rare occurrence, and from the regular and pious habits which would seem to preclude their possibility. Disgrace darkens the humble roof-tree, overcoming it with "special wonder," and those to whom sin was a horrible thing afar, have it brought home to their own threshold. We all know that there is evil in the world,—we read of it,—we hear of it,—but we never think of it entering our own circle. What a moral revolution would such a discovery be likely to produce,—how weak we should find ourselves under such a trial,—how soon we should begin to disconnect the offender and the offence; we should then begin to understand the force of temptation, and to allow for its fearful strength; and should we not be tempted to excuse what had never before seemed capable of palliation? Jeannie Deans' refusal to save her sister,—so young, so beloved, so helpless,—at the expense of perjury, is the noblest effort in which principle was ever sustained by religion. She could not lay such a sin upon her soul under any circumstances. She had been brought up with the fear of God before her eyes, and she dared not

take his name in vain. To her the court of justice, with its solemnities, and the awful appeal of its oath, must have seemed like a mighty temple. It was impossible that she could call upon that book, which, from her earliest infancy, had been the object of her deepest reverence, to witness the untruth. Yet with more than Roman fortitude, she prepares herself for suffering, toil, and danger—anything, so that she may but save her young sister. With what perfect simplicity she perseveres, even to the end; the kindness she meets with takes her by surprise, and worldly fortune leaves her the same kind, affectionate, right-minded creature. The quiet manse, and years of happiness unnoted, save by daily thanksgiving, come upon the reader with the same sense of enjoyment and relief, that a shady and fragrant nook does to the traveller, over-wearied with the heat and tumult of the highway.

L. E. L.

There is a native dignity, quiet and subdued, which self-respect and early association usually give, which Scott knew so well how to represent. The respect for gentle birth is a characteristic of the Scottish nation, and this (if a prejudice) grows out of our noblest illusions.

It is a disinterested pride, taking something solemn from the dead, among whom it must originate. Its chief distinctions are the guerdon of high qualities, of skill in the council, and courage in the field. The good fame of those who have gone before, seems at once the gage and incentive of our own. The commonplace of to-day is coloured by the picturesque of yesterday. Never will there be poetry, generous endeavour, or a lofty standard of excellence, but among people who take pride in the past. Many of Scott's lowest characters also, who respect themselves in their native position, appear to so much more advantage than those who show by their conduct the want of this good feeling of self-respect, which makes them endeavour to ape those above them.—*L.E.L.*

Behaviour which is not assumed, but the genuine effect of an humble and benevolent heart, though it may err in some minute points which usage and experience may require, can never be marked by any great defect. When the heart dictates the external carriage, it cannot be artificial ; and simplicity not only charms all beholders, but is an accredited passport to really good society.

Truth of sentiment, and energy of expression, always produce an effect on natural and generous characters.

Christmas and New-Years' parties seem, says Sir Walter Scott, to be generally dull. There are several causes for this ; the mere circumstance of being brought together for the express purpose of being merry, acts in opposition of the design in view ; no one is pleased by compulsion : then it seldom happens that a party is quite well assorted ; and a third reason is, that it will scarcely ever occur that a family circle can be drawn together on two successive years, without betraying to the eye of affection some fatal blanks which were not there before.

“ All pleasures,” says Dr. Johnson, “ pre-conceived or pre-concerted, end in disappointment.”

An educated taste can do more in a moderate, but well-arranged, style of living, with a thousand a-year, than vulgar opulence can with ten times the revenue. Beyond the necessary wants and requirements of genteel life, all superfluity, unless sustained by exquisite taste,

tends rather to diminish than increase respect. A pony-carriage, tastefully appointed, shall excite the admiration of the ring, while a coach-and-six, with outriders, shall, by the ostentation of its extravagance, become a laughing-stock upon wheels. None understand these delicate niceties so well as highly genteel people.
—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The alacrity with which the minor courtesies are performed, is precisely that which gives them their greatest charm.

We should never put ourselves in the power of an inferior (if we can help it), whether in mind or station, or trust him in any thing we would not have published to the world. Imprudence is said to be punished in this world, sin in the next.

Talents may lead to an association with people of rank, but never to equality. They are passports through the well guarded frontier, but no title to naturalisation within.

In this country, it is only through political influence that any equality of intercourse can be achieved by those who have not been born among the great. In that arena, which they

look upon as their own, the legislature of the land, a man of genius like Sheridan may assert his supremacy, and at once the barriers of reserve and exclusiveness give way, and he takes by storm a station at their side, which a Shakespeare or a Newton could but have enjoyed by courtesy. It is only after death, when their fame is consecrated by posterity, and the puny temporary self-consequence of their higher contemporaries is forgotten, that the palm of genius, of learning, and of philosophy, becomes equal, and often superior, to that adventitious one of birth and fortune, or even of military or political celebrity. Who does not love the names of Virgil or of Horace, more than those of their patrons, Mæcenas, or even Augustus, though masters of the world?

Deep reflection would teach us that there are things even in this world more to be coveted than the gifts of fortune, or the fascinations of power.

Crowds are not company; faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling symbol, where there is no love.--*Bacon*.

AFFECTION.

There is in life no blessing like affection ;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven.
It sits beside the cradle tedious hours,
Whose sole contentment is to watch and love ;
It leaneth o'er the death-bed, and conceals
Its own despair with words of faith and hope.
Life has nought else that may supply its place:
Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth but empty glitter without love.

How attractive is real refinement, as well as
real simplicity.

There is not a more happy position for a
person of any mind to be placed in, than to
meet the polish of the world in the seclusion of
retirement.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an
enemy to pomp and noise ; it arises, in the first
place, from the enjoyment of one's self ; and,
in the next, from the friendship and conversa-
tion of a few select companions ; it loves shade
and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and
fountains, fields and meadows ; in short, it
feels every thing it wants within itself, and

receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators.

On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.—*Addison*.

It is in ourselves, not in the objects which surround us, that the germs of pleasure lie concealed. Think not on their insignificance, and “trifles light as air” can give delight: allow time for meditation, and great enterprises often lose their weight and interest. Enthusiasm should follow up the game, which accident has started; a pause in the chase allows the spirits to evaporate, and then the glowing hue of the first impulse becomes “sick-lid o’er with the pale cast of thought.”

THE DEW DROP.

How pure—how bright is the tiny thing;
It beams where the birds of the morning sing;

'Tis like a tear from an angel's eye,
Or a pearl flung down from the vernal sky,
To deck the bridal robe of the dawn,
As it webs the flowers on the spangled lawn.
On the silver cup of the daisy it lies ;
On the breast of the primrose in love it sighs ;
On a pathway of smiles it shall glide to the sun ;
In a chariot of incense its course shall be run ;
To return again on a sunset ray,
And relate to its darling the sports of the day.
The emblem of virtue unsullied it seems ;
The emblem of beauty we see in our dreams.
'Tis a pledge of faith, by the breeze to be given
With holy vows to the clouds of heaven.
Oh! who can tell but the fairies keep
Their nightly watch where the dew-drops sleep !
When the rose-buds blow to unfold each charm,
When the air is rich, and the green earth warm ;
'Tis then that dew-drop shines most bright,
'Tis then that it rivals the diamond's light,
And it bids farewell to the sunny scene,
And weeps into air where its bower has been.

By James Mackay.

It is surprising how Sir Walter Scott works out his second-rate characters. We should

ascribe this to their being taken from real life. His *dramatis personæ* are remembrances rather than inventions; he required straw for his bricks, and his imagination did not begin the work till his memory had garnered up material. Hence his Scottish novels are the truest delineations, for there his impressions are the most vivid. He needed a clue to the labyrinth of human nature, and that clue was observation. He rarely creates a character,—he does not bring before us new discoveries; but he is the great master of the outward and the actual. Every observation that he makes is rational and right-minded, and the reader applauds them as the echo of what he has already known to be right. All Scott's qualities were opposed to the metaphysical; he and his cotemporary, Goethe, were the antipodes of each other. The German looked within, the Scotchman looked without: to the one was assigned the province of thought, to the other that of action. The genius of the one stands as much alone as the genius of the other. As a story-teller, Scott is unrivalled. The common conversation of every day may show how rare such a talent is; one person will give you a little narrative of some recent event, and politeness alone will compel

attention ; while, perhaps, one in a hundred will keep you amused while recounting a seemingly trivial accident.—*L.E.L.*

It is a fact, that though a Scotchman is the most locomotive of individuals, there is scarcely a habitable part of the globe where he is not to be found ; yet nothing ever weakens his attachment to his country. It is not the pride of the English, silent and reserved, as though there were a domestic decorum in it, warm and quiet as his own fireside ; still less is it the vanity of the Frenchman, who looks upon the victories of the nation as matters of personal triumph, the grandeur of the Tuilleries as his own, and the great qualities of all the great men of France as reflected upon himself. The Scotchman's is a feeling altogether different ; it is at once a deep steady friendship, and a blind enthusiastic love. He is little ready to admit those merits in another land in which his own is deficient ; he undervalues them, if he cannot altogether deny their existence ; he holds them as superfluities. Something of the harsh, yet fine, outline of his native mountains belongs to his moral structure ; he makes few allowances, and though cautious of expressing his opinion, he has a

calm, rooted disdain for all customs and ideas which have not upon them the broad-arrow of Scottish origin. His sense of right is strong within him; more based upon principle than impulse, and is usually an adhering guide through life. His religion is a stern reckoning with the frailties of mortality, and what he has of excitement belongs to his national poetry and music; it has but one *fête* in the year, and that is St. Andrew's day. In no one narrative has Scott more forcibly embodied the peculiarities of his countrymen than in "Old Mortality." The Covenanters could only have existed in Scotland, where enthusiasm takes the shape of obstinacy, not of excitement. We read with wonder what men in those days endured for conscience sake,—hardships, suffering, loss of worldly goods, and even death, yet we wonder more when we find on what small things this rigid conscience turned,—some worthless ceremony, some question of surplice and cassock; and men have given up life and living, rather than allow the Hundredth Psalm to peal from an organ within the walls of their church.

L. E. L.

Alice Lee is among the most loveable of Scott's feminine creations. No writer possessed

to a greater degree that faculty which Coleridge so well describes in one line—

“ My eyes make pictures when they're shut ;”

and every appearance of Alice Lee is a picture. We see her first in the shadowy twilight, the light step of youth subdued to the heavier tread of age ; and, in the dialogue that follows, with what force and yet what delicacy, we are made acquainted with the innermost recesses of the heart ! Alice is at the most interesting period of a woman's existence ;—when the character is gradually forming under circumstances that develope all the latent qualities. The rose has opened to the summer—the girl has suddenly become a woman. Alice Lee's predominant feeling is attachment to her father : her love of her cousin is a gentle and quiet love ; it belongs to the ease and familiarity of childhood ; it is constantly subdued by a rival and holier sentiment. Alice's devotion to her father is not merely the fulfilment of a duty,—it is a warmer and keener emotion ; there is pity and enthusiasm blended with her filial piety ; she sees the kind-hearted old man bowed by adversity, mortified in all those innocent vanities which sit closely to every heart ; his old age is deprived of those comforts with which youth

may dispense, but which are hard to lose when they are, and have long been, matters both of right and habit. No wonder that his child clings to him with a deeper, sadder, tenderness. Who can avoid bringing the picture home to Scott himself? his difficulties seem peculiarly adapted to awaken the most painful sympathy. They came upon him in his old age, yet were met with the noblest spirit of resistance. From the time that he felt labour to be a duty, with what unflinching earnestness did he set about that labour! Not even when working to achieve the dearest object of his ambition,—to become the master of Abbotsford,—to settle an eldest and beloved son in life;—did Scott exert himself, night and day, as he did when the exertion was for his creditors. It seems doubly hard when we think how much others had to do with the burden whose weight was upon him even to the grave.—*L.E.L.*

People of active intellects are said to be particularly liable to paralysis. There are some lines in one of Churchill's poems which feelingly allude to this:—

“ With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
Preys on itself, and is destroy'd by thought;
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind.”

“ Woodstock ” belongs to a better time. Scott felt his powers vigorous as ever, and no one could imagine and dwell upon such a creation as Alice Lee, and not be the better and the happier. Every time she appears on the scene, she brings with her an atmosphere of purity and beauty. How lovely is the scene conjured up in the little hut, when the evening disturbs, but to make musical, the forest glades ; and the words of faith and hope, cheering the maiden heart, which was their worthy temple. Again, in what a noble and high spirit is her rejection of Charles’s ungenerous suit. Only one of a school whose profligacy was the cold result of vanity, could have insulted a purity so simple and so apparent, by dishonourable affection. But it is mockery to use the word affection in such a case. I do not believe affection can exist with truth, without the ideal, and without blending with itself all that is best and most earnest in our nature. Charles thinks far less of Alice than of the sneer of Buckingham and the jest of Rochester. None of Sir Walter Scott’s novels end more satisfactorily than “ Woodstock.” There could be but one destiny for Alice,—the genial and quiet circle of an English home, whose days are filled with

pleasant duties, and whose sphere lies around the domestic hearth. The devoted daughter is what she ought to be—the affectionate mother and the happy wife.—*L.E.L.*

A woman's lover is often very much the idol of her imagination, and to which he is far more indebted for good qualities than his vanity would like to acknowledge. Rochefoucauld says —“ *L'amour cesse dès qu'on voit l'objet comme il est.*” But if the illusion has its own sorrow, the cure is bitterer still, “as charm by charm unwinds.” I believe that more women are disappointed in marriage than men; a woman gives the whole of her heart—the man only gives the remains of his, and very often there is only a little left. Besides, his idol is rarely so much the work of his own hands as her's; at the end of the first year she may ask, where are the picturesque and ennobling qualities with which she invested her lover?—in nine cases out of ten echo will indeed answer “where?” Why an unhappy passion is often so lasting is, that it never encounters that “*Ithuriel*” of common-place, “reality.” I like to think of Rebecca amid the olive groves of Granada. Care for her father's old age, kindness to the

poor and the suffering, and the workings of a mind strong in endurance, would bring tranquillity if not happiness, till the hand might be pressed to the subdued heart without crying—
“Peace, peace, where there is no peace!”

L. E. L.

It is a cruel proof of the want of generosity in human nature, that an affection too utterly self-sacrificing always meets with an evil return. It does not inspire respect in the object for whom it is made, and the obligation for which we know that there is no requital, becomes oftentimes a burden.—*L. E. L.*

The same writer observes, when speaking of the character of Julia Mannering, and her clandestine correspondence, though carried on under extenuating circumstances: In spite of moonshine, rope-ladders, and a chaise-and-four, the love affair, carried on in opposition and secrecy, will mostly end ill. Deception is always an evil; but in youth—youth, whose very faults should be open-hearted and impetuous—it lays the foundation of the worst possible defects of character. A woman must not only be innocent, but must appear so, if she wish to be happy. However unromantic it may sound,

the objections of the elder party are often more wisely founded than their juniors are willing to admit, and life has no wretchedness equal to an ill-assorted marriage ;—it is the sepulchre of the heart, haunted by the ghosts of past affections, and hopes gone by for ever.—*L.E.L.*

It may be doubted, whether in some cases absence and distance be half such trials to love as presence and possession.—*L.E.L.*

Lord Byron says—“ In youth we like something older than ourselves, in age something younger.” This is most especially true in a youth of imaginative temperament. He looks for a goddess, and it is rarely, till more than one cloud has melted into bodiless air, that he begins to think that the claims of a young and pretty woman are at least equal to his own. What at first he asked from love, were excitement and romance ; as he goes on, he discovers that the real pearl of price is affection. Rose Bradwardine is a simple, unaccomplished, but not uneducated, girl. The old baron, in spite of his oddities, is a thorough-bred gentleman. Gentle breeding is Rose’s by heritage. Every thing about her indicates native refinement,

· All her tastes have a delicate touch of poetry, —from her little chamber in the turret, overlooking the loveliest point of landscape, down to the flower-beds, which the old domestic forgets his dignity so far as to dig with his own hands for the sake of Miss Rose.—*L.E.L.*

The “Bride of Lammermuir” is one of the finest of Scott’s conceptions,—it belongs to the highest order of poetry,—it combines the terrible and the beautiful. That fate, so powerful and so grand an element in the Greek drama, pervades the Scottish tragedy. Few are the beliefs, still fewer the superstitions, of the present day. We pretend to account for every thing, till we do not believe enough for that humility so essential to moral discipline. But the dark creed of the fatalist still holds its ground,—there is that within us, which dares not deny what, in the depths of the soul, we feel to have a mysterious predominance.

To a certain degree we controul our own actions—we have the choice of right or wrong; but the consequences lie not with us. Let any one look upon the most important epochs of his life; how little have they been of his own

making—how one slight thing has led on to another, till the result has been the very reverse of our calculations. Our emotions, how little are they under our own controul ! How often has the blanched lip, or the flushed cheek, betrayed what the will was strong to conceal ! Of all our sensations, love is the one which has most the stamp of fate. What a mere chance usually leads to our meeting the person destined to alter the whole current of our life ! What a mystery even to ourselves the influence which they exercise over us ! Why should we feel so different towards them, to what we ever felt before ? An attachment is an epoch in existence—it leads to casting off old ties, that, till then, had seemed our dearest ; it begins new duties ; often, in a woman especially, changes the whole character ; and yet, whether in its beginning, its continuance, or its end, love is as little within our own power as the wind that passes, of which no man knows whether it goeth, or whence it comes. All that mortal resolve can effect, is to do the best under the circumstances in which we are placed, to keep alive the sweet voice of approval in our hearts, and trust that the grave will be but the bright gate opening on all that we now see through a glass darkly.—*L.E.L.*

Many and opposite are the lots in life, and unequal are the portions which they measure out to the children of earth. But there is a vast difference in the paths of humanity ; some have their lines cast in pleasant places, while others are doomed to troubled waters. It must, however, be admitted, that the hard circumstances form the strong character, as the cold climate of the north furnishes a race of men whose activity and energy leave those of the south far behind. Hence it is that the characters of women are more uniform than men ; they are rarely placed in circumstances to call forth the latent powers of the mind. Such a character as Diana Vernon would never have grown out of a regular education of "geography, history, and the use of the globes," to say nothing of the other usual extras. Miss Vernon is the most original of Scott's heroines ; especially so, when the period is considered to which she herself belongs, or that at which such a spirited sketch was drawn. She is a creature formed by no conventional rules, but educated by her own heart amid hardships and difficulties : and where nature has but given the original good impulse, and the strength of mind to work it out, hardships and difficulties

will only serve to form a character of the loftiest order. There is also a tender relationship between the widowed father and the only girl, in which Scott so much delights. But if the cradle be lonely which lacks a mother at its side, still more so is the hour when girlhood is on the eve of womanhood ;—

“ On the horizon like a dewy star,
That trembles into lustre.”

No man ever enters into the feelings of a woman, let his kindness be what it may ; they are too subtle and too delicate for a hand whose grasp is on “ life’s rougher things.” They require that sorrow should find a voice ; now the most soothing sympathy is that which guesses the suffering without a question. But Diana Vernon has been brought up by a father, who, whatever might be his affection, has had no time for minute and tender cares. The young and beautiful girl is left to herself—in a wild solitude, like Osbaldistone-hall—with a tutor like Rashleigh. Take the life of girls in general,—how are they cared for from their youth upwards ? The nurse, the governess, the home-circle, environ their early years ; they know nothing of real difficulties, or of real cares ; and there is an old saying, that a woman’s

education begins after she is married. Truly it does, if education is meant to apply to the actual purposes of life. How different is the lot of a girl condemned from childhood upwards to struggle in this wide and weary world ! Bitter, indeed, is the fruit of the tree of knowledge to her ; at the expense of how many kind and beautiful feelings must that knowledge be obtained ; how often will the confidence be betrayed, and the affection misplaced ; how often will the aching heart turn on itself for comfort, and in vain ; for, under its first eager disappointment, youth wonders why its kindliness and its generous emotions have been given, if falsehood and ingratitude be their requital. How often will the right and the expedient contend together, while the faults of others seem to justify our own, and the low, but distinct, voice within us be half lost, while listening to the sophistry of temptation justifying itself by example ; yet how many nobly support the trial, while they have learned from difficulties to use the mental strength which overcomes them, and have been taught by errors to rely more decidedly on the instinctive sense of right which at once shrinks from their admission.—

L.E.L.

Delicacy and modesty may be thought chiefly worthy of cultivation because they guard purity; but they must be loved for their own sake, without which they cannot flourish. Purity is the sole school of domestic fidelity, and domestic fidelity is the only nursery of the affections between parents and children, and from children towards each other, and through these affections, of all the kindness that renders private life happy. At each step in the progress, the appropriate end must be loved on its own account, and it is easy to see how the only means of sowing the seeds of benevolence in all its forms, may become of far greater importance than many of the modifications and exertions even of benevolence itself. To those who will consider this subject, it will not long seem strange, that the sweetest and most gentle affections grow up only under the apparently cold and dark shadow of stern duty. The obligation is strengthened, not weakened, by the consideration that it arises from human imperfection, which only proves it to be founded on the nature of man. It is enough that the pursuit of all these separate ends leads to general well-being, the promotion of which is the final purpose of the creation.

NOAH WALKED WITH GOD.

It is of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions, at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls. A person who is possessed with such an habitual good intention, enters upon no single circumstance of life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the Author of his being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human nature in general, or to that particular station in which providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual sense of the Divine presence; regards himself as acting in the whole course of his existence, under the observation and inspection of that Being who is privy to all his motions and all his thoughts; who knows his “down-sitting and his up-rising, who is about his path, and about his bed, and spieth out all his ways.” He remembers that the eye of his judge is always upon him, and on every occasion he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him, who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the character of those holy men of old, who, in the beautiful phrase of Scripture, are said to have walked with God.—*Addison*.

The same was said of Enoch; and it denotes that general and habitual course of religion and piety which he led, not only in preaching righteousness to the old world, but in preaching it on every occasion in his own life and conversation, as a light and example, as well as an instructor to others. In a word, it denotes that uniform obedience which we all promise in our baptism, and almost in the same words, "the keeping of God's holy will and commandments, and walking in the same all the days of our life." Noah was said to be perfect, but not as the holy Jesus was perfect, or as "the spirits of just men" are to be made perfect in heaven; but with such perfection as man can attain unto in this his state of pilgrimage. He was an upright and sincere man, and unblamable in the midst of a wicked and ungodly world. Sincerity, or integrity of heart, is that which God is pleased to accept of in the new covenant, instead of perfection, and is frequently called by that name, as where Noah is said to be "a just man and perfect," and Job to be "a perfect and upright man;" that is, they were cordial and sincere in all their duties, serving Him in holiness and righteousness in His sight all their days. Thus God himself seems to explain the word, when He rati-

fied and confirmed the new covenant with Abram, saying, "walk before me and be thou perfect;" as if He had said, walk always as if in my sight, so as to keep thy heart right and sincere before me, and then, by the covenant which I now establish with thee, thou shalt be perfect, for I will accept of thee as such.

Beveridge.

ON CONTENTMENT.

The hope which the Christian possesses is truly called the anchor of the soul; and it is by this hope alone that he can be protected from the continual fluctuation of spirits, the tossings to and fro, the alternations of vehement wishes, and disappointed expectations, whereby the minds of all who seek for satisfaction in worldly objects are sure to be agitated. In life there is always something wanting to render life completely satisfactory. In infancy, the child eagerly desires to escape from that happy state, which is to others an object of envy and regret; he wishes for an increase of bodily powers, for an advancement in mental capacity: blind to the beauty, reckless of the fragrancy of those flowers by which his early path of existence is adorned: insensible to the blithe melody which floats sweetly and freshly upon the breath of life's new-born day, he turns

away from the goods he possesses, and his thoughts are fixed upon those he possesses not; little are the delights of childhood valued, but his heart beats high with the future anticipations of the man. And when manhood at length arrives, are human beings at all nearer to the enjoyment of complete satisfaction? Can the flower of our strength, the noon-tide vigour of our day of life, the full perfection (so far as perfection can be reached) of all our powers, whether of mind or body,—can all these advantages suffice to fill up the craving void of our wishes, to satisfy “the earnest expectation of the creature?” No,—and if these things were otherwise, as complete as they are deficient, as excellent as they are imperfect, one thing must needs be wanting, which is continuance. What human being, conscious of the presence within him of an immortal soul, could ever rest entirely satisfied with a strength that must soon decay, with a knowledge that shall speedily fail, a memory that must become weak, a life that must ere long depart, a body, however healthy and vigorous now, which a few years will assuredly return, a mere mass of dust and ashes, unto the earth from which it came? In age there is yet less to satisfy us. If the

life that may possibly be measured by years, be brief and unsatisfactory, much more so the life which admits of no longer measurement, from season to season, than that of months, weeks, days, or hours. The young person desires what he has not yet; the middle-aged would fain keep or increase what he already possesses; but the old, "if in this world only he has hope," is, indeed, "of all men most miserable;" he fondly, vainly, bitterly regrets that which he has lost—that which he well knows is never to be regained. Thus it is that, without reference to any other outward circumstances, every period of life may be shown to possess its peculiar cause of anxiety, every stage of our earthly being its own feeling of unsatisfactoriness: and thus it is that, through fear of death we are all our lifetime subject to bondage. Numberless are the other causes of want of satisfaction in this life, which every age must feel, and every person experience. In whatever quarter we may be tempted to "set our nest on high," as though we could place ourselves above the reach of evil, in that quarter we are almost sure of being, sooner, or later, disturbed and disappointed. There is nothing in our condition here at all capable of filling

up the desires, and realising the anticipations, of a being originally created after the image of God, and gifted with a living soul. Imperfection is the mark set upon all things below. Now, we were at first made capable of perfection, and are still capable, through the divine mercy, of being restored to our lost inheritance; whence arises in all men an anxious expectation of the future, a positive inability to rest entirely satisfied with what is before us. To these feelings we confess that Christ's followers are not less, nay, are even more, subject than other men. Whilst it is our duty and our wisdom to be contented in the world, it would be a vain and wicked attempt to aim at being contented with the world. And this is a difference always to be borne in mind, forming indeed one grand distinction between those that are, and those that are not, the servants of Christ. Like our great example, we must be patient and resigned; we must meekly endure the present state of things, although we "love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." Christ was resigned and patient in the highest degree; but was He satisfied with that world in which He condescended to dwell, with the disciples "of little faith," with

the city over which He wept, with the hypocrites upon whom He denounced woe, with the murderers for whom he pleaded, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do"? It may be assumed, then, that contentment will never dwell in a worldly mind, because there is nothing in the objects to which a mind of this description attaches itself that can furnish a foundation for this Christian feeling. But if it is impossible to cultivate a contented spirit whilst we look only at the things which are seen, there can be no cause for surprise at finding this happy spirit but rarely cultivated, since our thoughts are, in the present day, from various causes, more especially liable to be engrossed and bound up in the contemplation of things temporal. To withdraw the heart from the outward objects of sight, and to lift it up to those unseen but far better realities which are the objects of faith alone, should be the unceasing effort of every member of Christ; and one among many happy results of his endeavours will, in all probability, be a contented mind—a blessing without which all others are unavailing, and with which all others may be supplied.

The world may call it prudence, the wise in their own esteem may call it proper dignity, not to betray their feelings ; but for those who have sworn to live together till death shall break the bond, a perfect confidence should reign between them ; and they who cannot forgive mutual defects when disclosed and repented of, should never enter that bond of high and holy union.

FRIENDSHIP.

Though the hare and many friends is not a desirable, and perhaps is a ridiculous character, yet to give oneself up to one engrossing interest, to the exclusion of all others, is reducing us to a state of dependence almost as onerous as that of a real hanger-on.

There are some dispositions like curs, that bark and bite at the timid, but cower under the eye of defiance.

We have light enough to show us the way to eternal happiness ; but we have not enough to exclude the necessity of care and attention, and we have not enough to satisfy our curiosity, or to convert our faith into certainty.

Real benevolence cannot exist without disinterestedness.

Experience has often proved, that the unavoidable evils and misfortunes of life afford, by their contrast, a tenfold relish to its comforts, which are many, but which before were unprized.

THE FOLLOWING PRAYER ON THE 15TH PSALM
WAS WRITTEN BY LORD CLARENDON.

Gracious God, who hast vouchsafed to let us know upon what conditions we may be received into Thy protection and eternal favour; give us grace to practice those virtues thou hast enjoined; make us to love justice in all our actions, and uprightness in all our words; make us as tender in the wrongs and injuries done to our neighbours, as if they were done to ourselves; infuse into our hearts an abomination of all vice, by how great persons soever countenanced; and a love and reverence for virtue, and of virtuous men, in how little esteem soever they are in this world: and let us do all this out of our love of Thee, and of Thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

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THE
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THE
BOOK OF THOUGHT,

OR

Observations and Passages

FROM VARIOUS WRITERS,

RELATING TO

RELIGION, MORALS, MANNERS,

AND

CHARACTERS.

NOTED DOWN FROM THE READING OF A TRAVELLER
ON THE GREAT RAILWAY OF HUMAN LIFE.

With an Index.

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THE
BOOK OF THOUGHT.

MANY books require no thought from those who read them, and for a very simple reason ; they made no such demand upon those who wrote them. Those works, therefore, are the most valuable, that set our thinking faculties in the fullest operation. For as the solar light calls forth all the latent powers, and dormant principles of vegetation, contained in the kernel, but which without such stimulus, would neither have struck root downwards, nor borne fruit upwards, so it is with the light that is intellectual ; it calls forth, and awakens into energy those latent principles of thought in the minds of others, which without this stimulus, reflection would not have matured, examination improved, nor action embodied.

It has been observed, that there are but two modes to obtain celebrity in authorship, discovery and conquest. Discovery, by saying what none others have said, with this proviso, that it be *true* as well as *new* ; and conquest, by saying what others have said, but with more simplicity, point, and brevity. To demand that any writer, be his powers or calibre what they may, should avail himself of no materials whatever, except those that arise out of his own resources and invention, is as unjust and extravagant as it would be to insist that a Michael Angelo, or a Canova, should have no credit for a statue, because they did not create the block of marble from which it was produced.

Some read to think, these are rare ; some to write, these are common ; and some read to talk, and these form the great majority. The first page of an author not unfrequently suffices all the purposes of this latter class, of whom it has been said, that they treat books as some do lords ; they inform themselves of their titles, and then boast of an intimate acquaintance.

The weak minded and the vulgar are

daunted by the aspect of high station ; the humble in mind, and the moderate in talent, are subdued by high genius, and bend lowly to the majesty of mind ; the powerful, the firm, and the elevated, spring up to meet their like, and with them there is nothing earthly that can overawe, but a consciousness of evil in themselves, or a sensation of abasement for those they love.

The choice of books, like companions, should be made for their sterling and intrinsic merit, not for accidental advantages. For with books, as with men, it seldom happens that their performances are fully equal to their pretensions. We ought, therefore, so to cultivate our own taste and judgment, as not to require to be informed of who says a thing, in order to judge of its truth ; but to consider the consequence of the argument, rather than the authority from whence it comes ; for wise things have sometimes escaped from heads that are foolish, as well as foolish things from heads that are wise. We should prefer such preceptors as *teach us to think*, such as Bacon and Locke, rather than those who teach us to *argue*, as Aristotle and Cicero ; and we should give our time to those who, like Tacitus and Sully, de-

scribe men as they *are*, rather than as they *ought to be*. Of the poets, it is best to read chiefly those of times that are past, who are still popular in those that are present. There is, however, more difference of opinion respecting the comparative merits of poets, than of all other writers. For in science, *reason* is the guide, but in poetry, *taste*. Truth being the object of the one, which is uniform and indivisible, beauty of the other, which is varied and multiform.

Reading serves for delight, for ornament, and for improvement ; it perfects nature, and what is gained from it is perfected by experience. The crafty contemn it, the simple admire it, and the wise use it. Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. He that writes little, needs a great memory ; he that confers little, a present wit ; and he that reads little, needs much cunning to make him seem to know what he does not.—BACON.

It was said by Charles XII. of Sweden, that he who was ignorant of the arithmetical art, was but half a man. With how much greater force may a similar expression be ap-

plied to him, who carries to his grave the neglected and unprofitable seeds of faculties, which it depended on himself to have reared to maturity, or of which the fruits bring accessions to human happiness, more precious than all the gratifications which power or wealth can command ! To the laborious orders of society, the pleasures of the imagination must, from their condition in life, be necessarily in a great measure denied ; but men destined to the higher and more independent walks of life, are too often led, by an ignorance of their own possible attainments, to exhaust all their toil on one little field of study, while they leave in a state of nature a most valuable portion of the intellectual inheritance to which they were born.

A fact so universally acknowledged, and so publicly avowed, as the abuse of time, we might be naturally led to expect would have a beneficial influence on the actions of mankind. We might suppose that the evanescence of the object would stamp an additional value on its possession, and besides adding a refined zest to our enjoyments, it would teach us to employ it to our best advantage. But, alas ! if we look around us in the contracted sphere in

which we move, how many shall we behold suffering their time to pass uselessly away, in negligence and indolence, dissipating it in frivolities, or consuming it in the pursuit of follies. Among the phenomena presented by human character, none will appear more remarkable than the various objects which men propose to themselves in life. In all, a certain vision of happiness seems to float over the scene; but how various are the courses by which the phantom is pursued, and how many enter upon the pursuit, without proposing to themselves any definite course at all. They never seem distinctly to put to themselves the question, in what the imagined enjoyment consists, and what are the elements by which it is constituted. One expects to find it in wealth, another in power, a third in fame, while not a few are found to seek it in a mere round of excitement, perishing with the hour which gave it birth. Thus a large proportion of mankind pass through life, pursuing an imagined good, which too often eludes their grasp, or which, even after it has been attained, is found incapable of giving satisfaction. They live upon the opinions of other men, or are left at the mercy of a thousand external circumstances,

by which the good they had so long pursued is blasted in the enjoyment. They enter upon life without any definite conception of what the great business of life ought to be; and when they perceive that it is drawing to a close, they look back with astonishment to find that it has passed over them like a dream, that they cannot say for what purpose they have lived, or, perhaps, are compelled to acknowledge that they have lived in vain.

It is a most important principle in life to have a pursuit—a useful one, if possible, and at any rate an innocent one.

The mind, like the body, demands exercise. That the highest faculties of our nature were intended for slothful inaction; that talents were given us to remain buried and unproductive, is repugnant alike to reason and analogy. There is, in fact, no power of the living economy, however humble, but needs action, both on its own account, and on that of the general constitution of both mind and body. So closely united by sympathies are all our functions, that the judicious exercise of each one, besides conducing to its indi-

vidual welfare, must contribute, in a greater or less degree, a healthy influence to every other. Man, as already affirmed, discovers a natural desire for knowledge ; and the very exertion necessary to its attainment, and the delight experienced in the gratification of this innate curiosity, diffuses a wholesome excitement throughout the system. There is a pleasure in the exercise of thought, in the kindly effects of which all the functions must in some measure participate. Agreeable and well-regulated studies or mental occupations are as essential to the integrity of the mind, as is judicious exercise to that of the body ; and as the health of the latter, as all admit, conduces to that of the former, so also does a sound state of mind communicate a salutary influence to the functions of the body. The mind, then, needs occupation, not only for its own sake, but also for that of the organism with which it is with so much intricacy involved. Mental inactivity, in the existing constitution of society, is the occasion of an amount of moral and physical suffering which, to one who had never reflected upon the subject, would appear scarcely credible. From this proceeds that *tædium vitæ*, that dreadful irksomeness of life, so often witnessed among

the opulent, or what are termed the privileged class of society, who are engaged in no active or interesting pursuits, and who, already possessing the liberal gifts of fortune, and consequently the means of gratifying all their natural and artificial wants, lack the stimulus of necessity to awaken and sustain in wholesome action their mental energies. Hence, although they may be objects of envy to those whose straitened circumstances demand continued and active exertions, yet is their situation too often any thing but enviable. Their cup of life, drugged with the gall and bitterness of *ennui*, their paramouut wish is to escape from *themselves*, from the painful littleness of a surfeited existence. The mind must be occupied, else discontented and gloomy, if not wicked feelings, will be likely to take possession of it. Paradoxical as it may seem, yet it is questionable if a much heavier curse could be imposed on man, with his present nature, than the complete gratification of all his wishes, leaving nothing for his hopes, desires, or struggles. The joy and animation of the huntsman last but with the chase. The feeling that life is without aim or purpose, that it is destitute of any strong motive to action, is of all others the

most depressing—the most insupportable to a moral and intellectual being. Men of different constitutions, habits, talents, and education, will, as might be expected, require different sorts and degrees of mental action. Such as are endowed with vigorous intellectual powers, and in whose exercise they have been 'long accustomed to indulge, are liable to suffer the most when their minds are left unemployed. Those, for example, who are fond of study, and have been long used to devote a part of their time to its prosecution, may even sustain a manifest injury, both in their moral and physical health, by a sudden and continued interruption of such habit ; a painful void being left in the mind, indirectly depressing its feelings, and by a necessary consequence, all the important functions of life. It is told of Petrarch, when at Vacluse, that his friend, the Bishop of Cavaillon, fearing lest his too close devotion to study would wholly ruin his health, which was already much impaired, having procured the key of his library, immediately locked up his books and writing-desk, saying to him, " I interdict you from pen, ink, and books, for the space of ten days." Petrarch, though much pained in his feelings, nevertheless submitted

to the mandate. The first day was passed by him in the most tedious manner ; during the second, he suffered under a constant headache ; and on the third, he became affected with fever. The Bishop now, taking pity on his condition, returned him his key, and thus restored him to his previous health.

It has been conjectured, that Swift might never have lost his senses ultimately, or been so miserable for many previous years, but for his determination never to wear spectacles, thereby depriving himself wholly of the mental support and gratification of reading, when he could no longer do so without their aid.

Those, again, who while yet in the vigour of life, retire from their wonted business, be it mercantile or professional, and thus all at once break up their habits of mental application, are apt to fall into a painful state of listlessness or *ennui*, and which, in certain temperaments, will often grow into morbid melancholy, shading every scene and every prospect with a dismal and hopeless gloom. And sometimes the disgust and loathing of existence become so extreme, that they rid themselves of its hated burden with their own hands. This state of moral depression, if long continued, may pass

into some settled form of insanity, especially that of monomania. In some instances it will change into, or alternate with, a reckless and ungovernable excitement, the individual running into wild extravagance or rash speculations, giving himself up to habits of gambling, or gross intemperance, to relieve the painful void in his purposeless existence.

Elderly persons, who from a desire of ease give up all at once their accustomed occupations, and consequently their mental activity, and retire to enjoy their ease and leisure, will not rarely find (especially if they have been free livers) a rapid breaking up of their mental, and perhaps bodily powers, passing sometimes into a more or less complete state of what has been termed *dementia*. Under these circumstances of mental *inertia*, to which we have been referring, it is often observed, that any thing arousing the mind to exertion, even positive misfortunes, will, by reviving the almost palsied feelings, be attended with a manifestly salutary influence. Thus it is that the retired opulent are sometimes, if not past the age of action, made happier, healthier, and, we may also add, better, by the loss of so much of their property as to render renewed exertions necessary to

their subsistence. Retirement from long-established and active duties demands intellectual and moral resources of which few, in the present condition of society, have a right to boast.

It is an opinion not uncommonly entertained, that studious habits or intellectual pursuits tend necessarily to injure the health and abbreviate the term of life ; that mental labours are ever prosecuted at the expense of the body, and must consequently hasten its decay. Such a result, however, is by no means essential, unless the labours be urged to an injudicious excess, when, of course, as in all overstrained exertions, whether of body or mind, various prejudicial effects may be naturally anticipated. I mean not to assert, that those in whom the intellect is chiefly engaged, will enjoy the same athletic strength, or display equal muscular development, with others whose pursuits are of a more mechanical character ; for nature seldom lavishes upon us a full complement of her various gifts ; but under prudent habits of life, and with a naturally sound constitution, they may preserve as uniform health, and live as long, as any other class of persons ; and it has, indeed, been said by some eminent writer, that one of the rewards of philosophy is long life."

It has been remarked by Aristotle, "that men distinguished for their talents in philosophy, in poetry, and other arts, are often disposed to melancholy;" but a more careful examination of the subject shows, that when the ancients spake of one as melancholic, they did not mean that he was mentally diseased, but rather implied that the individual was disposed to live in self-communion, and abstraction from ordinary affairs, or that he was under the influence of some higher impulse. Every man who gets beyond his contemporaries in ingenuity, in ability, in character, is very commonly spoken of as eccentric, perhaps as mad. To regard the culture of the mental powers at large, or of one or more among them, as a ground of their derangement or destruction, is certainly too hasty a conclusion.

It is not culture, but *half culture*, that has a pernicious influence upon the mind. The more numerous and better the educational institutions of a country are, the less numerous will be the insane. The more the *whole* of the mental faculties are brought into play, the more certainly will imperfections be set aside, and the proper balance preserved. Inaction occasions derangement still more frequently than over-activity. When, therefore, we see it as

serted, that suicide has become more common with the progress of civilization, as it is called, it should be remembered that it is not *true* but *pseudo* civilization that is to blame, not that which is *real*, which leads us at an early period of our intercourse with her, to know and consider that the end of life is not mere sensual enjoyment, and that each sore proof to which we are put must be manfully borne. The minor sorrows, which we all have more or less to encounter, are generally beneficial to us: there are great ones to be endured by every man on earth; and did not the lesser evils prepare us gently for the burden, we might be crushed under the first great misfortune that befel us.

ON THE POWER OF JUDGMENT.

There is every reason to believe, that though there may be original differences in the power of judgment, the chief source of the actual varieties in this important function is rather to be found in its culture and regulation. On this subject there are various considerations of the highest interest, claiming the attention of those who wish to have the understanding trained to the investigation of truth. These are chiefly referrible to two heads; namely, the

manner in which the judgment suffers from deficient culture ; and the manner in which it is distorted by want of due regulation.

1st. The judgment is impaired by deficient culture. This is exemplified in that listless and indifferent habit of mind, in which there is no exercise of correct thinking, or of a close and continued application of the attention to subjects of real importance. The mind is engrossed by frivolities and trifles, or bewildered by the wild play of the imagination ; and, in regard to opinions on the most important subjects, it either feels a total indifference, or receives them from others without the exertion of thinking or examining for itself. The individuals, who are thus affected, either become the dupes of sophistical opinions imposed upon them by other men, or spend their lives in frivolous and unworthy pursuits, with a total incapacity for all important inquiries. A slight degree removed from this condition of mind is another, in which opinions are formed on slight and partial examination, perhaps from viewing one side of a question, or at least without a full and candid direction of the attention to all the facts which ought to be taken into the inquiry. Both these conditions of mind may perhaps originate partly in constitutional peculiarity

or erroneous education ; but they are fixed and increased by habit and indulgence, until, after a certain time, they probably become irremediable. They can be corrected only by a diligent cultivation of the important habit, which, in common language, we call sound and correct thinking ; and which is of equal value, whether it be applied to the formation of opinions, or to the regulation of conduct.

2nd. The judgment is vitiated by want of due regulation ; and this may be ascribed chiefly to two sources,—prejudice and passion. Prejudice consists in the formation of opinions before the subject has been really examined. By means of this, the attention is misdirected, and the judgment biassed, in a manner of which the individual is often in a great measure unconscious. The highest degree of it is exemplified in that condition of the mind in which a man first forms an opinion, which interest or inclination may have suggested ; then proceeds to collect arguments in support of it ; and concludes by reasoning himself into the belief of what he wishes to be true. It is thus that the judgment is apt to be misled, in a greater or less degree, by party spirit, and personal attachments and antipathies ; and it is clear that all

such influence is directly opposed to its sound and healthy exercise.

The same observations apply to passion, or the influence exerted by the moral feelings. The most striking example of this is presented by that depraved condition of the mind which distorts the judgment in regard to the great principles of moral rectitude. "A man's understanding," says Mr. Locke, "seldom fails him in this part, unless his will would have it so ; if he takes a wrong course, it is most commonly because he goes wilfully out of the way, or at least chooses to be bewildered ; and there are few, if any, who dreadfully mistake, that are willing to be right." These facts are worthy of much consideration, and they appear to be equally interesting to all classes of men, whatever may be the degree of their mental cultivation, and whatever the subjects are to which their attention is more particularly directed.

There is one class of truths to which they apply with peculiar force ; namely, those which relate to the moral government of God, and the condition of man as a responsible being. These great truths, and the evidence on which they are founded, are addressed

to our judgment as rational beings ; they are pressed upon our attention as creatures destined for another state of existence ; and the sacred duty from which no individual can be absolved, is a voluntary exercise of his thinking and reasoning powers,—it is solemnly, seriously, and deliberately to consider.

On these subjects a man may frame any system for himself, and may rest in that system as *truth* ; but the solemn inquiry is, not what opinions he has formed, but in what manner he has formed them. Has he approached the great inquiry with a sincere desire to discover the truth ; and has he brought to it a mind, neither misled by prejudice, nor distorted by the condition of its moral feelings ; has he directed his attention to all the facts and evidences, with an intensity suited to their momentous importance ; and has he conducted the whole investigation with a deep and serious feeling, that it carries with it an interest which reaches into eternity ? Truth is immutable and eternal, but it may elude the frivolous or prejudiced inquirer ; and, even when he thinks his conclusions are the result of much examination, he may be resting his highest concerns in delusion and falsehood. The human mind, indeed, even in its highest

state of culture, has been found inadequate to the attainment of the true knowledge of the Deity ; but a light from heaven has shone upon the scene of doubt and of darkness, which will conduct the humble inquirer through every difficulty, until he arrive at the full perception and commanding influence of truth ; of truth such as human intellect never could have reached, and which to every one who receives it, brings its own evidence that it comes from God.

Finally, the sound exercise of judgment has a remarkable influence in producing and maintaining that tranquillity of mind, which results from a due application of its powers, and a correct estimate of the relations of things. The want of this exercise leads a man to be unduly engrossed with the frivolities of life, and unreasonably depressed by its sorrows. A sound and well regulated judgment tends to preserve from all such disproportioned pursuits and emotions. It does so, by leading us to view all present things in their true relations, to estimate aright their relative value, and to fix the degree of attention of which they are worthy ; it does so, in a more especial manner, by leading us to compare the present life, which is so rapidly passing away, with the paramount

importance, and overwhelming interest, of the life which is to come.—ABERCROMBIE.

We cannot place too high a value on that greatest of all acquirements, the possession of a well-regulated mind. We should study with anxious care what those qualities are which constitute it, and the particular pursuits, and mode of conducting them, which are best adapted for the high attainment; we should learn also duly to estimate the benefits which arise from such a regulation of the mind as will lead it to apply itself to various pursuits with an attention adequate to their real value, and to follow out the inductions of each to the last and highest object—the culture of the moral being.

Amid the most zealous prosecution of knowledge, we should press forward to those great and ultimate truths, by which science ought to lead us to the Omnipotent and Eternal Cause. Philosophy fails of its noblest object if it does not lead us to God; and whatever may be its pretensions, that is unworthy of the name of science, which professes to trace the sequences of nature, and yet fails to discover, as if marked by a sunbeam, the mighty hand which arranged them all; which fails to bow in humble adora-

tion before the power and wisdom, the harmony and beauty, which pervade all the works of Him who is eternal. Judging upon these principles, we are taught to feel that life has a value beyond the mere acquirement of knowledge, and the mere prosecution of our own happiness. This value is found in those nobler pursuits which qualify us for promoting the good of others, and in those acquirements by which we learn to become masters of ourselves. It is to cultivate the intellectual part for the attainment of truth, and to train the moral being for the solemn purposes of life, when viewed in relation with that which is to come. These exalted pursuits are not more conducive to the great objects which are presented to us as moral and responsible beings, than they are calculated to promote our happiness and peace. Constituted as we are, indeed, and placed in certain relations to objects of sense, and to other sentient beings, we are in some degree under the influence of external things. But the powers which wield the destiny of our happiness are chiefly within. It is there that we trace the elements of those noble faculties, which, if duly cultivated, secure at once our usefulness and our happiness ; and it is there

that we find the germs of those vulture passions whose dominion is worse than Eastern bondage, and under whose relentless tyranny, a man who is master of the world may be himself a slave. In the conquest of which consists the highest dignity of our nature; and in the control and subjugation of them is our only solid peace. Let it then be our study, in early life, to cultivate that sound condition of the mind, by which its powers are not kept in bondage to the mere objects of sense, but are trained to the habit of bringing down upon it the influence of the truths which are the objects of faith. Amid the collisions of active life we soon find ourselves in want of a safer guide than can be supplied by human wisdom; a higher incentive than human praise; a more exalted object than human ambition; a principle more fixed than human honour. This object, and this principle, are to be found only in the habitual homage which we owe to Him who made us, and the constant desire to make his word at once the rule of our conduct, and the regulating principle of every emotion of the heart.—ABERCROMBIE.

The greatest misfortune that can befall a good cause, is for its advocates to substitute

sentiment for reason in their attempts to promote its success. - Good intentions are no justification for injurious acts, as they are no mitigation of disastrous results. Were mankind bound to applaud the conduct of every man who was actuated by good motives, every absurdity, every piece of fanaticism, and many crimes would have to be accounted meritorious, and the world would quickly be inhabited by a race of -crazy projectors. To judge men by their *acts* and *deeds* is the only safe general rule ; to do otherwise is to encourage hypocrisy, promote folly, and place the weak on a level with the strong-minded. Reason is the highest faculty given to man, and it is far too fallible to warrant reliance on any feebler powers in the administration of human affairs. So weak is human reason, that in the great end of man it has been superseded by revelation. Yet in spite of the imperfection of the loftiest faculty of the understanding, are the fairest objects continually delivered over to zeal without *knowledge*, and the best causes sacrificed by feeling overcoming experience.

It has been said, "that it is wrong to denominate man to be a reasoning animal, for

that all that can be concluded with respect to him is, that he is a being capable of reasoning,"—and the circle of human weaknesses does not afford better illustrations of this dictum, than the philanthropic institutions of England in the present day. In many—nay, we may say in most—that virtue which covereth a multitude of sins is often made accessory to boundless folly and hypocritical cant.

PRINCIPLE AND SENTIMENT CONTRASTED.

These are often mistaken for each other, though, in fact, they widely differ. Sentiment is the virtue of ideas, and principle the virtue of action. Sentiment has its seat in the head; principle in the heart. Sentiment suggests fine harangues and subtle distinctions; principle conceives just notions, and performs good actions in consequence of them. Sentiment refines away the simplicity of truth, and gives us "virtue in words, and vice in deeds." Sentiment may be called the Athenian who *knew* what was right, and Principle the Lacedemonian who *practised* it.

There are many among us who are anxious by over attendance to religious ceremonies, to

atone for the neglect of religious and moral duty ; but if devotion be founded on *passion* and not on *conviction*, (which will often be the case, where more attention is paid to sentiment than opinion,) the strength thus communicated, like the refreshment from spirituous liquors to a hungry man, will not only be liable to misapplication in the first instance, but will, in the end, produce absolute weakness.

There is a susceptibility of the imagination, that too frequently indicates the absence of a more healthy feeling, and preys on itself. It is like the hot breeze of the sirocco, which weakens while it warms.

THE TRUST.

From Chambers' Journal.

Mr. John Wilson, an English farmer in good circumstances, was looked upon by his acquaintances as a very pious man. Some, indeed, there were, who remarked that, for a person professing to consider the world as nothing when compared with eternity, he was surprisingly mean where his own interests were concerned ; but others, more lenient in their judgment, regarded such inventions as the

effect of calumny, to which those who avow stricter principles than their neighbours are too often subjected. If these good people erred in their estimate of Wilson's character, he himself shared in their mistake. He really believed himself to be a thoroughly religious person, and he brought up his family, consisting of two sons and a daughter, with great strictness. The elder son, James, readily adopted the serious demeanour of his father, and shared in the consideration which such behaviour generally obtains. Edward, the younger son, was a youth of much talent, an amiable disposition, but strong passions. He was the favourite of his father, whose ardent wish it was to afford him the benefit of a liberal education. When James was about two-and-twenty, a brother of Mr. Wilson's came to reside with the family. This man had the affliction to have for his only child a young man of reckless character. Often had he been pardoned, and his debts paid, and as often had he again plunged into dissipation, and incurred fresh expenses ; till his father's resources being nearly consumed, the young profligate, finding he could extract no more from his unhappy parent, disappeared from the country. The

poor man's misfortunes did not end here. He had not been long settled at the farm, when he was seized with a lingering and painful illness, by which the small pittance which he had deposited in his brother's hands for his support, was soon exhausted. As might be expected from Mr. Wilson's character, the wants of his unhappy relative were amply provided for; not, however, without some unpleasant reflections upon the expensive nature of sickness; reflections in which his elder son entirely concurred. At length the sufferings of the poor invalid drew towards a close. The night before he expired, he called his brother and his two nephews to his bed-side, and said, "Dear brother, you have acted kindly by me, believing that it was out of my power to repay you for the expense you have incurred on my account. But I have the satisfaction to tell you, that such is not the case. I have a secret to confide to you, which I am certain will be safe in your keeping. When that unfortunate boy of mine turned out such a reprobate, I reflected, that whilst he thought I had a guinea to spare, there was no chance of his reformation. I therefore allowed the world to think, that all that remained to me was the small sum which

I had deposited in your hands, whilst I had, in reality, invested £2500 in the funds, the securities for which are in that box yonder. When I am dead, you will withdraw what is sufficient to reimburse you for all expenses on my account; the rest may remain there till something certain is heard of my unhappy son. Should he show any disposition to return to the paths of virtue, this sum will procure him the means of living honestly; but should he, as I much fear, continue hardened, and die in his sins, the money is yours. But, above all things, let not the secret transpire to him, unless he gives undoubted marks of reformation." This announcement caused, as may be supposed, much surprise to Wilson and his sons. As they stood around the bed of the deceased, on the following day, the father observed: "Who would have imagined that my poor brother had such a sum in store! It is well, however, that he had something to meet the expense of his illness, for it cost a great deal. As to the remainder, he knew me well enough to be sure I should act justly by that unfortunate youth, should he ever appear, a thing of which I have great doubts." "No question you would, my dear father," said the younger

son ; "but as you know we are all mortal, and my brother and I are young and inexperienced, don't you think it would be well to admit our rector into our confidence? We can have no doubt of his prudence and secrecy." "That is so like you, Edward," said his brother, "you are no better than a woman; you cannot keep a secret a single day. What a fool my uncle was, to let you know anything of the matter. Surely the thing to be done is to obey his injunctions exactly." "Why, yes, Edward," said his father, "I do think that it is the right way of proceeding; I am able enough to manage the affair without consulting any one, and it is not probable I should be called away so suddenly, as to be unable to arrange matters before my death." After Wilson had withdrawn from the funds sufficient to remunerate himself amply for what he had expended, he and his eldest son began to consider what they had best do with the remainder. "You see, James," said the farmer, "this money is bringing very low interest in the funds, I think, even for my nephew's benefit, it ought to be turned to better account." "That is just what I was thinking, sir," said James. "Now you know that farm of Croydland would be a great bar-

gain, if we had but money to purchase the lease. It would give a return of five per cent. for my cousin, and leave us something handsome besides. Surely it would be better to lay out £2000 on such a purchase, than to leave it in the funds at three and a half per cent.” “Why I really think it would,” said his father, “but I fear Edward would never agree to it; he is so particular about what he considers a point of honour.” “Oh, sir, leave that to me, I know where to touch him; I’ll bring him round I’ll engage for it.” Edward, who really was a well-disposed youth, at first positively objected to the plan. “No; there must be no meddling with the money entrusted to them; it would be very dishonourable.” “But you do not understand the business, Edward,” said Mr. Wilson. “It is chiefly for your cousin’s sake we propose doing it. You know my poor brother left matters to my judgment, and a child could see that it is better to have five per cent. for one’s money than three and a half.” “As to the remainder,” said James, “it would be just the thing to carry you through college.” “Why, James, do you think anything could induce me to employ it for such a purpose? It would be downright robbery.” “Not if my

father secured it to my cousin out of the portion of land he destines for you, and that you know he can readily do." "Why yes, Edward," said Mr. Wilson, "that I could certainly do, and your cousin be never a penny the poorer for it. It has all my life been my most ardent wish, to give you the benefit of a university education. I have substance sufficient for the purpose, but not the ready cash required. This money would just accomplish it, without injuring any one, for I would allow fair interest for it." Edward's good sense and good feeling for a time resisted this reasoning; but the temptation was skilfully chosen, and James left it to work for some days, taking care now and then to awaken Edward's attention to the brilliant prospects a college education would open to him. At length the poor young man's principles gave way, and with blushes and hesitation, he consented to take the loan of the money necessary for his expenses, adding as a salve to his conscience, "If I do succeed in life, as I hope to do, my first care will be to see this debt repaid." The farm was obtained on very advantageous terms, and Wilson and his elder son applied themselves to the management of it with the eagerness of keen worldly people.

James had hitherto treated his father with the utmost deference, yielding to his judgment in all matters of difficulty. Now a gradual change in his deportment began to appear. He knew, that however Wilson might try to deceive himself as to the motives for his conduct with regard to the property confided to his care, they were such as could neither bear the scrutiny of conscience, nor be avowed to the world, without confusion ; and the respect of the son for the parent had received a deadly blow. The young man began to assume the tone of remonstrance, sometimes even that of command, towards his father, who appeared to quail before the haughty looks of his son. James had long had a favourite object in view ; he had attached himself, as much as a youth of his selfish disposition could attach himself, to the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, a fine showy looking girl, but one entirely unfitted, by her habits and education, to be the inmate of their family. This intimacy, which had hitherto been carefully concealed from his father, was now boldly avowed. "What, James," said the astonished parent, "is it possible you could think of the daughter of a man of blasted character ? Do you forget

his conduct with regard to that affair of the charity fund intrusted to his care, and how narrowly he escaped a voyage to Botany Bay?" "As to that, sir," said James with a sneer, "I suppose he only took a loan of the money, and some people of good character have done as much, perhaps." "If you mean to allude to me," said the elder Wilson, growing as red as fire, "you cannot surely forget that you were the most strenuous adviser of the deed; and then, you know, it was quite a different case. I never intended"—"Oh, well, we need not go over that ground again," said James, rudely interrupting his father; "I think you did exceedingly well in making use of the spendthrift's cash; only one need not be so hard in judging others." From this period, James never rested till Mr. Wilson consented to take into consideration the overtures Mr. Blacker made for the establishment of his daughter—"You see, sir," said James, "it is a match far above what I have a right to expect." "But, James, you do not consider that there must be a settlement made upon the girl, and how are we to do that?" "Pardon me, sir, I have considered that matter. What is to prevent our making a settlement upon the new farm of

Croydland ?” “The land purchased with your cousin’s money ; and suppose he should re-appear ?” “He never will re-appear ; he is drowned or hanged by this time. But even if he should return, is there not the old farm, quite sufficient to repay him ?” “And your brother’s and your sister’s portions ?” “As to Edward, you know he has had his share of the plunder ; and then, as you are always prophesying that he is to be a great man one of these days, by means of his surprising talents, we need be under no concern about him. Then for Alice, we can provide for her some way or other out of the stock.” From this time forward, James gave his father no peace till the match was concluded. Edward’s vacation having commenced, he returned to his home in high spirits, having already attracted notice by his abilities. With what delight his father received him, may be easily imagined. The favourite wish of the parent’s heart seemed likely to be gratified ; for there was every probability that his beloved son would distinguish himself. Alice’s pleasure in the society of her brother was somewhat lessened, by her having observed a change in his manner of thinking and speaking on serious subjects, a

sort of levity, ever a bad omen in a young person, but more especially so, to one brought up with religious principles. She ventured upon some mild remonstrances, but was answered with smiles, caresses, and assurances that his dear little sister knew nothing of life, and ought not to become a bore and a preacher. After his departure for college, things at home assumed a less pleasing aspect. The newly married lady, who had at first behaved with civility, if not kindness, towards her husband's relations, was now found to be of a domineering spirit, which first showed itself in her demeanour towards the gentle Alice. She seemed to consider a girl who had not received a fine boarding-school education as greatly her inferior, and she treated her rather as a servant than a sister. Alice, who was exceedingly good-tempered, unwilling to be the occasion of disputes in the family, bore all without complaint ; but her father could not but see the manner in which she was treated, and could not forbear remonstrating with his elder son upon the subject. This drew upon him the enmity of his daughter-in-law, and in various ways, which a vindictive woman only can contrive, she managed to annoy him. His little comforts

were unattended to, his familiar habits disarranged; his easy chair, in which he was accustomed to repose after the fatigues of the day, was banished from the sitting-room as an unsightly object, his acquaintances were voted quizzes and bores, his advice was disregarded, and his remarks heard with impatience, as the prosing of an old man who would make no allowance for the change of times and usages; and though still the nominal master of the house, he found himself, he knew not why, unable to assume the tone of command that belonged to his station, and which he had preserved up to the day when, having unhappily been tempted to swerve from his principles, he had sunk in the estimation of his children. At length the tyranny exercised by young Mrs. Wilson became so oppressive, and the disputes between the father and daughter-in-law so frequent, that Alice entreated him to end them by placing her with a dressmaker in a neighbouring town. His compliance with her wish cut off one cause of annoyance, but at the same time deprived him of the solace of his daughter's affectionate attentions. The period for Edward's second vacation having arrived, his return was looked for with eager expectation.

He had mentioned in his last letter that his health was somewhat affected by severe study, but that he hoped that his native air would quickly restore it. Alice had obtained leave to return home for a short time, that she might enjoy her brother's society. She and her father were watching intently for the arrival of the coach which was to deposit Edward at the gate of the farm. "Who can that be," said she, "that is coming out of the coach? Surely it cannot be my brother; and yet he is like him, too, at this distance; but he walks like an old man. Oh, no; it cannot be Edward; and yet he is actually making his way here." Too soon the fact was ascertained: and the unfortunate father received what seemed the ghost of his son. The old man's face of consternation, and Alice's tears, which she could not restrain, too plainly showed the shock his appearance had produced. "I see you are alarmed," said Edward, with that sickly smile so painful to witness; "I have, indeed, been more ill than I liked to acknowledge to you, but I trust it is all over now, and that I shall quickly recover under your kind care." A night's repose produced some improvement in the youth's looks, but a wearing cough and hectic flushings gave

the first cause of alarm to his unfortunate parent. A physician was called in, who, as usual, encouraged the hopes of the patient, though it is probable that he had little expectation of effecting a cure ; but as no disease is more insidious in its progress than pulmonary consumption, his father and sister soon began to hope that they had at first seen things in too unfavourable a light, and at every slight amendment flattered themselves that the disease was subdued. Edward, also, was still inclined to deceive himself. Life was sweet to him, just opening, as it was, with flattering prospects ; and besides, he had reasons, unknown to others, which made him dread the approach of death. Thus passed the winter, with alternate hopes and fears ; but when spring, that season so often fatal to the youthful invalid, arrived, the unhappy youth could no longer delude himself as to the nature of his complaint. He was rapidly wasting away. For some time he avoided speaking on the subject of his health, but one day, when alone with his father, and when the latter had long sat gazing in silent sorrow on the faded countenance of his son, Edward said, " I know what you are looking at, father : you are thinking that you will not long have me to

look at, and I feel that it is but too true. It is in vain to attempt to deceive ourselves: my days are numbered. And now, my dear father, I have to ask your forgiveness; you will not refuse it to a dying penitent. I allowed you to think it was by over-study I injured my health. Alas! had I led a correct life, study would never have hurt me. I made acquaintance with wild young men in a station above mine; by their example I was led into excesses which are the real causes of my present sufferings, and which will speedily bring me to my grave.”

“ Oh! my son, my son, what do you tell me?” said the wretched father. “ Is it not enough that I must lose the prop and comfort of my age, but must I believe that it is by his own fault too? you who were brought up in such principles, who once seemed so well inclined—how could it be?”

“ True, father; I once was well inclined; it was no pretence, no hypocrisy; I felt as I spoke; but I know not how it was, from the time I went to college, religion seemed to have lost its restraining influence over me. I had occasional fits of remorse, but they were soon overcome by the force of temptation.”

“ Miserable old man that I am!” cried the father, “ I am the cause of all. From the time

when, tempted by ambition and avarice, I persuaded you to swerve from the principles of rectitude, they gave way in all points. Oh, my child, my pride, my delight, I am your destroyer! Oh, heaven, have mercy on me, for my punishment is greater than I can bear!"

"Beloved parent," said Edward, drawing near to his father, and laying his feeble hand upon his shoulder, "do not thus afflict yourself. The fault was mine. Your judgment was misled; but I sinned against knowledge, for I was sensible of doing wrong; and truly from that hour the guardian spirit seemed to have forsaken me. But now, my father, pardon your child, as I humbly hope my Heavenly Father has pardoned me, and I shall die in peace." "Is there, then, no hope? Nothing is impossible with God!" "Nothing is impossible with Him, certainly; but let us not flatter ourselves that He will perform a miracle in my favour, undeserving as I am of his mercies—I who abused his favours; rather let us humbly resign ourselves to his will. And now, dear father, there is one thing, which, if it could be done, would render my dying moments easy." "What is it, my dear Edward? If it be within the bounds of possibility, it shall be done." "It is, that

that money of my cousin's should be replaced in the funds, ready for his use in case he should reappear." "It is my earnest wish, Edward; but you know not the difficulties that lie in the way of it. Your brother persuaded me to put the new farm out of my power, by settling it on his wife, and the old one is all I have to look to as a provision for you and your sister." "As to me, father—" "Alas! I know too well what you mean, my son. I will do all that is in my power to accomplish your wish; and if that unfortunate boy should return and reform, I will make restitution to the very last farthing." From this time the poor youth sunk rapidly, and the wretched father soon laid in his early grave the hope and pride of his age. Amidst the agonies of the old man's grief, it was impossible that some expressions should not betray to his daughter that feelings of self-reproach added bitterness to his sorrows, but filial respect restrained her from prying into his secrets, and disposed her to banish the painful subject from her thoughts. Old Wilson returned one evening from the neighbouring town in great agitation. He asked eagerly for his son, who found him pacing the room with a disordered air. "Well, sir," said James,

roughly, "what do you mean by staring at me that way, without speaking?" "Oh, James, you know not what is coming upon us. Your cousin William has returned to England, and will be here in a few days." "The mischief he will!—but, after all, what is that to us; *he knows nothing.*" "But he *must know* something, that is, if he be really reformed." "If that is all we have to fear, sir—" "To *fear*, James; ought we not rather to say *hope*?" "You may say what you like, sir," said James, with a scornful laugh; "but I believe we neither of us would be really disposed to beggar ourselves to enrich a worthless profligate, whatever hypocritical pretences to amendment he may make." "We shall see, James; but if he be truly penitent, you know we are bound in honour and conscience." "Let us put honour and conscience by for the present, and act a little like people of the world. Come, sir, supper waits." James had for some time past nearly thrown off the cloak of hypocrisy which had hitherto concealed his natural character; his intercourse with his father-in-law had taught him to disregard the higher moral obligations, and there now remained no other check upon his conduct than that which always fails in the hour of trial—a

respect for the opinion of the world ; and he had even begun to adopt vices which seemed foreign to his natural disposition. The intelligence which Wilson brought home proved true. His nephew had actually returned, and, as far as appearance went, he seemed a changed man ; he had lost the reckless air of a profligate ; seemed very desirous to commence a more respectable mode of life, and entreated his uncle to put him in the way of doing so. “ We will give him a few pounds,” said James, “ and send him adrift again. I’ll engage six months will not have passed over his head, till he is at his old tricks again.” “ We will certainly try whether his professions be sincere or not,” said Wilson ; “ but if they prove really so, we must, indeed we *must*, make restitution. I could not sleep in my bed otherwise.” “ Could not you, indeed !” answered James, with an insolent laugh. “ How many comfortable nights’ sleep have you had since you touched the cash ? These scruples never troubled you till lately ; but remember, I am now your partner in business, and will not consent to ruin myself for the sake of a worthless profligate.” It is too true, that old Wilson had been weak enough to make James his partner ; and it was also

true, that since Edward's death, he had given so little attention to his affairs, that they had fallen almost entirely into the hands of the son. The latter, who was of a covetous, grasping disposition, was much under the influence of his father-in-law, and had been induced by him to enter into some rash speculations in the corn trade. A sudden depression in prices involved many imprudent dealers in unforeseen ruin ; and amongst the number James and his father were heavy sufferers. The blow came quite unexpectedly upon the latter, who had been kept in ignorance of his son's proceedings. The landlord seized for the rent ; other creditors crowded in ; and what remained of property on the old farm scarcely sufficed to satisfy all demands, even after disposing of the interest on the land to the proprietor in payment of the arrears due. Had this ruin of his worldly prospects befallen him at an earlier period, it would probably have broken his heart ; but as he himself expressed it, he had now no heart to be broken ; it was buried in the grave of his son ; and the circumstance that weighed most heavily on his mind with regard to this calamity, was its putting it out of his power to do justice to his nephew, or to make any provision

daughter-in-law afforded, became entirely dependent upon her and his son ; and bitterly was he made to feel his dependence. All semblance of respect to him was now withdrawn ; the very necessities of life seemed to be given grudgingly, so that existence became a burden to him. His only comfort was in the affection and sympathy of his daughter ; but she was not satisfied with giving that only, and begun to turn in her mind how she could relieve his sufferings more effectually. The term of her apprenticeship had expired, but she had been found so efficient in business, that her mistress had engaged her to act as forewoman, at a salary of forty pounds per annum. Out of the savings of this she furnished a small apartment near, and when it was ready, invited her father to come and take possession of it. " You will not live as you have been accustomed to do, my dear father," said she ; " but you know, ' better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith ; ' and you know what pleasure it will give me to employ my little income in your support." The old man joyfully accepted the offer of his dutiful child, and in the consolation her kind attentions afforded, his sorrows found some abatement, and the

stings of remorse were less severely felt. It was, however, impossible for him entirely to conceal from her the workings of his conscience, and in a moment of overflowing confidence, he revealed to her the secret that weighed upon his mind. She was greatly shocked at the discovery, and felt as an affectionate child must, on finding a beloved parent lowered in her estimation ; but she carefully avoided allowing him to perceive the impression his avowal had made upon her. On the contrary, she sought every means of soothing his harassed mind, and, if possible, increased that reverential deference towards him, which it is so sweet to the heart of a parent to receive. As the poor have few correspondents, it was with some surprise that her father one morning heard the postman inquiring for him. " Who can this letter be from ? " said he, " I do not know the hand. I fear it is some demand on the part of my unfortunate nephew." Having hastily opened the letter, he started up with a wild expression of joy, and throwing his arms about his daughter, exclaimed, " Now, my child, you are rewarded for all your dutiful behaviour towards your poor old father. Your old grand-aunt, whom you never saw, has died

and left you a legacy of 2500*l*. Now there will be no obstacle to your marriage with that worthy young man who loves you so truly." The surprise was almost too much for poor Alice's nerves. She could hardly understand or believe what she heard. Her mistress coming in at the moment to inquire the cause of her delay, Wilson, who could not contain his joy, immediately acquainted her with the happy news ; she congratulated them both on their good fortune, and departed, saying she must allow the latter a holiday to enjoy it. After the first moments of wonder and delight were past, the old man was surprised and disappointed to find that his Alice, instead of joining in his exultation of this unexpected prosperity, seemed to have sunk into a gloomy reverie. "Why, my child," said he, after gazing some minutes on her troubled countenance, "one would think you were grieved at the news we have received ; surely the death of your poor old aunt, whom I scarcely remember, and you never saw, cannot affect you so deeply." "No, father, I do not pretend that it does ; though I feel grateful to her memory for what she has done for me ; but there is one thing that I did not think of at first, but

that I must think of. This legacy, amounting exactly to the sum left by my uncle for the use of his son, seems as if sent by Providence as a trial of our principles, and a means of repairing our errors." "*Our errors!* my poor innocent child, what have you to do with my misdeeds? why should you pay the forfeit of them?" "Can any thing touch you, father, without affecting me? Are we not all bound to assist one another in the performance of our duty? I see this clearly now, and I am come to a resolution of employing this money in defraying our debt. I regret, indeed, that this will prevent my making your old age so comfortable as I could wish, but the blessing of Heaven will rest upon us, and that is the great thing to be desired." "And must my sins be visited upon me through all my children? James, lost to virtue, is running rapidly the way to ruin; my darling Edward, I cannot bear to speak of him; and you, my child, must all your worldly prospects be blighted in the very moment of promise? Surely this is too much; it cannot be required of us. Give your cousin five hundred pounds, and keep the rest to insure your own happiness." "No, father, there must be no paltering with our con-

sciences. Rather let us follow the advice poor Edward gave in the beginning, and put ourselves out of the reach of temptation. We will go immediately to our rector, and make him our confidant; we cannot, after that, recede from our promise. Come, father, I shall be ready to accompany you directly." The good rector was deeply touched by the devoted goodness of the young woman, and promised to manage the affair in such a manner as would not compromise the character of her father. A few days after this matter had been arranged, just as Alice had come to pass an hour with her father before he retired to rest, Mr. Hargrave entered. Her heart beat so violently she was unable to rise to receive him. "I am come to congratulate you upon your happy chance, my friend," said he; "but I must own that I have another motive for my visit. That son of mine has been breaking his heart ever since I was compelled to forbid his visits to your daughter; and yet now that fate has sent her enough for them to live upon, I cannot persuade the foolish fellow to come and offer himself. He says he should appear like a fortune-hunter. Now, for my part, I cannot understand this delicacy. I assure you he

could to-morrow have a girl with 3000*l*. down, but he loves Alice, and can think of no other. So what say you, my friend?" Wilson, instead of answering, leaned his head upon his hand so as to conceal his face; but after a minute's silence, Alice replied, "I am sorry to say, sir, that you have been misinformed with regard to our having become rich; we are as poor as ever." "Indeed!" said Hargrave in great surprise; "why surely Mrs. Scholes had it from your father himself?" "Yes, but we were not then aware that there were claims upon the legacy which would reduce it to nothing." "I am exceedingly concerned to hear it; my poor boy will feel the disappointment deeply, for notwithstanding his scruples, he must have had his hopes raised, and I am not rich enough to indulge him in a mere love match; I wish I were." As soon as he had closed the door upon the father and daughter, the latter, for the first time, gave full vent to her feelings; and as the unhappy parent beheld her tears, and listened to the deep sighs which burst from her oppressed bosom, he groaned within himself, and throwing his arms around her, exclaimed, "Oh, my child! I cannot bear this; why would you make me sacrifice you?" "Par-

don this weakness, my dear father," said she, "it is the last you shall witness in me. Believe me, I do not for a moment repent of what I have done. Can one ever regret having performed one's duty?" But though Alice had sufficient power over herself henceforth to restrain her feelings whilst in her father's presence, the poor girl's couch was nightly watered by her tears, sleep and appetite forsook her, and her wan cheeks and fading looks evinced how deeply she suffered. Many months passed away, and Alice's sorrow had begun to subside into that tender melancholy which disappointments of the heart are apt to produce on gentle natures, when again, at the hour of her evening visit to her father, her ear was startled by the sound of Mr. Hargrave's voice. He entered with a smiling countenance, saying, "Pardon me this intrusion, my good friends, I am come to take a cup of tea with you. I have a matter to propose, of which it may take some time to consider; and to come to the point at once, for, as you must have before this discovered, I am a plain-spoken man,—there is a young relation of mine who is about to settle in life, and is desirous to find a sensible and amiable

helpmate to lighten his cares; he has seen your daughter, and admires her, even more for her modest demeanour than for her pretty face. He has commissioned me to inquire whether he might be permitted to try and render himself agreeable to her. I assure you I should not have undertaken the business, had I not felt certain that he was a person likely to make your daughter happy. Well, what say you, my friend?" "I feel grateful for the interest you take about us," said Wilson, looking doubtingly at his daughter; "but Alice must speak for herself; I cannot attempt to influence her." "As to me, sir," said Alice, with heightened colour, and a look of pride foreign to the usual expression of her countenance, "I feel obliged for your kindness towards me, but must beg to decline the advantage of your friend's acquaintance, as I mean to lead a single life." "I am sorry to hear that," replied Hargrave; "I was so little prepared for such an answer, that I actually desired the young man to follow me here, and I declare here he is, and we must admit him for a moment." And as he spoke, the door opened, and Edward Hargrave appeared. "It is all in vain," said his father laughing; "she

has just refused you flatly." Alice grew pale as death, her head dropped upon her father's shoulder, and she sunk insensible on his bosom. "Bless me! what have I done?" said Hargrave, "I had no notion the girl was so deeply attached; don't stand there like a fool, Edward; are you going to faint too? Open the window there, while I run for some cold water." The effects of joy are seldom dangerous. Alice soon recovered; and while her lover, too much agitated for speech, could only hold her hand in his, and gaze upon her still pale face, his father resumed: "I suppose you all wonder at my change of mind; but I must tell you, that, though I have an eye to the main chance, (and what wise man has not?) I am not, however, insensible to extraordinary merit when I meet with it. Our rector informed me, that, if Alice is still poor, it is because she has sacrificed her fortune to a delicate scruple of conscience, which few but herself would have regarded; and then he launched out into such an encomium upon her conduct as sister, daughter, every relation of life, that I could not resist his eloquence, and determined no longer to deny my son such a treasure, whose price, as his reverence quoted from Scripture,

was far above rubies. So now, my good friends, if we do not spend a happy evening together, it is not my fault.

We see in the foregoing narrative, how a person who sets out with the avowed intention of doing justly, but delays to put it in execution, may be led to forfeit his integrity; especially if, as he advances in life, he suffers himself to become any way dependent upon *others*, however nearly connected they may be. When we give up our *independence*, we can little calculate upon the *power* of doing right, however desirous we may be to do so.

How little do children dream of the alterations that elder people's feelings towards each other usually undergo, when death has caused a transfer of property.—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

TASTE AND FEELING, *versus* LINE AND RULE.

The following is taken from the life of Haydn, who had early accustomed himself to distinguish in music "what was *good*, what was *better*, and what was *bad*." But as his principles had been formed by his own observations and experience of *effect*, when asked to ex-

plain his reasons for certain unusual transitions or modulations, he did not, like an inferior composer, refer to the rule, or the example, but merely answered, "I did it because it was best so." This is exemplified in a ludicrous scene, which took place in London, between him and a noble amateur, who wished to take lessons in counterpoint. "When shall we begin?" said Haydn. "Immediately, if you please," replied the nobleman; and he took out of his pocket, one of Haydn's own quartets. "For the first lesson," continued he, "let us examine this quartet, and tell me the reason of certain modulations, and of the general management of the composition, which I cannot altogether approve, since it is contrary to the rules." Haydn, a little surprised, said he was ready to answer his questions. The nobleman began, and from the very first bar, found something to remark upon every note. Haydn, with whom invention was a habit, and who was the opposite of a pedant, found himself a good deal embarrassed, and replied continually, "I did so because it has a *good effect*. I have placed this passage here, because I think it *suitable*." The Englishman, in whose opinion these replies were nothing to the purpose, still returned to

his proofs, and demonstrated very clearly, that the quartet was good-for-nothing. "But, my lord, arrange it in your own way; hear it played, and then you will see which of the two is the best." "How can yours, which is contrary to the rules, be the best?" "Because it is the most agreeable." My lord still returned to the subject. Haydn replied as well as he was able; but at last, out of patience, "I see, my lord," said he, "that it is you who are so good as to give lessons to me, and I am obliged to confess, that I do not merit the honour of having such a master." The advocate of the rules went away, and cannot to this day comprehend how an author who adheres to them, should fail of producing a *matrimonio segreto*.

INWARD BLINDNESS.

Talk to a blind man, he knows that he wants the sense of sight, and willingly makes the proper allowances. But there are certain internal senses which a man may want, and yet be wholly ignorant of the want of them. It is most unpleasant to converse with such persons on subjects of taste, philosophy, or religion. Of course there is no *reasoning* with them, for

they do not possess the facts on which the reasoning must be grounded. Nothing is possible but a naked dissent, which implies a sort of universal contempt ; or, what a man of kind disposition is very likely to fall into, a heartless, tacit acquiescence, which borders too nearly on duplicity.—COLBRIDGE.

The life of Mozart is a singular instance of a child of remarkable precocity, who afterwards reached the highest point of perfection in his art. This is a rare occurrence, whether it be that we resemble plants, which lose their vitality the sooner from having been early forced ; or that the future progress of our talents in mature age is necessarily prevented by the very means used to create premature skill in infancy. Among these means may be enumerated, the confinement and restraint, both of body and mind, necessary to produce early mechanical dexterity of execution upon a difficult instrument ; and public applause, which is too apt to make the pupil careless or conceited, and to lead him to imagine, that he has little more to learn. From that moment his improvement is at an end ; and when the years of childhood are past, and the charms

of novelty forgotten, his mind is become incapable of the habits of abstraction and study, on which alone his progress in science must depend. These speculations must, however, be left for the consideration of philosophers, to whom the facts contained in the history of the early years of Mozart, may perhaps present interesting subjects of inquiry.

An extract from a letter of Dr. Arnold's, (late master of Rugby school,) to a friend, shows much of the strength and weakness of a public education ; its weakness, in the vices which naturally grow up, and are sheltered in its vast numbers ; its strength, in the sense and energy he hoped to call forth from those who are its real governors, the fountain-heads of all evil and good, the sixth form ; and keenly as he felt and lamented the evils of boys' nature, it was his firm belief, that while you may mitigate the dangers of a public school, the character which can pass the fiery ordeal is braced to a strength and manliness, which is sought in vain elsewhere. The following expresses some of the sorrows and joys of a schoolmaster. " Since I began this letter, I have had some troubles of school-keeping, and one of those specimens

of the evils of boy-nature, which makes me always unwilling to undergo the responsibility of advising any man to send his son to a public school. There has been a system of persecution carried on by the bad against the good, and then, when complaint was made to me, there came fresh persecution on that account; and likewise, instances of boys joining in it, out of pure cowardice, both *physical* and *moral*, when, if left to themselves, they would have rather shunned it: and the *exceedingly small number* of boys who can be relied on for active and steady good on these occasions, and the way in which the decent and respectable of ordinary life are sure to *swim* with the *stream*, and take part with the *evil*, strongly exemplifies what the Scripture says about the strait gate and the wide one, a view of human nature which, when looking on life in general in its full dress of decencies and civilizations, we are apt to find it hard to realize. Here, however, in the unvarnished state of boyhood, one is quite able to understand how there could not be found even ten righteous in a whole city. How to meet this evil, I really do not know; but to find it thus after having been for years fighting against it, is so discouraging,

that one is almost tempted to throw up the cards in despair, and upset the table. But then the stars of nobleness which I see amidst the darkness are so cheering, that one is inclined to stick to the ship again, and make another effort for getting her about." This, to the experienced in the world's ways presents but an epitome of human life in general, when viewed beneath the surface, especially where numbers act in community.

SELF-EDUCATION.

The most finished education, given by the most able masters, often produces but mean or common-place characters; while that which we give *ourselves*, alone elevates above the vulgar. The characters of great men are always, in part, their own work.

It sometimes happens, that in consequence of a peculiar disposition of mind, or of an infirm bodily constitution, a child is led to seek amusement from books, and to lose a relish for those recreations which are suited to his age. In such instances, the ordinary progress of the intellectual powers is prematurely quickened;

but that best of all education is lost which nature has prepared, both for the philosopher and the man of the world, amidst the active sports, and hazardous adventures of childhood. It is from these alone that we can acquire, not only that force of character which is suited to the more arduous situations of after-life, but that complete and prompt command of attention to things external, without which, the highest endowments of the understanding (however they may fit a man for the solitary speculations of the closet) are of but little use in the conduct of affairs, or for enabling him to profit by his personal experience. Manly exercises and proper discipline, have ever been found an important part of education, both as they respect the body and the mind, and for forming a higher-character than that of the mere man of the world.

FEUDALISM.

The feudal system was, in its commencement, a certain constitutional organization, adopted by a great society of military adventurers, for the purposes of general defence and mutual support in conquered countries ; and its chief dis-

tinguishing feature or characteristic, was the general distribution of the territory among the soldiery, in unequal portions, but upon one general principle and condition, namely, that of military service upon the part of the holder of each estate to the leader from whom he obtained it. This general holding of the great bulk of the territory by such tenure, seems to be the *sine qua non* of the feudal system, from which, indeed, it derives its name. Of course this system was not framed at once, but was gradually produced by the necessities of the northern invaders of the Roman empire, when placed in a new situation, by the effects of their own conquests. They brought the rude materials of their government from their native wilds, but fashioned them according to the circumstances in which they were placed in the lands they acquired. Though the great body of the invaders was composed of different nations, yet a similarity of customs generally prevailed amongst them; and though the districts that the various tribes conquered were far apart, yet everywhere they met the vestiges of Roman institutions. The similarity of circumstances in these points produced the like necessities; and the general adoption of an

uniform system was the result. The unequal distribution of corporeal and mental qualities, has always impressed the mind of man in a social state, with a conviction that it is necessary some should lead, and some should follow ; and the only difference in this point between the most purely democratical, and the most purely monarchical forms of society, consists in the method of selecting the leaders. The forms of the feudal system in various parts of Europe were only varieties of the same plant, the seeds of which had been brought from the north, and cultivated in Roman soil. The institution of chivalry or knighthood, the twin-sister in fact of the feudal system, was one of the most powerful of those engines, which, produced by the circumstances and necessities of the times, tend, under the guidance of Almighty Wisdom, to elevate society from the depth of barbarism to the height of civilization. Towards the middle of the tenth century, some poor nobles, united by the need of lawful defence, and alarmed by the excesses brought on by the multiplicity of sovereign powers, took pity on the wretchedness and tears of the people. They grasped each other's hands, calling upon God and St. George ; and,

devoting themselves to the defence of the oppressed, they placed the weak under the defence of their sword. Simple in their dress, strict in their morals, humble after victory, firm and stoical in adversity, they speedily created for themselves an immense renown. Popular gratitude, in its simple and credulous joy, fed upon the marvellous narrative of their high deeds of arms, exaggerated their valour, and united in prayer the generous deliverers of the people with the powers of Heaven. So natural is it for misfortune to deify those that bring it relief. In those old times, as strength was a law, it was very necessary that courage should be a virtue ; these men, to whom was afterwards given the name of knights, carried it to the very highest degree. Cowardice was punished by them as an unpardonable crime ; and surely it is such, to refuse support to the oppressed. They held a lie in horror, and branded with disgrace all perfidy and breach of faith ; nor have the most celebrated legislators of antiquity produced anything comparable to their statutes. This league of warriors, retained during more than a century all its original simplicity, because the circumstances amidst which it was brought forth, changed but

slowly ; but when a great political and religious movement announced the revolutions that were about to take place in the human mind, then chivalry took a legal form, and a rank amongst the institutions of society. It very soon happened, however, that the spirit which led men to seek out and to succour the feeble and the wronged, was lost in those qualities, which had at first been mere adjuncts to the chivalrous character. The valour, which in the origin of the institution had been subservient to humanity ; the thirst of enterprise, which at one time was prompted by the desire of doing good ; the habit of wandering, which had been acquired in the search for objects of generous deliverance ; all soon became the handmaids to other less noble feelings, and purposes less pure. Valour acquired honour and renown for its reward, and that renown became the *object* ; enterprise turned her views towards ambition, avarice, and superstition ; the habit of wandering was gratified in tournaments, passages of arms, and distant expeditions ; and all these changes had taken place when Richard Cœur-de-Lion was dubbed a knight by the King of France. Chivalry was a generous and a softening institution ; and the

ceremonies which were observed when it was bestowed, the exhortations addressed to the young knight, and the oaths that he was required to take, were all so many bonds and shackles upon the vehemence of human passions and upon the vices of a barbarous age. It is not unworthy of remark, with what natural dexterity, if we may use the term, society, as it advances, adopts those measures best calculated to remedy the evils of the state from which it is emerging. From the licentious brutality of the early ages of feudalism arose the wonderful institution of chivalry ; and the rude profession of arms, the constant presence of battle and danger, the frequent exposure of innocence and weakness to violence and wrong, gave birth to a system, which placed the feebler portion of human nature under the strong protecting arm of opinion, by attaching the idea of honour to courtesy and love. Man felt the necessity of some humanising and softening power, and love was the first agent to which he could apply. But to render this agent effectual, it became necessary to subtilize and refine those feelings, which, in a harsh and barbarous state, might but have given additional fierceness to the character of the times. Thus love

was itself softened and purified in the first instance, in order to soften and purify the minds of those who adopted it as a part of their calling and profession; and passion, hidden under various disguises, led into the human heart all the sweet charities and bland amenities of life. It is true that in very many instances, at all periods, and with a lamentable frequency at a later one, the purer spirit was forgotten, and the coarser threw off her disguise, or only used it to adorn vice and licentiousness. But the chivalrous love, as then taught, was pure and high, however the passions of man might mislead him in following it. Nothing could be too mystical, or too subtle or high-toned, for that love which the young aspirant to chivalry was taught to feel for the lady whom he selected as the object of his devotion; and it was wisely arranged, that the course of systematic instruction which he received in so delicate a science, should be given at an age, when passion could not mingle with the lessons; thus ensuring that the ideas which he first received of such attachments, should be those which were best calculated to purify, to elevate, and to refine. We must not forget, that in those times these things had a *real*

existence. The gallantry of the knights to the ladies, which had an air of devotion ; their presenting them with the prizes they had won in their tournaments, and even with the prisoners they had taken in war ; their delivering of captives, especially of the fair sex, from castles where they were violently detained, and injuriously treated ; their pursuing assassins or robbers, to punish or destroy them, without form of laws ; and their obliging lords of castles to abolish evil customs, which they had caused to be observed in their districts or manors ; all these things, which are feigned of knights in the French and Spanish romances, were often done in real life, and arose out of the principles of knighthood itself, the disorders of the feudal government, and the spirit of the times. Such, also, was the case in regard to the regular instructions in love, given to the sons of noble families, while in the condition of pages ; and that love was, in all those lessons, so intimately combined with the thoughts of religion, of honour, of glory, of everything that men were told to venerate or to court, that those ideas became inseparable in the after-life of the youths who received them. Thus woman's corporeal weakness was placed under

the shield of opinion, and the courtesy which was inculcated as a duty towards *all* ladies, was very readily extended to many transactions between man and man. Besides the task of showing himself dexterous, graceful, and prompt in serving his lord, the page was instructed how to receive with civility and politeness, the guests who visited the dwelling in which he had himself been received. To them he was bound to display every sort of reverence, to attend to their wants and wishes, to listen to their conversation with respect, and to obey their commands with gladness. Such was the training of a youth of distinction, previous to fourteen years of age.—FROM JAMES'S LIFE OF RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.

TEMPER.

Perhaps of all the lesser ills of life, and which make up a pretty large amount of misery, few are so truly vexatious and distressing as those which proceed from the infirmities of temper. Thrice blessed are ye who may *dispute* this assertion, for your inexperience must be a blissful ignorance; but they who know the hideous aspect of the "domestic demon,"

will admit its truth. Not that it is easy to define precisely where just indignation is merged in mere anger, or where this sinks to the still more ignoble feeling which we recognise as "ill temper;" though, if we do anatomise the vile thing, we shall be obliged to confess that it is the triumph of the worst feelings of our nature over all the higher attributes; triumphs, perhaps, occasional and rare at *first*, but, by exercise, very likely to become frequent or perpetual, for a bad temper is one of the many demons which must be resisted, if we would have them flee from us.

Our dispositions form a kind of *medium* of *vision*, if we may use the phrase, through which we see the world, and every thing in it—the different lights *within* colour the objects without.

As a material of human happiness or misery, *temper* is infinitely more important, because so much more frequently brought into use, than high-mindedness. Opportunity for a generous action may occur, perhaps, once in a year; while temper is actively at work, for good or for evil, during every hour of our existence.

An anxious, restless temper, that runs to meet care on its way ; that regrets lost opportunities too much ; and that is over-painstaking in contrivances for happiness, is foolish, and should not be indulged.

“ On doit être heureux sans trop penser à l'être.”

If you cannot be happy in *one way*, endeavour to be so in *another* ; and this facility of disposition wants but little from philosophy, for health and good humour are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat while it is on his head or in his hand.

If we wish to enjoy life, we should avoid unpunctual persons. They impede business, and poison pleasure. We should do well not only to be punctual, but a little before-hand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness. For want of it many persons live in a constant fever, and put those about them in a fever too. To prevent the tediousness of waiting for others, carry with you some means of occupation, a Horace, or Rochefoucault, for example, books which can

be read by snatches, and which afford ample materials for thinking.

“We should,” says Abercrombie, “study to acquire the habit of improving fragments of time. A little experience would convince us of the great importance of this rule, and show that much may be done by the improvement of portions which are too often entirely lost. This arises partly from the want of habitual mental activity, and partly from not cultivating the habit of having some leading object always, as it were, in progress, and keeping it so *before the mind*, that the attention may at any time be directed to it in a profitable manner.”

SOLITUDE.

Considering how many vexations are encountered in the throng of the world, it is not surprising that many have sighed for solitude as a relief from bustle, and found it delightful to escape from the crowd, and be at peace in some corner. These considerations account for the credit in which solitude stands in our literature, where, especially in the poetical part of it, it is always spoken of as much to be desired: one German author, as is well known, wrote a

book in four volumes, for no other purpose than to recommend it. Unfortunately, many of the favourite ideas of the generation of authors do not square well with the dictates of nature, and this is among the number. Solitude, except as an occasional exception to the common current of life, is certainly not to be recommended for either man or woman. The active mind, if not in all respects well poised, being exposed to the effects of solitude, may ultimately approach, or even pass into, the dreamy bounds of mania. The notions and feelings which are apt to possess such a mind, in such circumstances, have no surrounding human nature to test their correctness. Dreams, whims, fancies, are often treated as realities, and made the groundwork of conduct. In the desolation of the social sympathies, there is a constant sense of distress, which either reacts inwards upon the victim himself, or outwards upon those about him. It appears best, upon the whole, for men to keep afloat upon the sea of existence, partaking of its fluctuating and ever-varying scenery and pursuits. The sails may be occasionally torn, and the vessel almost stranded, and there is, of course, the danger of total shipwreck ; but it is better to encounter these risks than to be laid

up in ordinary, and meet the certain fate of crumbling to pieces in decay. "Know thyself" is an excellent injunction ; but the knowledge it enjoins cannot be perfected in cloisters and grottos, in the midst of lake scenery, nor on the sunny side of mountains. These may afford opportunities for sweet and beautiful digressions in life ; but the unavoidable effect of lingering in them too long is a morbid self-study, destructive of both inward satisfaction and external usefulness. It may be gratifying to our self-complacency to keep our own chimney-corner, occupied, like the spider, in drawing out our little web of thought and sympathy, unopposed and unscrutinized ; it may be irksome, at first, to leave our favourite haunts, books, or domestic lieges, to encounter the every-day and irreverent collisions of our equals ; but the transition is wholesome, and prolongs life. The competitions of business and ambition, the greetings of neighbours and acquaintance, or even their thwartings and contradictions, have all their use in awakening new sensations and new energies. They are like the north-easters of our temperate climate—unpleasant, but bracing ; severe sometimes upon the herbage, but repaying us a thousand-fold in the disper-

sion which they give to those noxious influences which, in stiller atmospheres, fester till they produce poisonous vapours, destructive to health and life. The desire of knowledge is not more natural than is the desire of communicating it to others. Even power would be less valued, were there no opportunity of showing it ; it derives half its value, with most people, from that circumstance. And as to the desire of esteem, it can have no possible gratification but in society. These parts of the human constitution, therefore, are evidently intended for social life ; and it is not more evident that birds were made for flying, and fishes for swimming, than that man, endowed with a natural desire of power, of esteem, and of knowledge and usefulness, is designed not for the savage and solitary state, but for living in the society of his fellow creatures.

Solitude is necessary for literary pursuits, and to a man of letters it has not only its pleasures and its conveniences, but we shall find that it also has a hundred things to be dreaded, however indispensable it must be for the accomplishment of any considerable work. Every production of genius must be that of

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enthusiasm, and to the youth of genius it is as the enchanted garden of Armida ; whereas retirement to the frivolous, is a vast desert. But even literary solitude—at first a *necessity*, then a *pleasure*—at length is not borne without repining. Gibbon says, “I feel that domestic solitude, however it may be alleviated by the world, by study, and even by friendship, is a comfortless state, which will grow more irksome as I descend in the vale of years.” And afterwards writes to a friend, “Your visit has only served to remind me that man, however amused and occupied in his closet, was not made to live alone. Solitude in a later period of life, or rather the neglect which awaits the solitary man, is felt with acuter sensibility.” Sir George Mackenzie, a polite writer, and a most eloquent pleader, published, in 1665, a moral essay, preferring solitude to public employment. The eloquence of his style was well suited to the dignity of his subject ; the advocates for solitude have always prevailed over those for active life, because there is something sublime in those feelings which would retire from the circle of indolent triflers, or depraved geniuses. The tract of Mackenzie was ingeniously answered by the elegant taste

of John Evelyn in 1667. Mackenzie, though he wrote in favour of solitude, passed a very active life, first as a pleader, and afterwards as a judge ; that he was an eloquent writer, and an excellent critic, we have the authority of Dryden, who says, that till he was acquainted with Sir George Mackenzie, he had not known the beautiful turn of words and thoughts in poetry which Sir George had explained and exemplified to him in conversation. We speak only of his literary character, and will not touch upon his political. In 1689 he retired to Oxford, to indulge in the luxuries of study in the Bodleian library, and to practise that solitude which so delighted him in *theory* ; but three years afterwards he fixed himself in London. Evelyn, who wrote in favour of public employment being preferable to solitude, passed his days in the tranquillity of his studies, and wrote against the habits which he himself most loved. By this it would appear, that that of which we have the least experience ourselves, will ever be what appears the most delightful. Alas ! every thing in this life seems to have in it the nature of a bubble of air, and when touched, we find nothing but emptiness in our hand. It is certain that the

most eloquent writers in favour of solitude have left behind them too many memorials of their unhappy feelings, when they indulged this passion to excess.

A life of reflection and study is carried too far when it cuts us off from the active interests and duties of life ; for to do good to others, especially to the *deserving*, ought to be the paramount object of every one, and, although amongst the sages of antiquity we may gain precepts and maxims to be applied to our conduct in life, yet if we pass too great a portion of our limited existence here in solitude and amongst books, there is danger of our losing all opportunity for the practical application of them in our intercourse with our fellow-creatures. The *practice of doing right* will show us more, than spending our whole lives in studying *theoretically* how to do it ; and from the exercise of our faculties we gain experience which affords better lessons for our conduct in life, than all the maxims of philosophers and moralists, when only objects of contemplation. Thought may be as often carried on in our intercourse with the world, if we like to seek it, as by the pale student over his book ; it

may be the comrade of the soldier in the camp, or on the march ; or of the farmer in the field. No man need be without thought ; and the active man, the man of life and movement, acquires often a power of rapid, but no less certain calculation, which the slow ponderer of the cabinet can never attain. The solitude necessary to the exercise of genius is a fruitful source of evil to its children. Abstracted from the world, they are apt to form a false estimate of themselves and of it, and to entertain exaggerated expectations from it. Their morbid feelings are often little able to support the disappointment *certain* to ensue, and either rush into a reprisal of imaginary wrongs, by satire on others, or inflict torture on themselves by the belief, often erroneous, of injuries they have sustained.

In Southey's "Progress and Prospects of Society," after dilating on the vain delusions, follies, and philosophies of the world, which engross so great a portion of mankind during their fleeting existence in it, he adds the following note: "that it is not meant to imply, that intercourse with the world in its innocent pursuits and pleasures has any tendency

unfavourable to religious sentiments, as some have a direct tendency to promote devotional feelings ;” and he relates a pretty story from St. Pierre, which is applicable here. “ Un jour, un de mes amis fut voir un Chartreux ; c’étoit au mois de mai. Le jardin du solitaire étoit couvert de fleurs dans les plates-bandes et sur les espaliers. Pour lui, il étoit renfermé dans sa chambre, où l’on ne voyoit goutte. Pourquoi, lui dit mon ami, avez vous fermé vos volets ? C’est, lui répondit le Chartreux, afin de méditer sans distraction sur les attributs de Dieu. Eh ! pensez-vous, reprit mon ami, en trouver de plus grands dans votre tête que ne vous en montre la nature au *mois de mai* ? Croyez-moi, ouvrez vos volets, et fermez votre imagination.”—HARMONIES DE LA NATURE.

“ La nature montre partout la lutte de l’ombre et de la lumière.” The truth is, they are not the highest instances that give the securest information ; as may be well expressed in the tale so common of the philosopher, that while he gazed upwards to the stars he fell into the water ; for if he had looked *down*, he might have seen the stars in the *water*, but

looking aloft he could not see the water in the stars. So it cometh often to pass, that things which we may consider mean and small, discover *great*, better than great can discover *small*.

Many deceive themselves with the fallacious notion, that as *truth* is mightier than falsehood, that good must prevail over evil; good principles however enable men to suffer rather than to act.

Truth and reason, in this mixed state of good and evil, are not invariably triumphant over falsehood and error; but even when labouring under temporary defeat, the two former bear within them an impression of superiority which plainly indicates that Omnipotence is on their side.

The enunciation of a great truth, and the ingratitude of mankind towards their benefactors, are phenomena so constantly co-existent, that the most consolatory aspect of the stern fact is, to consider it to be a law by which the race is benefited at the expense of the individual. Few of those who have made the most

important discoveries have survived this ordeal, *none* have *escaped* it. Harvey owned that his doctrine of the circulation of the blood cost him his practice, and gained for him instead the reputation of being a madman. Newton was undoubtedly worried into melancholy ; exhibiting signs of that kind of aberration which pertains to the sentient rather than to the logical qualities of the mind. Kepler's enthusiastic temperament sustained him under the consciousness of being misunderstood. But to the number of great hearts crushed under the burden of truth must be added that of Sir Charles Bell, a man to whom the world is indebted for greater discoveries for the benefit of mankind than two previous centuries had produced.—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

“Envy doth merit like its shade pursue.” Slander cannot make the subject of it either better or worse. It may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one, but we are the same : not so the slanderer ; for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the slandered never.

The praise of the envious is less creditable than their censure ; they praise only that

which they can surpass, but that which surpasses them, they censure.

Boyle gives a memorable account of the circumstances which led Harvey to the discovery of the circulation of the blood. He says, "I remember that in a discourse I had with him a little while before he died, I asked him what were the things which induced him to think of a circulation of the blood? He answered me, that when he took notice that the valves in the veins of so many parts of the body were so placed that they gave free passage to the blood towards the heart, but opposed the passage of the veinal blood the contrary way, he was invited to think, that so provident a cause as nature had not placed so many valves without design; and no design seemed more probable than that, since the blood could not well, because of the interposing valves, be sent by the veins to the limbs, it should be sent through the arteries, and return through the veins, whose valves did not oppose its course that way." The reason here ascribed to Harvey seems now so natural and obvious, that some have been disposed to question his claim to the high rank assigned to him among the improvers of science; and it is remarkable, that when

great discoveries are effected, their simplicity always seems to detract from their originality ; on these occasions we are reminded of the egg of Columbus !

PRIDE—OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE.

The French have two words to express pride, *la fierté* and *l'orgueil*. A lady being asked to define the difference, replied very promptly and happily, that the first was "defensive," and the second "offensive pride." The distinction is important. Of the first, it is impossible to have too much ; of the second, it is equally impossible to have too little. Defensive pride is that proper self-respect which will not allow its possessor to commit an unworthy, or base, or a mean action. It is that which keeps us from making friends and companions of the vicious, the dishonest, and the disreputable. It is that which urges us to distinguish ourselves above the crowd of the idle, the ignorant, the dilatory, and the variable, by our industry, our perseverance, and our constancy ; and which prompts us to win the applause of our fellows by our goodness, and consequent greatness. Defensive pride is the shield with which we keep off the assaults of those who, openly or insidiously, would bring us down to a lower moral level

than our judgment and our conscience inform us we ought to hold: it is the amulet with which we preserve ourselves from the machinations of evil, and by aid of which we may walk even amid the haunts of vice without contamination. Without a due proportion of this self-respect, no man yet has ever arrived at distinction, or left behind him a name which the world holds in honour. It is the nurse of emulation and ambition, and becomes, when properly or opportunely excited, the spur to urge the timid or the sluggish to do the good which another has left undone; the steel upon some flinty nature, eliciting heat and light which might otherwise have remained latent for ever. Pride of this kind sits as well upon the humblest as upon the loftiest. It is the pride of a man independent of his rank, his wealth, or his station; the pride of the gold, and not of the stamp upon it. Pride of this kind has found its most poetical, and at the same time its best and truest utterance in the song of Robert Burns, "A man's a man for a' that." Every one who feels his heart glow at the sentiments expressed in that glorious lyric, feels defensive pride; and if he continues to feel it, and makes it the guide of his life, he becomes—though he toil all day, and far into the night, for hard and

scanty bread ; though he “ wear hodden gray,” and dwell in a hut scarcely sheltered from the winds and rains of heaven—an ornament to his kind, and a blessing to himself. Offensive pride, on the other hand, shows the *little mind*, as defensive pride exhibits the *great one*. It is the pride of *externals*, as defensive pride is that of *internals* : that of the adventitious circumstances in which a man is placed, and not of the qualities of the man himself. Offensive pride assumes various forms, and is in all of them equally a proof of ignorance, presumption, and heartlessness. To the man of sense, it is always ridiculous ; and wherever it does not excite the anger, it is sure to excite the contempt of the well-minded. When we see a man proud of his high lineage, and expecting that we shall do homage to him for the virtue of his ancestors, although he have none of his own, we despise him all the more for the highness of his name : his pride and his lordly airs gall us, if we are of stern nature ; and provoke us to laughter if we are of the number of those who can find amusement in the contemplation of human folly. Proud men of this class have been compared to turnips and potatoes ; the best part of which are under-ground. Still more offensive is the pride of wealth, which is

the parent of every meanness. We may generally conclude, when we see a man proud of his money, that it has been gained in a shabby manner, and that he makes *really*, though not perhaps *visibly* to all men's eyes, a shabby use of it. If he have a large house, it is not for use, but for ostentation. If he have fine carriages, valuable horses, &c., it is that he may excite more attention from the frivolous and unthinking, than some one else who has hitherto rivalled him. If he give splendid entertainments, it is to excite the envy of those who cannot emulate his expense. If he give in charity, it is that it may be blazoned abroad. Such a man is not proud of being charitable, but of being *thought so*—not thankful for wealth, because it enables him to do good, but proud of it, because it gives him the means of attracting more worldly attention than better men, and enables him to ride in his carriage, when superior merit must walk on foot. There is also a pride of beauty, a pride of strength, a pride of skill, and a pride of talent, which all become offensive if they are loudly expressed, and are unsupported by other qualities which it is the province of a defensive pride to foster in the mind. When a woman is proud of her beauty, but has no charm of mind that will endure when beauty fades, her pride is offensive.

When a man is proud of his physical advantages, and has no mental strength, nor thinks it worth the cultivation, his pride is offensive. When another vaunts his skill in any particular pursuit—a skill which may be undoubted, and thrusts it inopportunately and pertinaciously forward, his pride is offensive: and when a man who has gained some credit for talent, is always fearful that he will lose it, unless he daily and hourly impresses the recollection of it upon those with whom he may be brought in contact, his pride is offensive, and is that of a little talent only, and not of a great one. Combined, on the contrary, with defensive and not with offensive pride, beauty, strength, skill, and talent become enhanced in our eyes. Beauty then knows, and acts upon the knowledge, that goodness will lend her additional charms; physical strength learns not to be proud merely with that which it has in common with the brutes, but to be strong in mind; and skill and talent, conscious that self-praise is no recommendation to the world, resolve to win the world's applause by future good deeds, and not by boasting vain-gloriously of those that are past. There is another great difference between defensive and offensive pride; which is, that while the one invariably keeps its thoughts

to itself, the other loves to proclaim them in all men's ears. Defensive pride never makes a boast; but offensive pride is never easy but when the boast is on its tongue. The one is silent, the other is loquacious. Defensive pride is retiring: offensive pride is forward; and the one lives upon the rewards of conscience, while the other only exists upon the babble of the crowd. There are other kinds of pride which are as offensive as those already mentioned. We would cite, especially, "sensitive pride," and the "pride that apes humility." Sensitive pride is founded not upon a proper self-respect, but upon inordinate vanity, linked with some degree of cowardice. If it has taken root in the breast of a poor man, or one of inferior station in society, it leads him to imagine insults from the rich and the lofty which were not intended, and to suppose that all the world are thinking how they can show him disrespect, when, in fact, the world is not giving itself the slightest concern about him. But this truth never enters into his mind; for if it did, he would be still more miserable. His consolation is, that the world hates him, and tries to trample him down, and he flies to that rather than the thought annihilating to his vanity and self-conceit, that the world most likely hardly knows

of his existence. In a rich and powerful man this pride generally springs from some conscious defect, physical or moral, but most often the former, as in the case of Lord Byron and his lameness. Upon this point he was ridiculously sensitive and offensive, and laid bare the weakness of his mental constitution—a vanity pained to be conscious of a physical deformity, which rendered him less perfect than the most perfect of his fellow-creatures, and a cowardice that prevented him from rising superior to the possible sneers of the thoughtless or unfeeling. Of the “pride that apes humility,” it may be truly said, that it is of all kinds the most offensive. In addition to the bad qualities inherent in a false and unfounded estimate of self, it possesses that of hypocrisy; and no junction can be more odious. Foolish pride may offend, but hypocritical pride offends and disgusts us. The pride of wealth, of rank, of power, of beauty, or of talent, though they may be unjustifiable, at least lean upon something that exists, or is supposed to exist; but the pride that apes humility leans upon a falsehood, which it knows to be one. It unites the bad qualities of all other kinds of pride, and is

in a manner the concentrated essence of offensiveness.—CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

He that places himself neither higher nor lower than he ought to do, exercises the truest humility ; and few things are more disagreeable to *those who understand it*, than that arrogant affability of the great, which serves to show others the sense they entertain of their inferiority, since they think it necessary to stoop so low to meet it.

Fielding observes, that pride, according to the doctrine of some, is the universal passion. There are others who consider it as the foible of great minds ; and others again, who will have it to be the very foundation of greatness : but to real greatness, which is the union of a good heart with a good head, it is almost diametrically opposed, as it generally proceeds from the depravity of both, and almost certainly from the badness of the latter. Indeed, a little observation will show us, that it is the weak and foolish who are most addicted to this vice ; and a little reflection will teach us that it is incompatible with *true* understanding. Accordingly we see, that while the wisest of

men have constantly lamented the weakness and imperfection of their own nature, the meanest and weakest have been triumphing in their own sufficiency.

It is ever the characteristic of a gentleman, to avoid, as much as possible, speaking of *himself at all*.

Riches may enable us to confer favours; but to confer them with propriety and with grace, requires a something that riches cannot give, and even trifles *may* be so bestowed as to cease to be such. A favour should never be offered in such a manner as to offend the delicacy of those whom you wish to serve. Favours may be offered in such a manner as to become insults.

We have heard it often observed, when speaking of a particular individual, "that *he could be a gentleman when he pleased*;" but with what a fatal mistake is it generally applied! He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be anything else. Circumstances may, and do every day in life, throw men of cultivated minds and refined habits into the society of their inferiors; but

while, with the tact and readiness that is their special prerogative, they make themselves welcome among those with whom they have few if any sympathies in common, yet never by any accident do they derogate from that high standard that makes them *gentlemen*. So, on the other hand, the man of vulgar tastes and coarse propensities may simulate, if he be able, the outward habitudes of good society, speaking with practised intonation, and bowing with well-studied grace; yet he is no more *a gentleman* in his *thought* and *feeling*, than is the tinselled actor, who assumes the monarch which his costume would bespeak him. The "being the gentleman when he likes," is but the mere performance of the character.

It is not the observance of all the rules of politeness that will be sufficient to make a man entitled to the appellation of a *gentleman*. Neither *birth*, *manner*, nor *fashion*, can effect this, but the *mind*. A high sense of *honour*, a determination never to take a *mean advantage* of *another*, an adherence to *truth*, delicacy, and politeness towards those with whom we may have dealings, are essential and distinguishing characteristics of a gentleman properly so called

MAXIMS OF ZOROASTER, THE ANCIENT PERSIAN
PHILOSOPHER.

The most ancient of all things is God, because he is uncreated ; the most beautiful is the world, because it is the work of God ; the greatest is space, for it contains all that has been created ; the quickest is the mind ; the strongest is necessity ; the wisest is time, for it teaches us to become so ; the most constant is hope, which alone remains to man when he has lost everything ; the best is virtue, without which there is nothing good. It is the decree of the most just God, that men shall be judged according to the good or evil which they shall have done : their actions will be weighed in the balance of equity : the good will dwell in light. Honour thy father and mother, if thou wishest to live eternal life. Such as thou art to thy father, such shall thy children be unto thee. Honour the aged, and let the younger yield to the elder. Never speak ill of the dead. Marry in thy youth. This world is but a passage ; it is necessary that thy son should succeed thee, and that the chain of beings should be preserved unbroken. When thou eatest, give also to the dogs to eat. It is forbidden to quit a post without permission of the com-

mander: life is the post of man. Temperance is the strength of the mind. Man is dead in the intoxication of wine. Man is not in safety except under the buckler of wisdom. Man in society is neither happy under the yoke of tyranny, nor under the relaxation of unbridled liberty. It is wisest to obey kings who are themselves subject to laws. Excessive liberty, and grinding servitude, are equally dangerous, and produce nearly the same effects. Hate not each other because you differ in opinion; rather love each other, for it is impossible that, in such a variety of sentiments, there should not be some fixed point on which all men ought to unite. To live well, we must abstain from those things which we think reprehensible in others. We ought not to become answerable for others, as we can hardly answer for ourselves. That we may not betray ourselves, it is necessary to learn the art of being silent. He who knows not how to be silent, knows not how to speak. We should beware of saying to others anything of which they may avail themselves to injure us. It is safest to live with thy friends as if they were one day to become thy enemies. Before thou quittest thy home, know what thou art going to do, and at thy return,

examine what thou hast done. If thou art in doubt, whether the action thou art thinking of would be a good one or a bad one, abstain from doing it. It is better to be chosen as an umpire by an enemy than by a friend: in the first case we make a friend, in the second an enemy. Never lie; it is infamous, even when falsehood may be useful. Keep not company with bad women; they will corrupt both thy body and thy mind. Seek not to seduce the wife of any man. The pleasures of this world are but of brief duration; virtue alone is immortal. Let thy mind, thy tongue, and thy thoughts be unsullied. Never make known what thou intendest to do, that in case of failure thou mayest not be derided. Foresee misfortunes, that thou mayest strive to prevent them; but whenever they happen, bear them with courage. It is the very height of calamity not to be able to support it. In affliction offer up thy patience to God: in prosperity pay unto him thy thanks. The happiness of the body consists in health; that of the mind in knowledge. To be insensible to the sufferings of our fellow-creatures is the most dangerous disease of the soul. Submit with good grace to that which thou canst not avoid. Day and

night, think of doing good. Life is short. If, when thou oughtest to benefit thy fellow-creatures to-day, thou delayest till to-morrow, make atonement. He who exhorteth man to patience, ought himself to be blameless ; let him have zeal, but let his zeal be neither irrational nor deceptious ; let him never be guilty of falsehood ; let his temper be mild, his disposition tender and indulgent, and his heart and his tongue be always in unison ; let him shun all licentiousness ; in a word, let him be a perpetual model of justice and of goodness.

The glory which is acquired by the constant practice of the social and religious virtues, though less brilliant perhaps than that which is obtained in gathering laurels in the battle field, is assuredly as solid, and not less real. To subdue the passions when everything invites, everything urges to gratify them, is itself an act of heroism, for who can deny wisdom her heroes as well as valour ?

ON GOOD MANNERS AND GOOD BREEDING.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. One

principal point is to suit our behaviour to three several degrees of men ; our superiors, our equals, and those below us. Pride, ill-nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill-manners ; without some one of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or what is commonly called knowledge of the world. Good sense is the principal foundation of good manners : but because the former is a gift which few among mankind are possessed of, therefore all civilized nations have agreed upon fixing some rules for common behaviour, best suited to their general customs, or fancies, as a kind of artificial *good sense*, to supply the defects of reason.—SWIFT.

“ La politesse est l’art de rendre à chacun sans effort ce qui lui est socialement dû.” And no man ever committed himself by incivility, who possessed a good heart and equitable spirit. A perfect freedom from affectation, and an observance of the feelings of others, will always exempt a person from the charge of vulgarity ; and nothing more clearly indicates the *true* gentleman than a desire evinced to oblige or accommodate, whenever it is *possible*

or *reasonable* ; it forms the broad distinction between the well-bred man of the world, and the coarse and brutal crowd ; the irreclaimably vulgar being such, not from their inferiority of station, but because they are coarse and vulgar in themselves. There is no better *test* of a man's claim to be considered really a *gentleman*, than a *scrutiny* of his conduct in *money transactions*. A man may possess rank and fashion, and by an assumed frankness of character deceive the multitude ; but the moment his *purse* is invaded, if he be not of the *true cast*, he will display the most contemptible meanness, he will take advantage of the *liberal*, *evade* by every miserable subterfuge the claims of those he *dares* not *oppress*, and unblushingly *defy* those unfortunate persons whose poverty is likely to prevent the due assertion of their rights. Such a man may possess station in society—he may be an *élégant*—he may be a *prince* ! but, if he be not *honest* and *honourable*, he is not a *gentleman*. It was well observed by George III., “that he could easily make a *lord*, but that he could *not* make a *gentleman*.”

There are none more despicable than those traitors to society who hurry from house to house, laden with the remarks made by one party upon another ; stirring up discord, and strengthening hatred wheresoever they appear, by whom every unguarded expression is distorted and magnified, and who take a malicious pleasure (too often under the guise of affection) in wounding one friend at the expense of another. This is the bane of country society, and falls particularly heavy upon those accustomed to all the freedom of thought and frankness of expression of a great capital, and who find it difficult, if not impossible, to adopt the caution so necessary in a small community ; we should therefore remember, that we may give *our own opinion* of people *if we choose*, but that we are not at liberty to repeat that of others.

It has been well observed, that in *good society* a tacit understanding exists, that whatsoever conversation may take place shall be, to a certain degree, sacred, and may not *honourably* be carried out of it, and repeated to the prejudice of the utterer. This axiom cannot be too strongly inculcated ; for if such prac-

tices were allowed, all confidence would be destroyed, and there would be no end of the mischief caused by silly or malignant people. None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them : such persons covet secrets, as a spendthrift covets money, viz., for the purposes of circulation.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable, than the comments of our friends upon them.

Gossip of every kind is unprofitable and frivolous. Whether it be the scandal of a country town, or of the great world, it is equally idle and equally wrong ; and it is a disgrace to the gentler sex, that they are so universally charged with the propensity : not but that the stigma is both too generally, and too exclusively applied ; for there are many women who do not by any means deserve it, and there are many men who do. And if the majority still be on the side of female delinquents, some allowance should be made for their more contracted sphere of action, and often for the want of important occu-

pation. It is true that every woman may find abundant occupation, and employment is the best prescription for a restless tongue. But education and habit are generally in fault. There are many who are by no means disinclined from useful effort, but who do not know how to commence it ; had these been properly trained, they might, in early life, have been led to devote their time to their own improvement and active duty. Religious gossip is quite as bad as any other. It can be by no means edifying, to be perpetually discussing the spiritual state of others, and giving our opinion on their progress. We can scarcely indulge in any such comments without being, in some degree, censorious ; and it would always do us much more good quietly to examine our own hearts and motives, than to interfere with the conduct or consciences of those around us. Yet this is a propensity in which, it must be allowed, we are all occasionally apt to indulge ; and if some are intolerant to every departure from their own standard of duty, others are equally tenacious of what they imagine to be decorum. They are the first to note indiscretions of every kind ; to surmise what is wrong, and to predict what is unhappy ; and if their conversation is

ever liked, it is from party spirit, or is a justification of the remark, that there is something not disagreeable in hearing of the misfortunes even of our friends. There are, however, comparatively few women who deserve such a reproach. Even those who are too fond of discussing their neighbours, indulge their propensity, in general, with no ill intent. They do so, often, from the mere love of talking; and because, when they have exhausted the weather and the fashions, they are somewhat at a loss for subjects of conversation. But women should endeavour to raise their minds above the trifles which too often engross them. They should consider that intellectual elevation is the great end of attainment; for it is not the being a little more accomplished than their grandmothers, that will impart to them real superiority. The great end of knowledge is to learn to *think*; and this, women are quite capable of; and also of moral and intellectual efforts; and the more they improve their mental faculties, the more useful will they become, and the higher will they rise in the social scale. And they will, too, be less liable to go wrong; for they will have that within them,

which will be a corrective to their faults, and a stimulus to their virtues. Such women, though they may have their share of trial, will bear up against misfortune, and will animate and bless others. And their religion will be so sound and genuine, that it will be their refuge in every distress, the spring of their comfort, and the ground of their hope ; it will be liable neither to decline nor change, but will prove a never-failing source of comfort in all the vicissitudes of life.

Vanity is the root of insubordination, and hot-bed of fanaticism. It makes women set up to be teachers, when they are mere sciolists. It is vanity that makes them despise instruction, and trust to intuition ; that even leads them at times to mistake the ravings of a heated brain for the gifts of the Holy Spirit. And if we may trace to other sources the aberrations of the present day, if the imagination whose excursiveness is pampered becomes at length uncontrollable, if the love of novelty is abroad, and every thing old is prejudged and pre-condemned ; still to vanity must we, in part at least, ascribe the melancholy defections of

some who gave promise of better fruit. To it we must attribute the unhallowed schisms, the unscriptural heresies, the unauthorised pretensions, in which women take so prominent a part, and by which they give so much occasion of offence. They are puffed up by self-conceit, they mistake the impulses of enthusiasm for revelations from heaven, and forget that while humility is the accompaniment of true piety, order is the unvarying characteristic of the Spirit of God. The more the effects of vanity are to be lamented, the more incumbent it is on Christians to check its growth. Yet this is scarcely remembered when the poor girl is taken from her spindle and her cottage to pray and expound in public; or when those of higher grade are enticed from their domestic and quiet duties by the glare and excitement of religious exhibitions. Neither is it remembered when the woman of rank is received with deference almost approaching to idolatry, when her every look and word are treasured up and repeated, when she is encouraged to pronounce upon characters and doctrine, to detail in the evening assembly her morning achievements, or enlarge in the class-room on the experience of her closet, when she may

make her strictures on others a plea for speaking of her efforts on their behalf, and indulge in censoriousness and egotism under the cloak of spiritual earnestness. Vanity is, in such cases, the canker of religion: it gnaws like a worm at the root; and when we look for the harvest, the fruit is dust and bitterness. How anxiously should we therefore watch its inroads! How carefully should we draw the fence around our own hearts! How especially should they by whom it has been long indulged guard against its revival! For nothing is so dangerous as an old enemy under a new name; and religious vanity is both more offensive and more insidious than any other. It is on this account that quietness is so desirable. It is not the going round a circle of religious acquaintances, or hurrying from one religious meeting to another, the discussing with one the popular preacher, and with another the popular heresy, the bandying of religion from mouth to mouth, that can promote its genuineness. Nor even is an indefatigable attendance upon congregational services, nor an unwearied assiduity in public benevolence, a *sure* criterion of our spiritual state. Privacy tries the *sincerity* of our religion. In society is its

sex ; and high attainments are found to be in many quite compatible with an unsound judgment. In women we are often startled at the incongruity ; and are surprised to see so much weakness combined with so much acquirement. But the solution is not difficult. Want of judgment is, indeed, one of the most common defects in female character ; and it is in discernment rather than in capacity that the inferiority of woman consists. She chose wrong at first ; and liability to error seems entailed upon her. We see this repeatedly exemplified. It is where judgment is required, that she is most apt to fail, and it is this, in part, which renders her so susceptible of religious error. All are apt to identify theoretical knowledge with spiritual discernment ; yet it is very possible to talk well upon religion ; to have a text of Scripture ready for every occasion, to read the religious miscellany and the religious controversy of the day, and yet be ill-grounded in divine truth. It is very possible to obtain credit for much piety, and yet to go wrong on the very points on which our judgment is least mistrusted. And it is in this way, that some apparently conscientious persons not unfrequently mistake. They have

in religion, as in other subjects, just that ready knowledge which is always producible ; and which leads them to imagine themselves proficient in theology, and to obtain credit for being so, when, in fact, they are very superficially informed.

What a pity it is that the symmetrical form of true religion should be ever obscured by the misshapen image of fanaticism ; and that the prominence assumed by the latter should conceal her perfect features. But it is no wonder that it should be so ; for fanaticism is ever bold, and courts display. She walks unveiled ; she tells her tale in the street ; she runs to rich and poor ; to learned and unlearned, proselyting some, alarming others, and raising at least the cry of party, either for or against herself. How different is the quiet step and modest mien of *true* religion ! She does not strive nor cry ; but, like her Divine Author, when He walked on earth, she shuns the crowd of idle gazers, and stops the garrulous mouth of fame. Few speak of her, few know her ; she is found in retirement—in the quiet circle, or in the solitary chamber. She is the guide and friend of her, who with a single eye, and guile-

less heart, fixes her regard on heaven, and cultivates those affections which will fit her for that purer and better world for which our passage through things temporal is designed to prepare us. And religion will bless those who thus submit to her influence. She will bestow on them a peace which the world can never give ; she will counsel them in every emergency, and guide them in that direct course which is far better than all the crooked turns of worldly policy. She will so elevate them above the turmoils of life, that, whilst duty involves them in its occupations, they will not be harassed or enslaved by them ; and she will impart to their character such dignity, that, though in some circles they may suffer reproach or ridicule for her sake, they will be, even there, secretly respected ; they will be consulted in difficulty, and sought for in distress ; and their presence will be welcomed, when the friendships of this world can afford no relief. Such is the influence of the religious woman ; and it will ever be exerted in a right cause. Religion will be loved and respected in her ; and though she will be diffident of her own powers, and retiring in her habits, she will not want opportunity or means of usefulness. In prosecution of her

quiet and unobtruding course, she may often find occasion to benefit others; to counsel the weak, or to persuade the wavering; to strengthen the unstable, or to bring the wanderer home.

It is sterling principle alone which imparts stability, and which gives truth for a foundation and a guide; and she who is possessed of it, may be depended upon alike in all relations and circumstances. Her religion is no wayward fancy; no day-dream; no precocious and sickly plant, that springs up in a night, and withers in an hour; its growth is sure and steady, though it may be slow; its roots are deep; and it will in time reach to heaven.

When religion is in fashion, the more frequent is the alloy as well as the counterfeit; for a profession of piety may be assumed from the mere desire of human approbation; and it may not always be easy to detect the impure motive. The hand and the heart should never be wanting to succour struggling industry, and to support the afflictions of the poor under sickness; but it would be well to remember the adage, "*Est modus in rebus*," and to raise our earnest protest against the system which would

render charity the mere resource of the idle to kill time, or the pernicious means of indulgence in a criminal vanity.

Let those who profess to be under the influence of the truths which are the objects of faith, see that they truly feel and really manifest their power. It is easy to assume the phraseology of religion ; it is easy to acquire a knowledge of its doctrines, and to argue acutely and ingeniously on points of faith. It is not difficult to practise with decorum its rites and forms, to observe its ordinances, and to show all that zeal for the externals of religion, by which a man acquires a certain character among his fellow men. It is easy also to those who have the means, and it is gratifying to feelings which exist in the generality of mankind, to practise benevolence, and to show concern for the poor ; but it is to the *heart* that the eye of Him who cannot be deceived by external things is *directed*, the *motive* to every action being open to his view. The inquiry therefore should be, what is the habitual current of our thoughts ? what the prevailing object of our desires ? what the governing *motives* of our conduct ? what place among them have the things of time, and what the things

of oternity? what influence have the motives and principles of the world, and what the great principle of devotedness to God? It is thus that we may learn those "secrets of the *heart*," which at present are hidden from all human eyes, but will be revealed at the great day of account, and tried by the standard of the law of God. It is in vain to talk of faith and godliness, while an inconsistent conduct, a contracted selfishness, or an unsubdued temper contradicts the profession. When the great principle really exists within, it will be manifest by its fruits; and when it is thus exhibited, in all its consisténcy, and all its power, it is then that it challenges the conviction of those who oppose themselves (upon other than *political grounds*), and compels them to acknowledge its reality and its truth, and to "glorify our Father which is in heaven."

The mind, that noblest part of man, is composed of various faculties, which it is our special duty to watch over, cultivate, and protect. Its cultivation, which is the most important branch of education, may be divided into three parts. The first, and most unquestionably the most important section, is that which relates to the

moral principle ; since on the correctness and strength of this principle depend not only the propriety of our various actions in every department of this life, but also our hopes and prospects for the next. It relates not only to our feelings and actions towards our fellow-creatures, but also to our duty towards our Creator. In proportion as this section of the cultivation of the mind is carefully and successfully advanced, we become increasingly actuated by love, gratitude, and obedience to the Author of all our blessings. Without sound religious culture, the mind becomes like a desert, and the haunt of vicious and degrading passions ; but all should beware of that spurious and deceptive substitute for this real cultivation, which is become so prevalent, giving to words and actions, as noticed by superficial observers, a great appearance of strictness and sanctity, but which will not stand the test of close examination. It is this spurious kind which produces hypocrisy and cant, the odious counterfeits of virtuous action, and of the genuine language of a well-regulated mind. It is much to be wished, that those who make profession of Christianity, instead of laying the principal stress upon particular dogmas, respecting which persons of

equal sincerity entertain shades of difference in their opinions, and instead of making them the subject of controversies and discussions, which have a tendency to encourage unfriendly feelings, might more constantly and zealously endeavour to observe the sacred precepts, and follow the perfect example of the Divine Author of our religion. This would prove the best and most effectual corrective both to the depravity and uncharitableness of the present day, and would promote in the highest degree the comfort and happiness of individuals, and the community also. The moral principle, like the mental faculties, admits of a high degree of cultivation. It is strengthened and rendered active by the constant practice and contemplation of what is excellent and virtuous ; but it may be lamentably weakened, and even destroyed, in those who abandon what is good to follow a base and criminal course of life. The second division of the subject of mental culture relates to that education which is required for the due performance of our respective business and occupation ; and the third, to those collateral branches of knowledge, which, though not absolutely necessary for the performance of several kinds of work, and the

management of our affairs, nevertheless contribute to our satisfaction and enjoyment. The education and improvement of our minds depend not only on our own attentive observations and reflection, but most materially on what may have been discovered by others ; as well those who may have lived before us, or who may be now living in different countries, as those who are in immediate communication with us : hence, in the present day, there can be no limit to education, or the enriching cultivation of the mind, while we continue to inhabit our earthly tabernacle. It is very essential that the education of individuals should not only be industriously and zealously attended to, both by themselves and their instructors, but that the right direction should be given to it, with respect to the course of life and the occupation which the individual is to follow : this, as before stated, may be considered the second branch of education.

It is impossible to represent one general standard of ability both to do and to suffer, which is to be regarded as constituting the inestimable blessing of the possession of a *sound mind in a sound body*, which a celebrated medi-

cal writer of the foregoing article describes thus :—" His breathing must be easy, scarcely perceptible to himself or others ; it must be little disturbed by continued exercise, or by the ordinary variations of heat and cold. After moderate fasting, he should feel the calls of appetite inducing him to partake with relish, but yet with moderation, of plain but nutritious food. When he has taken this food, its digestion should proceed with no other sensible effect than the invigoration and moderate excitement of mind and body. There must be no head-ache, no nausea, no heartburn and flatulence ; no craving for stimulants to correct uneasy sensations ; nor drowsiness, interrupting thought, and irresistibly leading to profound sleep. All the movements of the body must be performed without producing suffering, either at the time or afterwards. They should be executed with precision, and in obedience to the will ; and with a power proportioned to the size and age of the individual. Whilst he should be able, within the limits of his strength, to grasp, and hold, and prove without vacillating, the weighty and the bulky, he should be able, also, to direct his touch to the smallest visible point ; to hold it, and operate upon it, without

a tremor. His back and loins should sustain without effort the weight of his head and arms, and retain for themselves a position gracefully erect, when not engaged in movements which require a different attitude. His legs should well sustain the weight of the other parts, and perform with ease and alacrity every species of movement which may be required of them. His springy limbs should touch the ground with elastic feet ; and he should move onwards with that consciousness of enjoyment which the poet supposes our first parent to have felt, when he first became sensible of his new existence :—

‘ And sometimes went, and sometimes ran,
As lively vigour led.’

His several senses of touching, tasting, smelling, seeing, and hearing, should be delicate and accurate ; and pleasure, rather than pain and uneasiness, should be experienced in the employment of them. His mental powers, which admit of so many degrees, may not, indeed, be able to cope with a master, the highest and the mightiest objects with which the most talented of men have been successfully engaged ; but within the limits which they possess, they should perform their part with ease, accuracy,

and steady constancy. Such an individual should feel all the desires and appetites of his nature enlivening and animating his exertions, without allowing them to hurry him aside by their irregular impulses. He should be like some skilful charioteer, who guides two fiery horses, and is excited by their ardour, whilst his prowess restrains their impetuosity. As his body resists the variations and inclemencies of the seasons, his mind should withstand the vicissitudes of fortune. Yet, warmed with the best affections of our nature, he may feel pain in his sympathy with those who suffer, and more especially with the weaker victims of extortion and violence. He may be aroused by detestation of the base, unjust, overbearing, and cruel ; but his wrath should not be spent in useless words, but rather urge him on in fearless and indefatigable resistance. Finally, his mind cannot be healthy, if it is not exercised with those subjects of paramount and enduring interest which lie beyond this transitory scene. His hopes and his fears must not be limited to those objects which are visible and tangible, and which merely affect him in this life ; but, equally removed from *cold infidelity*, from *wild fanaticism*, and from *degrading super-*

stition, he will feel at times a thrill of gratitude to the great Author and Sustainer of his being, and taste of joys with which no stranger can intermeddle."—HODGKIN ON HEALTH.

That the improvement of the moral and spiritual condition ought to be the first concern of every intellectual creature, should be impressed upon all, both by precept and example ; in opposition to the uncontrolled dominion of that *worldly spirit*, which it is the tendency of the commercial system to produce and foster. Setting aside the chances, as they are called, of health and fortune, few fail of happiness except through some indiscretion or error of their own ; and it will generally be found that those persons have been the happiest who have best deserved to be so. They have had most enjoyment in prosperity, have struggled best in difficulties, and borne affliction with the wisest spirit and the truest resignation. Some, indeed, amid the privations inseparable from scanty means, or under bodily affliction, or the sorer pressure of worldly and inevitable cares, have yet been objects of admiration and example rather than *compassion*,

because their minds were well regulated, and they were in the enjoyment of that peace which passeth all understanding.

It might be imagined that, with the advantages possessed by the member of a civilized community, it were only necessary to bring the savage into contact with him, to graft on his nature all the benefits of cultivation, without entire loss of the few virtues which original simplicity had given him. But it is a melancholy *truth*, that in almost all cases where the people of newly discovered, or uncultivated regions, have been thrown into communication with Europeans, they have imbibed readily all the vices of their instructors, without receiving one virtue of civilized life in exchange for those which they have lost by the intercourse. No race of men have furnished a stronger, or for themselves more fatal illustration of this fact, than the Indians of North America. It is the inculcation of true influential practical Christianity alone, (not the visions of enthusiasts,) that would promise a remedy for this evil. Alas! with all our advantages, how much is the same want experienced at

home! This real sense of religion can alone be grounded on an *actual belief* of the all-seeing eye of God, and a feeling of reverence, proceeding from the heart and the understanding, for the Great Creator and Governor of the universe, the pages of whose works are open to all his creatures. Difficult as it may appear to produce this true foundation, (the endeavour even to accomplish which has been almost laid aside of late years, even in this country,) it seems far more possible with regard to the uninstructed, than with those who have imbibed such unworthy notions of the Deity, as to be possessed with the idea that religion consists in vain *repetitions* and *burdensome ceremonies*, and that there is no difference between the committing the most heinous offences, and eating meat on the eve of a saint's day, though they may eat or drink anything else which they may like better, to as much excess as they please. Equally incompatible with this true foundation, are the ideas of those who consider the Almighty as unjust, by sending a portion of his creatures into the world incapable of obeying his will, as exhibited in the Scriptures, and taught by the example of our Lord Himself,

when we are expressly told that "God's holy word was written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scripture might have hope." This hope must be founded upon our *belief* of the *goodness* and *justice* of God, and the fruit of this *belief* will be our earnest endeavours to obey his will, as revealed to us in the *general tenor* of his written word ; all of which, as regards the regulation of practical duty, is plain to the comprehension of every one who is sincerely desirous to *do his will*. Religion thus grounded, viz., upon a *real belief* in the omniscience and omnipresence of God, and consequent reverence for those attributes which the Scriptures, and the observation of his works, unfold to our view, is the only foundation that can be expected to have such a permanent effect upon the feelings and conduct, as to produce that *real* civilization which Christianity was designed to produce. Let those who profess to bear his name, see that they follow his steps. While they look to him continually, both as their righteousness and their strength, let them earnestly endeavour to do his will. Habitually studying his character as their pattern, and constantly relying upon his grace as their strength, they may

hope to grow in likeness to his image, looking forward with humble confidence to the time, when "they shall see him as he is."

Christianity requires of man no sacrifice but that of his evil thoughts and propensities, no duty but what brings with it, even in this life, its own reward. It gives him an unerring rule of life, adapted to all the relations of society, and business of the world; and in proportion to his observance of it, does he fulfil his duty better in whatever station he may be placed. It is the sure guide in youth; the sure support in temptation; the sure consolation in age and sorrow; the sure restorative for him who, turning away from error and wickedness, would prepare himself here for a better state of existence, where the only real wisdom and the only abiding happiness is to be found. Men have outgrown other institutions of that period when Christianity appeared, its philosophy, its modes of warfare, its policy, its public and private economy; but true Christianity has never shrunk as the power of intellect and knowledge have increased, but has always kept in advance of men's faculties, and unfolded nobler views in pro-

portion as they have ascended. The highest powers and affections which our nature has developed, find more than adequate objects in this religion. Christianity is, indeed, peculiarly fitted to the more improved stages of society, to the more delicate constitution of refined minds, and especially to that dissatisfaction with the present state, which always grows with the growth of our moral powers and affections. As men advance in civilization, they become susceptible of mental sufferings, to which ruder ages are strangers ; and these Christianity is peculiarly fitted to assuage. Imagination and intellect become more restless, and Christianity brings them tranquillity by the eternal and sublime truths, the solemn and unbounded prospects which it unfolds. This fitness of our religion to more advanced stages of society than that in which it was introduced, to the wants of human nature not then developed, is very striking, and bespeaks it to be a religion which bears the marks of having come from a Being who perfectly understood the human mind, and had power to provide for its progress. This feature of Christianity is of the nature of prophecy. It was an anticipation of future and distant ages ; and

when we consider among whom our religion sprung, where, but in God, can we find an explanation of this peculiarity ?

Christian wisdom is "without partiality." It is not calculated for *this* or *that* nation or people, but the whole *race* of *mankind* ; not adapted to philosophical schemes, which are narrow and confined, or to peculiar governments or sects ; but in every nation "he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." "It is without hypocrisy." It appears to be what it really is, and is all of a piece. By the doctrines of the Gospel, we are so far from being allowed to publish to the world those virtues we have not, that we are commanded to hide even from ourselves those we really have, and not to let our right hand know what our left hand doeth ; unlike several branches of the Heathen wisdom, which pretended to teach insensibility and indifference, magnanimity and contempt of life, while at the same time in other parts it belied its own doctrines.

The great difficulty in pulpit eloquence is, to give the subject all the dignity it so fully deserves, without attaching any importance to ourselves; some preachers reverse the thing; they give so much importance to themselves, that they have none left for the subject.

Out of this life I can carry nothing but my good works, and trust in God's mercy through Christ. I will not add to my evil, that of a vain-glorious spirit, but will take heed whereon I set my heart, since the accomplishing of what I wish may be a punishment of my desires. Should those things of earth, which I most love and desire the continuance of, be taken from me, it is a chastisement of my *earthly affection*; and if I be permitted to enjoy them, I may fear that they may be the temporal reward of some good work, which may either diminish or deprive me of the eternal. The things of this world are not only a shadow, but very deceitful; they promise us goods and bring us evils, promise us *ease* and give us *cares*, promise us *security* and give us *danger*, promise us great *contents* and give us great *vexations*. There is no permanent

felicity upon *earth*, no happiness which is not liable in a moment to be depressed by some low calamity. It is not needful to attend the end of life to see the imposture of it; it is enough to see the alterations whilst it lasts, to be assured that vain is all earthly greatness, if that of heaven be not gained by it. We are here in this world but as in an *inn*, from whence we are suddenly to depart; let us take care for our journey, and furnish ourselves only with such provision as we can carry with us; let us clothe ourselves with such garments as will not wear out, or be liable to be taken from us. Let us preserve our humility, and not confide in prosperity, nor presume upon our virtues, though never so great, since all men are subject to fall into those misfortunes he little thinks of. We must not trust in life, because it may fail whilst the goods of it remain; and we can as little trust in them, because they may likewise fail whilst it continues.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better, and the longest is too short if it do not.

Those hopes are not vain which look beyond this world for their fulfilment. Knowing that not a particle of matter can be destroyed, how surely then may we conclude that this, which is demonstrated in material existences, is true of spiritual things ; that love, and generous feelings, and noble thoughts, and pure and holy aspirations, are not laid aside when we put off mortality ; but that inhering in our mortal nature, they partake its immortality, and constitute in their fruition a part of that happiness which our almighty and all merciful Father has appointed for all his creatures, who do not wilfully renounce their birthright ! This is a consolation which reason suggests, which philosophy approves, which Scripture warrants, and on which the understanding and the heart may rest.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few ;
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do ;
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I loved so well ;
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead !

And oh, when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died.
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tears away.

There is a form of consolation, paramount to all others, as being based upon larger views of man's position on earth. It consists in a firm reliance on the general good arrangements of a wise and benevolent Providence, which makes evil only an exception from present apparent good, and often turns evil to account for what may be called a deferred benefit. Knowing this to be the character of the arrangement of mundane affairs, and that life and all its blessings are held under an obligation to submit to that arrangement, we should humbly endeavour to meet the troubles that befall us with composure and resignation. Evils we must admit them to be ; there is no good in seeking to extenuate them, or in looking complacently to the equal or greater woes of others. But, while the great arrangement obviously does not exclude evil, it as evidently comprises a gift to man, of the power of bearing it in a rational and proper manner, and many attendant alleviations : one of the chief of these is in opposition to the selfish system of consolation (*viz.*, that of many others being as great sufferers as ourselves), for it consists in the sympathy of friendly and unselfish natures, those good Samaritans of the common

world, who know not what it is to see suffering without the wish to relieve it, and who would rather pity than blame ; but the chief source of all, and only *certain one*, is to be found in a firm, unflinching spirit of submission, not the dogged stubbornness of the stoic, but the patience and meekness of a better philosophy. How much, too, is there in the power of time to effect ! A new day brings round new experiences and new feelings to obliterate the old. Finally, there is the knowledge of a chastening and improving effect from well-borne afflictions. In these considerations, and a few others, less of a this-world kind, the truest and the least selfish consolations in affliction are to be found.

CONTENTMENT.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind ; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

In proportion to the uses we make of our destiny, do we repose or toil : he who never

knows pain, knows but the half of pleasure. The lot of whatever is most noble on the earth below, falls not amidst the rosy gardens of the Epicurean. We may envy the man who enjoys and rests ; but the smile of Heaven settles rather on the front of him who labours and aspires.

This world is said to be a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel.

He who can bewail his sorrows to the world will not become their victim ; nor does affliction ever overturn the sanity of a spirit which it does not first render inert and indolent. In the hopeless heart there is not sufficient energy left for unavailing complaint

There is a time when every man is struck with a sense of his mortality, and feels the force of a truth to which he has hitherto consented from custom, without considering its certainty or importance. This time seldom happens in the cheerful simplicity of infancy, or in the first impatience of youth, when "the world is all before us," when every object has the force of novelty, and every desire of pleasure derives

strength from curiosity: but after the first heat of the race, when we stop to recover from our fatigue, we naturally consider the ground before us, and then perceive that at the end of the course are clouds and darkness; that the grave will soon intercept our pursuit of temporal felicity; and that if we cannot stretch to the goal that is beyond it, we run in vain, and spend our strength for nought. Great disappointments, which change our general plan, and make it necessary to enter the world as it were a second time, seldom fail to alarm us with the brevity of life, and repress our alacrity, by precluding our hopes.

There is nothing more melancholy than what we experience on looking over the bright scenes of nature, with an eye fresh from the bed of deadly sickness. There is a strange and awful contrast in it, which makes life seem so utterly vain and worthless, that all we have been taught to prize turns suddenly, like the fabled fruit, to dust and ashes; and our heart sinks under the conviction of the emptiness of everything here below, even before it can rise with the consciousness of a better state beyond.

There is something in severe illness, especially if it be in violent contrast to the usual strength of the body, which has often the most salutary effect upon the mind, producing contentment and submission. We are made to feel that in *mere life*, enjoyed as the robust enjoy it, God's great principle of good breathes and moves. We rise from sickness softened and humbled, and more disposed to look around us for such blessings as we may yet command, and receive them with a degree of thankfulness not felt before. It is those only who seek the truth in humbleness and singleness of heart, who will find it.

The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue ; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth ; as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning in falsehood or deception. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies. "Great is the truth, and mighty above all things."

It is the motive which gives the value to the action. Thus it is that few can safely pass a definitive judgment upon the actions of their

fellow-men, until by a clear relation of facts, and a complete development of cause and effect, are exhibited in their true colours the motives by which they are actuated.

The greatest happiness we are capable of enjoying in the latter stages of life, are the blessings of ease, a peaceful retreat, and honest independence.

When we have advanced a certain distance in our journey through life, so much of our enjoyment lies in memory, that we find our intercourse barren with those who can take no part in our bygone recollections.

It has been said by Swift, that the cause of most men's actions, good or bad, may be resolved into love of ourselves. But the self-love of some men inclines them to please others, and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves, which makes the great distinction between virtue and vice.

It is true that confidence lost can never be recovered ; that when we find we have been deceived in those we have trusted, that neither

the bonds of gratitude, nor of honour, nor of kindred, have power to bind the hearts and passions of men ; we never *can* feel that full reliance again upon any human being which we once entertained in the days of happy inexperience, and our shaken trust leaves us uncertain and doubtful of where to find faith on earth, or truth amongst the children of men.

OLD AGE.

Age is the heaviest burthen man can bear,
Compound of disappointment, pain, and care ;
For when the mind's experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength.

Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays :
One ray of light the closing eye receives,
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.

Though some, who from advanced pilgrimage in life's rough ways, must know the vanity of the high hopes and buoyant expectations of early years, still they carry the freshness, the charm, and the promise of the opening spring along with them ; and the heart, not closed by misanthropy, is sometimes willing to forget its own bitter experience, and to hope for the

objects of its love after its own hopes are withered: and though experience may prove that the rough ways of life are the best disciplinarians of the human heart, yet such is the instability of human reason, that we still hope that others may attain wisdom by a smoother path; and though the rough, bare, up-hill road, exposed to sharp and chilling blasts, is that which shows the world as it *really is*, we still sigh for the sheltered valley, though our bounded vision might thereby lose the view beyond it.

There are many persons who confound together, in a great degree, in their thoughts and language, "heaven," when employed to signify the place of happiness, and the abode of the holy angels, with "heaven" in the other sense, the visible heavens, otherwise called the sky; all, in short, that is removed from this earth, and appears above those who inhabit it; so that when they speak or think of going to heaven as a place of happiness, they, in some degree, connect this in their minds with some nearer approach to those heavenly bodies, as they are called, which appear over our heads. The eternal habitation of the blest is described by the Apostle as "new heavens and a

new earth ;” meaning by “heavens” the air we breathe and the sky over our heads, as he means by “earth,” the place on which we dwell. And his description must be understood, in a great degree at least, literally ; since the blest in the next world, having real material bodies, as now, though different from their present bodies, must inhabit some place fitted for the reception of such *bodies* : though exempt, of course, from the evils of this present world, and from all temptations that could lead them into sin ; “righteousness,” says the Apostle, “will dwell in the new heavens and in the new earth which God has promised.”

Whether the *place* of the habitation of the blest will be in this present earth, renewed, and restored to such a condition as that in which it was created, when the first man was placed in Paradise, or altered in some other way ; or whether they will be fixed in some other part of the universe ; we have no means of ascertaining, nor is it of any consequence that we should know.

“A little learning,” it has been remarked, is often “a dangerous thing ;” ignorance, how-

ever, is not at all more safe ; the danger of a little learning consists in not being sensible that it is *but a little*. The most learned man's knowledge is very limited, when compared with what he is ignorant of ; and if he is not *aware of his ignorance*, his knowledge will only mislead him.

Let it be recollected, then, and carefully kept in mind, that God is in all places alike, and at once. He is *here* this moment, and at all times, as well as in the most remote regions of the universe. "Whither shall I go then from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I climb up into heaven Thou art there: if I go down to hell, Thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." Indeed, we have no reason to suppose that the great Spirit, whom we call God, and whom we suppose not to partake at all of the nature of any material substance, has any relation to *place* at all, or can be properly said to be *in* any place. Strictly speaking, it is not that God is every where *present*, but rather, that all things are

present to Him; as falling under his perfect knowledge and complete control. When, therefore, we speak of the blest as being admitted into the *presence* of God, we must remember, that this has not necessarily any thing to do with the change of *place*, but implies rather a change in their *condition*. All beings are constantly and equally in the presence, literally, of God, to whom the whole universe is present; but all are not equally *conscious* of this; the brute animals do really, as well as ourselves, "in Him, live, and move, and have their being," and could not exist a moment without the care of Providence; but they cannot know of his existence. Man can, and does, and is invited to address himself to this great and inconceivable Being by prayer. Some few men, as the apostles and prophets, have been conscious of receiving distinct communications from Him; which enabled them (in order that they might be assured that they were not misled by fancy) to foretel future events, and perform other things surpassing human power. And we find Him, before the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise, represented as holding immediate converse with them. The like, in probably a much higher degree than all these,

we may expect will take place in the case of his faithful servants hereafter. His presence, to which they hope to be admitted, must mean the more distinct *perception* of his presence, and more distinct communication with Him. The all-present God does not inhabit one place more than another ; but He will be more *manifest* to his servants, in their glorified state, than now ; and this, probably, through the means of a change in their powers and faculties. A blind man may be close to some goodly prospect ; but since he sees nothing of it, it is the same thing to him whether he is present or absent : an infant again, or a brute beast, or an idiot, may be in the midst of a number of wise and worthy men ; but cannot, properly speaking, be said to be *in their company*, because it wants the faculties to discern what they are, and to join their society. Let the blind man's eyes be opened, and the prospect will at once become really present to him, that is, present to his *mind* ; let the infant grow up to be a man,—let the brute or the idiot be supposed to be suddenly endowed with reason, and let them be placed in the midst of the very same persons, and they will then be truly in their company, from being capable of under-

standing them, and holding converse with them. Even thus, if the eyes of our mind be opened, if the faculties be enlarged, and the powers of reason advanced, as those of an infant when he grows up, we shall at once by the change wrought within us, be brought nearer to what may be called, the presence of God ; that is, to the capacity of perceiving more of his glorious perfections, than we can in our present state, and of holding some such intercourse with him as now we cannot. Although, however, the all-present Spirit, which we call God, has no relation to place, nor can be said to be in one part of the universe more than in another ; it must be otherwise with the bodily person of the Lord Jesus, with whom the Divine Spirit was mysteriously united. A *body* must be in some place, and cannot be in more than one at once. And the same must be the case with the bodily persons of Enoch and Elijah ; and if there be any other highly-favoured personages to whom it has been given to forestal the general resurrection, in allusion to those saints, whose bodies, we are told, arose and “came into the holy city after the resurrection of our Lord, and were seen by many.” Jesus Christ and Elijah were visibly removed

from the earth ; of Enoch's translation we have no particular account. In what place, however, these dwell, and whether it be the same that is appointed for the habitation of the faithful, we have no means of knowing ; but that Jesus Christ will Himself come in bodily person to judge the earth, we are expressly told. Whether this earth will afterwards be renewed, and fitted for the habitation of the just made perfect, or whether some other place will be set apart for them, is a question which neither Scripture nor reason will enable us to decide. Ignorant, however, as the wisest of us must be on these subjects, the most ignorant of us is wise enough for his own purposes, if he will seek for the knowledge of his duty, and use what knowledge he has. Short-sighted as we are, we can see by the light of God's word that there are two paths set before us, the ends of which we cannot, indeed, *distinctly* see ; but we know that the one leads to everlasting happiness, and the other to misery ; that God has offered us our choice between them, and entreated us to take the better, and promised us strength to walk in it, if we will "strive to enter in at the strait gate." "Behold," says He, "I set before you this day good and evil ;

blessing and cursing ; now therefore choose blessing !” We are sent into this world not only as a state of trial, for a limited time—but also of preparation for a better existence. It is manifest that the *whole* of our lives is the period appointed for this purpose, being that of our allotted trial of whether we will comply with our Lord’s commands or not ; and how mistaken are those who speak of preparing for death as a distinct and separate business, proper to be undertaken when we believe death to be at hand ! *When* we shall die, does not depend upon ourselves ; but *how* we shall die *does* ; since it depends upon how we shall have *lived*.

OF INSTRUCTING CHILDREN IN RELIGION.

Religion, in all the parts of it, both with regard to belief and practice, is most necessary to be taught. In the first place, not only because it is of the highest importance, and most universal concern to all mankind, but because it may be taught even in these early years of life. As soon as children begin to know almost any thing, and to exercise their reason about matters that lie within the reach of their knowledge, they may be taught as much of religion

as is necessary for their age and state. 1st. They may be taught that there is a great and Almighty God, who made them, and who gives them every good thing. That He sees them every where, though they cannot see Him; and that all their thoughts, words, and actions, are open to his view. 2ndly. They should be told what they should do, and what they should avoid, in order to please God. They should be taught, in general, to know the difference between good and evil, and learn that it is their duty to fear, and love, and worship God; to pray to Him for what they want, and render thanks and praise for what they enjoy; to obey their parents, to speak truth, and to be honest and friendly to all mankind, and to set a guard upon their own appetites and passions; and that to neglect these things, or to do any thing contrary to them, is sinful in the sight of God.

One of our divines has well pointed out, as a peculiar glory of *true* Christianity, that it does not only *save*, but *civilize* its *real* professors. And it will be found by those who study the principles and feelings inculcated by our Lord and his Apostles under the appellation of *charity*, and also by the wise man under that

of *wisdom*, that carried into practice they would produce not merely civilization, but an elevation of mind and character which must raise its possessors in the scale of existence, and at the same time make them happier and more respectable in whatever position of life they may be placed.

There is nothing so suitable to everybody's situation as to know how to conduct themselves rightly in it.

No man is ridiculous for what he *is*, but for pretending to be what he *is not*. Rochefoucault says, "were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as to disguise what we *are*, we might appear like *ourselves* without being at the trouble of any disguise at all."

MODERN EDUCATION.

It is a fact confirmed both by reason and experience, and one which can alone account for that great deficiency of spontaneous and native power—that which comes under the denomination of *genius*—in the schools, English and foreign, where these modes of instruction are pursued—that the very art with which

children are taught exactly tends to stifle that which no art can teach.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Children are often themselves sharp casuists as to what is put into a child's mouth. They detect intuitively what is absurd, or what is unnatural ; and could we see into their hearts we should find a secret contempt for, or grudge against, the little pedantic spokesman whose observations form the greater part of such volumes. Under the best of circumstances we doubt whether children, who are beyond mere babyhood, enjoy the histories and pictures of their own " life and times " as much as their elders suppose. For *us* these scenes of childhood, described as some of our modern writers can describe—for *us* these scenes have an ineffable charm ; but we must remember, that we stand in direct contrary position to their ostensible readers. We look fondly back to childhood—they, ardently forward to maturity ; we magnify the happiness that is *past*—they, that alone which is *to come*. For *them*, men and women are as gods and goddesses ; and no description of the paradise they now occupy in-

terests them half as much as a peep into that Olympus which they hope one day to climb.—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

In some spoiled children a certain caressing gentleness exists, which when latent, takes amiable colours ; but in the end produces selfishness. A certain timidity of character, endearing, perhaps, to the anxious heart of a mother, often makes this fault more likely to take root. For in *bold natures* there is a lavish and uncalculating recklessness which scorns the consequences to *self* unconsciously : and what is *fear*, but, when *physical*, the regard for *one's own person* ; when *moral*, the anxiety for *one's own interests* ?

It is evident, that the science which teaches us how to trace error to its source, how, and within what limits, to conduct our inquiries, in order to conduct them with success, cannot, without great abuse of language, be said to be unproductive of utility or power. Now, it is the philosophy of the mind, and it is *it alone* which teaches this. What, indeed, is the inductive philosophy of Bacon, but that branch of the philosophy of the mind which teaches us to

apply our faculties with success in the discovery of truth ? The utility of this study must be obvious to every one who recollects that it forms the groundwork of all the moral and political sciences. They are, in fact, only dependent provinces of this "capital and centre," as Hume calls it, of human knowledge. If we would know their foundations or springs, we must trace them to the powers, and principles, and feelings, of our intellectual constitutions ; and there can be no scientific reasoning in regard to them that is not grounded upon this foundation. All their fundamental ideas and principles derive their explanation and authority from the laws of the mind. The analysis of its various powers and principles seems to be as necessary to the science in question, as the anatomy of the body is to the other branches of medical knowledge. These views have the invaluable sanction of Bacon's authority ; for he distinctly points out the analytical examination of the principles and affections of the human mind as the nourishing source of all civil and political philosophy. In fine, the study of the powers and faculties of the human mind, is that which furnishes the key to all knowledge, as the hand is instrumental to all other instru-

ments, so is the knowledge of the mind instrumental to the attainment of all other knowledge. Reflection involves the deliberate exercise of attention and comparison ; processes to which the bulk of mankind never think of subjecting their thoughts, but to which it is necessary habitually and methodically to subject them, in order to arrive at an accurate knowledge of the laws of mind. The philosophy of the mind is an object of paramount utility ; for it is intimately and essentially connected with almost every other branch of knowledge, and with all the nobler concerns of human life. If this view of it be just, which it undoubtedly is, it must follow, that this study cannot be neglected without material injury to the general system of human knowledge, and the means of human improvement.

ERROR DIFFERS FROM IGNORANCE.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information ; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write ; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase. Ignorance

is contented to stand still with her back to the truth ; but error is more presumptuous, and *proceeds* in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her steps, has further to go before she arrives at the truth than ignorance.

The wise man has his follies no less than the fool ; but herein lies the difference, the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself ; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but hidden from the world.

With inferior minds, to tell them their faults is to unpardonably offend them.

Good sense is what everybody imagines himself to possess, but it will be found to be as rare as it is admirable a quality.

WISDOM.

Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a

building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan, and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered to be the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act, and when to cease ; when to reveal, and when to conceal a matter ; when to speak, and when to keep silence ; when to give, and when to receive ; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end, pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill besides, needs to derive direction from this ; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper

to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army, or to fight a battle to the greatest advantage ; but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war, or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth ; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune, and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand ; looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction ; and this superintendent power is wisdom.

It is sometimes remarked of very talented people, that they possess every sense but common sense, as though the possession of talent or various fine qualities can atone for its absence. Common sense is not only positively necessary to render talent available by directing its proper application, but is indispensable as a monitor to warn men against error. Without this guide the passions and feelings will be ever leading men astray, and

even those with the best natural dispositions will fall into error. Common sense is to the individual what the compass is to the mariner : it enables him to steer safely through the rocks, shoals, and whirlpools that intersect his way. Were the lives of criminals accurately known, it would be found generally that from a want of that sense which looks to consequences, had proceeded their guilt ; for a clear perception of crime would do much to check its perpetration. Conscience is the only substitute for this kind of sense, but even this will not supply its place in all cases. Conscience will lead a man to repent or atone for crime, but common sense would preclude his committing it, by enabling him to see the result. Many there are who possess this faculty, but never think of using it in opposition to their companions who have it *not*, but follow the multitude one after another in the same track like a flock of sheep. We frequently hear people say "so and so are very clever," or "very cunning," and are well calculated to "make their way in the world." This opinion seems to be a severe satire on worldly wisdom ; for as cunning can only appertain to a mean intellect, to which it serves as a poor substitute for sense, it argues

ill for the world to suppose it can be taken in by it. We never meet with a really good and sensible person to whom the attribute of cunning belongs, though we know many weak and wicked ones who possess this despicable quality, so justly held in abhorrence,—except, indeed, in the case of very young children, to whom Providence seems to have given it before they arrive at good sense.

Notwithstanding that man's essential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wise man and the fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, the last to outshine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in other men. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and

the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.—ADDISON.

A constant intercourse with society, while it smooths down asperities and polishes manners, is apt to impair, if not destroy, much of the originality peculiar to clever people. To suit themselves to the ordinary level of society, they are apt to become either insipid or satirical, and as they cannot elevate the mass with which they herd to their own level, they are apt to sink to theirs; thus persons with talents that might have served for nobler purposes, are suffered to degenerate into “*diseurs de bon mots*,” and “*reconteurs de société*,” content with the paltry distinction of being very amusing.

There are few things by which we can so well trace the history of the human mind as by the style of books, which at different periods have met with the most general circulation amongst the reading public. The favourite book of every age is said to be a certain picture of the people. And the gradual depreciation of a great author, marks a change

in knowledge or in taste. It is remarkable that most great writers have had a favourite author, and with Alexander, had they possessed a golden casket, would have enshrined the works they so constantly turned over. Demosthenes felt such delight in the history of Thucydides, that to obtain a familiar and perfect acquaintance with his style, he repeatedly copied his whole history ; while Brutus was constantly perusing Polybius, even amidst the most busy periods of his life. We are told that Scipio Africanus was made a hero by the writings of Xenophon. When Clarendon was employed in writing his history, he was in a constant study of Livy and Tacitus, to acquire the full and flowing style of the one, and the portrait painting of the other¹. Lord Burleigh always carried Tully's Offices in his pocket : and Charles the Fifth and Bonaparte had Machiavel frequently in their hands.

It has been said of Talleyrand, that it was his custom in all conferences always to wear spectacles, in order to disguise any change of countenance which might betray his thoughts.

¹ He records this circumstance in a letter.

An eminent modern writer, however, remarks, that it is not the *eyes* but the *lips* that are most liable to betray the feeling upon any great occasion to the practised observer.

It has been well observed as a defect of the French drama, that it exhibits so much less of character than passion. We acquire no more familiarity with the hero than is possible at a single interview ; we see him, indeed, engaged in the most remarkable action of his life ; but for his general disposition we must take his *own* word, or that of his long-winded confidant. Shakespeare, on the other hand, and Schiller, by throwing him before our eyes into many different situations, and by evincing the effect which he produces on those around him, make him *act* his disposition instead of telling it ; and by those minute inadvertences, those careless words and actions in which in real life a man is always undisguised, enable us, instead of hearing a lecture on his character, to elicit it by actual experiment for ourselves. How much of instruction and warning might a well-ordered drama be the means of conveying to the mind, and make amusement the vehicle of mental improvement ! This seems

to have been its original design, but, like most other things, it has corrupted its way. There is something of Parisian prejudice in the following observation of Madame de Staël, but it is one which displays a very minute knowledge of nature, as well as of the writings of our poet. "Shakespeare, qu'on veut appeler un barbare, a peut-être un esprit trop philosophique, une pénétration trop subtile pour le point de vue de la scène ; il juge les caractères avec l'impartialité d'un être supérieur, et les représente quelquefois avec un ironie presque machiavélique ; ses compositions ont tant de profondeur, que la rapidité de l'action théâtrale fait perdre une grande partie des idées qu'elles renferment ; sous ce rapport, il vaut mieux lire ses pièces que les voir. A force d'esprit Shakespeare refroidit souvent l'action, et les français s'entendent beaucoup mieux à peindre les personnages ainsi que les décorations, avec ses grands traits que font effet à distance. Quoi ! dirait-on, peut-on reprocher à Shakespeare trop de finesse dans les aperçus, lui qui se permit des situations si terribles ? Shakespeare réunit souvent des qualités et même des défauts contraires ; il est quelquefois en deçà, quelquefois en de là de la sphère de l'art ; mais il possède

encore plus la connoissance du cœur humain que celle du Théâtre. En Angleterre, toutes les classes sont également attirées par les pièces de Shakespeare. Nos plus belles tragédies en France n'intéressent pas le peuple."

Biography is a melancholy, though very instructive study. We delight to trace the gradually unfolding faculties of infancy; the eager curiosity of boyhood; the confidence of youth; the alternate disappointments and success that chequer the course of manhood; and we bow with reverence to the experience of age. But at length, the scene is generally closed amidst the contemplation of disease and mental decay, decrepitude and death. The man is soon forgotten, while the author alone lives in the estimation of congenial minds.

Men in great place are thrice servants; servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business: so said Lord Bacon. Greatness of position requires to be sustained by greatness of mind, purity of motive, and a wide sphere of exertion. *Honour* is a leading principle, which lends lustre to every profession or pursuit to which the human

mind can apply itself for the welfare of mankind. It was said of a barrister, long since deceased, that having contrived to get into tolerably good practice, he exclaimed to his friend, "Thank God, I can now afford to dispense with *humbug*." Lord Mansfield, says his biographer (like all really great men), chose to dispense with it *all his life*, and adds: "wherever commerce shall extend its social influences; wherever justice shall be administered by enlightened and liberal rules; wherever contracts shall be expounded upon the eternal principles of right and wrong; wherever moral delicacy and juridical refinement shall be infused into the municipal code, at once to persuade men to be honest, and to keep them so; wherever the intercourse of mankind shall aim at something more elevated than the grovelling spirit of barter, in which meanness, and avarice, and fraud, strive over ignorance, credulity, and folly, the name of Lord Mansfield will be held in reverence by the good and the wise, by the honest merchant, the enlightened lawyer, the just statesman, and the conscientious judge. The maxims of maritime jurisprudence which he engrafted into the stock of common law, are not the exclusive

property of a single age or nation, but the common property of all times and all countries. They are built upon the most comprehensive principles and the most enlightened experience of mankind. He designed them to be of universal application, considering the maritime law to be common to all nations. Such under his administration it became, as his prophetic spirit seems to insinuate when he cites ‘non erit alia lex Romæ ; alia Athenis ; alia nunc, alia posthac ; sed et apud omnes gentes et omni tempore una eademque lex obtinebit.’”—
FROM LORD CAMPBELL’S LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS.

Mr. Crabbe had the good fortune to meet, during his residence at Belvoir Castle, many distinguished guests, who recognised in him a strong mind, and cultivated him accordingly ; but on the *whole*, the life of a literary dependent in a great house was little suited to his taste ; and he was too candid not to own, that neither nature nor circumstances had qualified him for it. The Duke and Duchess of Rutland were as kind as possible to the poet ; his duties were light enough ; he read prayers on Sunday, and fared sumptuously every day ; but many of the guests and the servants were

not always, it seems, so respectful as the chiefs of the castle, and Crabbe had not been long at Belvoir ere his note-book shows the following confession :

“ Oh ! had I but a little hut,
Where I might hide my head in ;
Where never guest might dare molest,
Unwelcome or unbidden.

“ I'd take the jokes of other folks,
And mine should then succeed 'em ;
Nor would I chide a little pride,
Or heed a little freedom !”

His son and biographer refers to his immortal tale of the “Patron,” as proof sufficient that his situation at Belvoir was attended with many painful circumstances, and productive of some of the acutest sensations of wounded pride that have ever been traced by any pen ¹.—LIFE OF CRABBE.

¹ The aristocracy of genius approaches too near the aristocracy of station ; superiority of talent is apt, without intention, to betray occasional presumption. It is true, suberviency would be always despised ; but a cool collected calculating mind—never thrown off its guard—pleased with what passes—entering into the interests of the day, but never betrayed into enthusiasm—is an indispensable qualification for that station—attributes little allied to genius and poetry. Mr. Crabbe could never conceal his feelings, and he felt strongly. He was not a stoic, and freedom of living was prevalent in almost all large establishments of that

A keen observer of society has made some apt observations on the habits of those engaged in political and literary life. "It has been remarked that men of great abilities are generally of a large and vigorous animal nature. A statesman has observed that most great men have died of over-eating; and without absolutely subscribing to this remark, I would say that it points to a principal peril in the life of such men, namely, the violent craving for one kind of excitement which is felt from the exhaustion created by another. If a statesman would live long, he must pay a jealous and watchful attention to his diet.

period; and when the conversation was interesting, he might not always retire as early as prudence might suggest; nor, perhaps, did he at all times put a bridle to his tongue, for he might feel the riches of his intellect more than the poverty of his station. It is also probable that, brought up amongst the uneducated, though *nature* had made him a *gentleman*—the politeness of a mild and Christian spirit—he might, perhaps, at that early period of his career, have retained some repulsive marks of the degree from whence he had so lately risen; he could hardly have acquired all at once the ease and self-possession for which he was afterwards distinguished; and though he owed his introduction to Burke, his adherence to the Whig tenets of Burke's party may not have much gratified the circles of Belvoir Castle."—NOTE FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A patient in the fever ward of an hospital scarcely requires to be more carefully regulated in this particular ; and he should observe that there are *two false* appetites to which he is liable ; the one an appetite resulting from intellectual labour, which though not altogether morbid is not to be relied on for digestion in the same degree as that which results from bodily exercise ; the other, proceeding from nervous irritability, which is purely *fallacious*. Those to whom public speaking is much of an effort, (and it tries the nerves of most men even after they have been accustomed to it for years,) should, if possible, dine lightly at least an hour before they are called upon to speak, and should resist the propensity which they will feel to eat soon after they have spoken. A long and tranquil life is scarcely to be expected as the result of political agonistics, in which intellect and passion are alike overtaxed, and which require some more natural sources of repose than are to be found in debates lengthened through the nights of a six months' session, or in the pure air of St. Stephen's, or the round of party and cabinet feasting."—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Dr. Abercrombie observes, that much may be done in stomach complaints by attention to the quality of the articles that are taken, but that *much* more depends on the *quantity*; and that the patient might become almost independent of attention to the quality of his diet, if he rigidly observed the necessary restriction as to quantity. The nervous system has great influence on the process of digestion; so much so, that Abernethy resolved all of what he termed the "*complicated madness of the human race*," into gormandizing, and fidgeting about what cannot be helped. Nothing tends more to disorder the stomach and impede digestion, than ebullitions of temper. The influence of the corporeal part of our nature on the mental, is no way more plainly exemplified than by the effects of a good dinner and night's rest after fatigue and exhaustion of spirits and strength. The subjection of mental feelings to corporal influences is a humiliating doctrine, but it is, nevertheless, a sound one; the stomach is a more faithful barometer of the changes in human temperament than we are always disposed to admit. The lower animals, when satisfied for the moment, are perfectly happy; but it is otherwise with man, his mind antici-

pates distress, and feels the pangs of want even before it arrests him. Thus the mind being continually harassed, it at length influences the constitution, and unfits it for all its functions.

There is now an irritable activity in the middle and higher classes ; a feverish excitement, increased by the pressure of taxation, but far more by the prevailing fashion of ostentatious and emulous expenditure, a symptom which hath ever preceded the decay of states. Whatever tends to withdraw men from the always too powerful influence of the present, and to connect them with other times, past or to come ; whatever may lead them to extend their views out of their own generation, forward or in retrospect ; whatever gives them a more diffused benevolence, a more extended range for their gratitude or their desires ; these individuals, if they are sensible of their own highest interests, would cherish in their own hearts, and governments would do every thing to encourage in the people. They who care nothing for their ancestors will care little for their posterity—indeed, little for any thing except themselves.—SOUTHEY.

We can discover, even without recurring to the voice of Revelation, that there is some mighty confluence of destinies, to which the whole human race is necessarily on its way: in the most permanent societies and most tranquil seasons, a process is carried on which tends to separate man from his institutions, as, in the lapse of ages, the fixed stars themselves have deserted their primeval signs. To look, therefore, to the past alone, is the error of a schoolman, who renounces the world of living realities, and sojourns in the shadowy regions of his own abstractions. To watch and to provide for those silent influences which time is continually shedding; to correct irregularities, some as they arise, others in their causes; to make every new measure a liberal analogy from the past, and a safe precedent for the future, and thus, while they pass in unceasing flow, to secure the continued stability of the system; these are the noblest cares of a statesman—the cares which approach nearest to the plastic energy of Providence, “reaching mightily from one end to the other, and sweetly ordering all things.”—SOUTHEY.

Economy is one of the chief duties of a state as well as of an individual. It is not only a great virtue in itself, but also the parent of many others. It preserves men and nations from the commission of crime, and the endurance of misery. The man that lives within his income can be just, humane, charitable, and independent. He who lives beyond it becomes, almost necessarily, rapacious, mean, faithless, contemptible. The economist is easy and comfortable; the prodigal harassed with debts, and unable to obtain the necessary means of life. So it is with nations. National character, as well as national happiness, has, from the beginning of the world to the present time, been sacrificed on the altar of profusion.

“Wrong never comes right.” The wretched nervousness of a life of pecuniary embarrassment more than outweighs the unfair enjoyment of unjustifiable luxuries. Would an alderman relish his turtle if he were forced to eat it sitting on the tight rope? Answer that question; and I will tell you the sort of splendid misery which that man enjoys who spends double his income, and is indebted to his goldsmith, his tailor, and his coach-maker, not for

his dishes, his clothes, and his carriages only, but for the privilege of using them at liberty. There is an aching sensation, a sickening pang, which those who have wasted what can never be retrieved, are sure, sooner or later, to experience.—THEODORE HOOK.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption. It will almost always produce a passive complaisance with the wickedness of others, and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.—DR. JOHNSON.

Men are apt to confound the expenditure of careless and erroneous calculations with the expenditure of vanity. There is nothing more productive of evil than excess of expenditure beyond income. The greater part of the harpies of society gorge themselves by taking advantage of this imprudence. Half the population of London live upon it ; three-fourths of the ravenous lawyers live upon it ; all sorts of

agents live upon it ; and half the demoralization of society is generated by it.—SIR E. BRYDGES.

It is the economical person who is usually found to be liberal to others, whereas the extravagant are almost always seen to be indulgent to *themselves at other people's expense*.

How many of our countrymen are always raving about the cheapness of the continent, and how many every year break up their establishments in England to go in search of it ; yet, if they had but sense, or rather courage enough, to live at home as economically and as rationally as people of all ranks do throughout the continent, how unnecessary would be the sacrifice, and how much real happiness would be the result ! The root of the evil seems to rest in the little value attached to personal *respectability* in this country, unless supported by those external appearances which money alone can purchase. If we look to the humbler classes the thing is far worse. Every year hundreds of families transport themselves to the back woods of Canada ; who, if they could only submit *here* to a fifth part of the inconveniences

of the log-house existence, need never have separated themselves from the scenes and friends of their youth. It will, however, generally be found in this life, that those who have made extravagant sacrifices, under the influence of the strong stimulus of hope, have proved in the end to have paid *too much* for their *whistle*.

Les choses que nous désirons vivement n'arrivent pas ; ou, si elles arrivent, ce n'est ni dans le temps ni dans l'occasion où elles nous auraient fait un extrême plaisir.—LA BRUYÈRE.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom ; he that thinks himself the happiest man, *really is so* ; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally *just the reverse*.

Human happiness, even when it has attained its utmost terrestrial perfection, is more like sorrow than joy.

“ In both we lose the balmy bliss of sleep,
 In both we fever, and in both we weep ;
 In this alone the likeness disappears—
 That joy's for moments, and that grief's for years.”

"Sorrow is said to be wisdom," or often the nearest road to it, if not the only one to its attainment, as with many nothing short of it will induce reflection.

Misfortunes viewed in the mass, however great they may be, fail to excite that interest which individual cases awaken when presented to us.

How often does it happen, that the events to which we look forward with the brightest expectations, which seem to our eyes full of coming joy, are fraught with sorrow and disaster! and how rarely are any of us quite happy at the present moment. Whoever has lived long enough in the world must have discovered, that there is, after all, a very equable division of suffering amongst our neighbours, and that the most favoured of their number have, sooner or later, wherewithal to alloy the sweets of their daily cup, whatever their position in life may be, the present moment being so rarely without its drawbacks.

The horizon of matrimony is only seen through a glass, and that darkly, if the expe-

rience of others be the glass by which we make our observations. How often what is supposed the happiest day of one's life, is the herald of many miserable ones ! How many marry in all the trust of confident affection, in all the gladness of life's sweetest hope, and yet find themselves miserably disappointed ; affection becomes gradually chilled in the differences of every day ; hope discovers its mistake, and,

“Such hopes, like fairies when they part,
Leave wither'd rings around the heart.”

And no ring, if it does wither its circle, withers so utterly as a *golden one*. With only the false criterion of courtship to judge by, the wedded pair expect too much from each other ; and those who should make the most, make the least allowance. Tastes differ, tempers jar, trifles become important ; as the grain of sand, which, nothing in itself, yet, gathered together, sweeps over the fertile plain, leaving no sign that there ever was blossom or fruit. The scar, which would soon pass away, did a distance of time intervene, cannot heal from hourly irritation. One quarrel brings the memory of its predecessor, and grievances and mortifications are treasured up for perpetual reference. Too

late, each finds out how utterly unsuited either is to the other ; they have not a feeling, a taste, or an opinion in common. “ Whither flies love ? ah ! where the purple bloom ? ” gone never to return ; an illusion destroyed is destroyed for ever ; and what is love but an illusion ? poor basis for the happiness of many years ; the heart that trusts to its shelter usually builds its house upon the sands.

Matrimony is an engagement which must last the life of one of the parties, and there is no retracting ; therefore, to avoid all the horror of repentance that comes too late, men should thoroughly know the real causes that induce them to take so important a step, before they venture upon it ; do they stand in need of a wife, an heiress, or a nurse ? is it their passions, their wants, or their infirmities that solicit them to wed ? These are questions much more proper to be proposed before men go to the altar than after it ; they are points which, well ascertained, would prevent many disappointments, often deplorable, often ridiculous, always remediless.

It is a dangerous experiment to call in gratitude as an ally to love. Love is a debt, which inclination always pays, obligation *never*, and the moment it becomes lukewarm and evanescent, reminiscences on the score of gratitude serve only to smother the flame by increasing the fuel.

In women we love that which is natural, we admire that which is acquired, and shun that which is artificial. But a system of education that combines the evil of all, and gives us the good of neither; that presents us with the ignorance of that which is natural, without its artlessness; and the cunning of that which is artificial, without its acquirements—these give us little to admire, less to love, and much to despise.

Good sense and right feeling is worth all the accomplishments in the world. The cultivation of the native powers of the mind, with worthy objects afforded for the exercise of the thoughts and reasoning faculties, will form a character of a far higher stamp than the fashionable tread-mill of over-taxed mechanical exertion. That simplicity of heart, and earnestness of kindness, which were among the most engaging

characteristics of former days, have under the present mode of education and society almost wholly disappeared. All deep impressions are obliterated by perpetual change of company and abode, and their place is supplied by pliability of disposition, civility of manners, and a sort of indiscriminate and inactive good-will towards all mankind.

That admiration which is alone really worth gaining, is of a reasonable and lasting kind. This is not to be hoped for from *beauty*, or *dress*, or *fashion*, but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by *time* or *sickness*, and which appears most amiable to those who are *most* acquainted with them.

FRIENDSHIP.

In young minds there is commonly a strong propensity to particular friendships. Youth, indeed, is the season when friendships are sometimes formed, which not only continue through succeeding life, but which glow to the last, with a tenderness unknown to the connexions begun in cooler years. The propensity, therefore, is not to be discouraged, though, at the same time, the selection should be regu-

lated with circumspection and care. Too many of the fancied friendships of youth are mere combinations of pleasure. They are often founded on capricious likings, suddenly contracted, and as quickly dissolved. Sometimes they are the effect of interested complaisance and flattery on the one side, and of credulous fondness on the other. Such rash and dangerous connexions should be avoided, lest they afterwards load us with dishonour. We should ever have it fixed in our memories, that by the character of those whom *we choose* for our friends, *our own* is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. We ought, therefore, to be slow and cautious in contracting *intimacy*; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, we must ever consider it as a sacred engagement.

The pleasantest conversation is with those who strive no further than to make themselves readily and clearly understood. To have good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs little care in clothing them.

It is always adverse to talent to be consorted and trained up with weak or inferior companions, *however high* they may rank. The foal of the racer neither finds out his *speed*, nor calls out his *powers*, if pastured with the common herd that are destined for the collar and the yoke.

Between minds of a certain magnitude there is generally a similarity: the same grand simplicity; the same abhorrence of all that is artificial and affected; the same intuitive and unenvying estimate of kindred powers and qualifications, which can look with pleasure even on rival excellence, and can speak with just admiration of the talents and exertions of an adversary.

TASTE.

In that small number in whose minds taste is the growth of sensibility, combined with native habits of observation and discrimination, it is particularly observable, that it is always more strongly disposed to the enjoyment of beauties than to the detection of blemishes. It seizes eagerly on every touch of genius with the simplicity of kindred affection; and, in the secret consciousness of a congenial inspiration, shares, in some measure, the triumph of the

artist. The faults which have escaped him, it views with the partiality of friendship ; and willingly abandons the censorial office to those who exult in the errors of superior minds as their appropriate and easy prey.

Delicate minds may be disgusted by compliments that would please a grosser intellect ; and some, indeed, there are who profess to despise all flattery ; but even these are, nevertheless, to be flattered by being told that they *do* despise it. "And when he tells her she hates flattery, she says she does ; being then most flattered."

People of nice sensibility and generous minds have a certain intrinsic dignity, which fires at being trifled with, or even too closely approached.

Sudden friendships are not likely to be lasting : the friendships of which interested views and coarse enjoyments form the cement, are not true friendships. The friendships of the gay world are only useful for the temporary pleasure which they give. True friendship is only to be expected amongst average and superior moral beings, and where there is

conformity of character, equality of worldly condition, and a perfect independence. Friendship under these conditions is unquestionably one of the most important blessings of life. Man cannot stand alone ; he must go hand in hand with his fellow-creatures, and out of the mass of these he must select a few, in whose faces he sees a reflex of his own nature, and in whose kindly conversation he may find an occasional enjoyment. Unfortunately, from the vast complication of selfish considerations in which most men in society like ours are involved, it is scarcely possible for any to experience the full enjoyment which is to be derived from friendship. We see this happiness at its height only in the young, who have as yet few cares. In the middle of life, our hearts are scarcely better fitted for the culture of this delightful sentiment, than is the *highway* for the rearing of flowers. Few, therefore, can have the noted advantage of going on with certain friends through their whole career, until, in their elderly days, they feel towards them in so intensely sympathetic a manner, that they appear as parts of the same being. These were joys appropriate, we fear, only to Arcadian times.

Letters were designed to be the intelligible expression of ideas, and to convey the meaning in such legible characters as shall be the faithful interpreters of thought between remote friends. Many, however, write as though the letters were formed merely for the purpose of creating perplexity for those who receive them. Those who *can*, should write *plain* to be *read*; and those who *cannot*, should *learn* to do so.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Swift, when alluding, in one of his letters, to the frequent instances of broken correspondence after a long absence, gives the following natural description of the causes: "At first one omits writing for a little while; and then one stays a little while longer to consider of excuses; and at last it grows desperate, and one does not write *at all*. In this manner I have served others, and been served myself."

VALUE OF CEREMONY.

All ceremonies are in themselves very silly things; but yet a man of the world should know them. They are the outworks of

manners and decency, which would be too often broken in upon, if it were not for that defence which keeps the enemy at a distance. It is for that reason that we should treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony, true good breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them.

Few are the contingencies which justify taking people by surprise. Husbands and wives have often had to rue the officious affection which impelled them prematurely into each other's presence ; and the best household, the best school, the most united family, the most attached circle of friends, cannot be too accurately apprised of the exact moment at which the absent one is likely to arrive.

With intimate friends we may dispense with ceremony as much as may be deemed desirable to all parties ; but with strangers, or persons with whom you are only imperfectly acquainted, every deviation from established custom is a *slight*, as it tends to show how little their society is appreciated ; and will, by people of spirit, be resented accordingly.

MAXIMS.

Persevere in a good object notwithstanding discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and exact in the transaction of business, and never procrastinate, or be in a hurry. Preserve your self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride: manner is something with everybody, and every thing with some. Be guarded in discourse, be attentive, and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples; and in all transactions remember the final account. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils: it is the abandonment of good, the giving up of the battle of life. He who can implant courage in the human soul is the best physician. It is best not to be too inquisitive into the affairs of others, or what people say of ourselves, or into the mistakes of our friends.

When we are in the company of sensible men, we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose thereby two good things—their good opinion, and our own improvement; and disclose one thing which would have been better concealed, our own sufficiency; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to communicate we know not.

The reason why we meet with so few men who are agreeable in conversation is, that there are scarcely any who think not more of what they have to advance than of what they have to answer. Even those who have the most address and politeness, fancy they do enough, if they *seem* to be attentive; at the same time, that their eyes and minds betray a distraction as to what is addressed to them, and an impatience to return to what they themselves *were saying*: not reflecting that to be thus studious of pleasing *themselves*, is but a poor way of pleasing or convincing others; and that to hear patiently, and answer precisely, are the great perfections of conversation. The chief reason why people, otherwise polite, often transgress in this respect is, that while they are hearing out at *length* what is addressed to

them, something which they think important to mention suggests itself to their minds, which would escape their memories if not uttered at the moment. They should, however, consider whether the person they are conversing with is most desirous to hear them, or to be heard themselves. With very many, those who *listen* are more approved companions than those who *talk*.

Foreigners often ask questions relative to what we term *fashion* and *fashionable people*, very embarrassing to their comprehension. "Is fashion," demanded a French lady, "confined to the aristocracy? Is wealth an indispensable requisite for its attainment? and is beauty deemed necessary?" When told that none of those advantages are *positively* essential; nay, that a fashionable person may be destitute of *them all*, they are astonished: but when informed that individuals in possession of all three, are frequently not *considered fashionable*, they are beyond measure surprised. "What then," they ask, "is fashion?"—The simple answer is, that it is a conventional mystery, and like many of those practised by the soothsayers of old, which even the framers, while juggling others,

did not quite understand themselves. But how does a person become fashionable without rank, wealth, or beauty? By a lucky introduction to one or two individuals belonging to a society *deemed à-la-mode*; or half a dozen people proclaiming the person to be *charming, spirituel*, or full of talent; until the whole circle, growing accustomed to hear it, at last repeat it with equal confidence to others. Hence it travels into the papers; the person is seen in a few distinguished houses, asked to others *because seen in them*; and finally becomes thoroughly *répandu* in society, although, were the claims for this popularity analyzed, they would be found very few and trifling. Perhaps it is to this very *mediocrity* that these fashionable people owe their success; for having no qualities calculated to excite *envy*, they are allowed to pass current like an ordinary coin, when a fine medal would be strictly examined.—FROM THE IDLER IN ITALY.

TRAVELLING.

Of the many tourists who visit our land of lakes, there is a great proportion who are desirous of making the shortest possible stay in any place; whose object is to get through their

undertaking with as little trouble as they can, and whose inquiries are mainly directed to find out what it is *not* necessary for them to see ; happy when they are comforted with the assurance, that it is by no means required of them to deviate from the regular track, and that that which cannot be seen easily, need not be seen at all. In this way many take their degree as travellers to the Lakes, and elsewhere. Nevertheless, the number of those who truly enjoy the opportunities which are thus afforded them, and have a genuine generous delight in beholding the grandeur and lovelier scenes of a mountainous region, is sufficient to render this a good and wholesome fashion. The pleasure which they take conduces as much to moral and intellectual improvement, as to health and present hilarity. It produces no distaste for other scenes, no satiety or other exhaustion than what brings with it its own remedy in sound sleep. Instead of these, increase of appetite grows here by what it feeds on, and they learn to seek and find pleasure of the same kind in tamer landscapes. They who have acquired in these countries a love of natural scenery, carry with them in that love a perpetual source of enjoyment ; resembling in this

respect the artist, who, in whatever scenes he may be placed, is never at a loss for something from which his pencil may draw forth a beauty, which uncultivated eyes would fail to discover in the object itself. In every country, however poor, there is something of "free nature's grace:" wherever there is wood and water; wherever there are green fields; wherever there is an open sky, the feeling which has been called forth, or fostered among the mountains, may be sustained. It is one of our most abiding, as well as our purest enjoyments—a sentiment which seems at once to humble and to exalt us, which from natural emotion leads us to devotional thoughts and religious aspirations, grows therefore with our growth, and strengthens when our strength is failing us. I wonder not at those heathens who worshipped in high places. There is an elasticity in the mountain air, which causes an excitement of spirits, in its immediate effect like wine, when taken in due measure, it gladdens the heart of man. The height and the extent of the surrounding objects, seem to produce a correspondent elevation of mind; and the silence and solitude contribute to this emotion.—SOUTHEY.

If the practice of travelling in search of picturesque beauty has not arisen of late years, it may be considered as a greatly increased source of beneficial enjoyment. In all ages the poets have studied natural scenery as the storehouse of their ornaments and imagery; and, in all ages, men of heroic views must have drawn the inspirations of genius amidst the solitude and silent wildness of nature: the same disposition insensibly led Mahomet and Bonaparte into the same path. But that people of all descriptions should now feel it agreeable from taste, or necessary from fashion, to visit every scene of historical interest, or that is said to be romantic, seems peculiar to the present age, and which the peace of Europe, and the facilities of travelling, tend every year to increase. It is a consequence, no doubt, of that extension of luxury which keeps up a constant demand for new gratifications; but luxury seems here to have taken a direction that must be attended with an important influence which can scarcely be expected not to prove advantageous. A taste for picturesque beauty must be intimately connected with a taste for the production of poetry as well as painting; and must contribute to diffuse generally correct principles of

judgment, or at least of enjoyment with respect to those arts. It is also much connected with another—that of gardening; which, while the property of this country is in its present state, appears to be a matter of national concern. Were the taste for the beauties of nature less connected with all these arts than it really is, it might still be considered as one of the fine arts. How much the cultivation of all these elegant refinements is daily becoming more necessary to this country, we are daily taught by the enormous influx of commercial wealth. It may reasonably be questioned whether, upon the common chances of probability, we can expect the progress of national instruction to go on so rapidly as to keep down the baleful effects of overgrown commerce, and to repress the growth of that odious character which a nation receives from the combination of *opulence* and *ignorance*. It seems probable, that some good effects must result from a fashion and a facility which carries the Edinburgh citizen to the lakes of Westmoreland, and brings the citizen of London to the falls of the Clyde. In the course of the religious pilgrimages of the olden time, some few gleanings of information were picked up and brought home. In the course of

a picturesque tour, though undertaken from fashion merely, some faint rays of elegant and refined pleasure, one would imagine, must gleam upon the mind, and light up some portion of taste.

THE SHIP ABOUT TO SAIL FOR INDIA.

In spite of all the numberless difficulties and obstructions, some public, some private, some official, the good ship does at last get ready for sea, or what is called ready ; for if she were to remain six months in port after the day on which she was reported ready to proceed, there would always be something to do with the dock-yard, the victualling-wharf, or the gun-wharf. The daily post, too, and periodical press, lend their aid to worry the officers ; while tavern-keepers, tailors, and washerwomen, to say nothing of weeping friends and relations, or broken-hearted connexions, co-operate to destroy all peace of mind, and make every one on board pray heartily for a good strong puff of easterly wind to waft him far beyond the reach of these multifarious distractions. Oh the joy ! the relief unspeakable ! of feeling one's self fairly under weigh, and of seeing the white cliffs of old England sink fast in the north-

eastern horizon right to windward ! Let the concocters of romances say what they please of the joys of returning home ; there is nothing like the happiness of a good departure, and a boundless world of untried enjoyments ahead.—
CAPTAIN HALL'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

People travel for very different purposes. Some learn by experience of mankind to value *truth* and *sincerity* more than *empty show* ; while others go about to pick up their neighbours' faults and follies, and bring them home in addition to their own.

The wealthy and noble, when they expend large sums in decorating their houses with rare and costly efforts of genius, with busts from the chisel of a Canova, and cartoons from the pencil of a Raphael, are to be commended if they do not stand still *here* ; but go on to bestow some pains and cost, that the master himself be not inferior to the mansion, and that the owner be not the only thing that is *little* amidst every thing else that is *great*. The house may draw visitors, but it is the possessor alone that can detain them. We cross the Alps, and after a

short interval, we are glad to return ; we go to see Italy, not the Italians.

“The climate, not the heart, he changes who flies across the wave.” So said the old Roman, some thousand years ago, and, doubtless, what he said was true, both in his own day, when men cultivated a firm, fixed spirit within them, and also in the present, in the case of some individuals to whom has descended the gem-like hardness of the antique mind, on which lines, once engraved, are never to be effaced. Nevertheless, in the rapid change of scene, in the running from land to land, in new sights and new excitements, in the companionship of fresh acquaintances, and even in the continued collision with our fellow-creatures which takes place in travelling, one wears away the sharpness of some sorrows, as the gem which has rolled for ages in the waters of the Tiber, or which is cast up by the waves of the *Ægean* sea, though it retains the figures which were cut into it ages ago, loses the sharp outline that it received from the graver’s tool. As there is scarcely a plant on earth from which the bee cannot extract honey, so there is scarcely a scene in the wide world from which the mind

that seeks wisdom cannot draw a moral ; and every moral has its consolation. The very aspect of strange cities, whatever be the grief in our heart at the time, brings its comfort, derived we seldom examine how, and often mistake when we do examine, but wrought out justly and reasonably, by the silent working of that spirit within us, which, if we would let it, would always gain instruction from every object of the senses. We wander through the streets of a great town, we gaze up at the tall houses, we mingle with the busy crowd, we see the sunshine streaming upon some mansions, and the deep shade resting upon others ; at one window we behold a group of merry faces, at another the close-drawn curtain, indicative of sickness, anguish, and death. From the one door, with tabor and pipe, and garlands, and scattered flowers, goes forth the bride to the altar ; from another, streams out the dark procession to the grave. On each countenance that we meet is written some tale of joy or sorrow ; each street has its history, each dwelling presents an episode in the great poem of human life. We return to our own chamber with a calmness in our sorrows, with a resignation in our melancholy that we have not before

felt, and why? Is it the universality of human misery that gives us a false support? Is it, as the most misanthropical of philosophers has declared, that there is comfort for each man in the sorrows of his fellow-creatures? Is this the process by which we derive consolation from mingling in the busy haunts of unknown races of beings like ourselves, and discovering the same cares, pursuits, and joys, and griefs, throughout the world? Oh, no; it is, that we are taught our own *littleness*, as one individual ant in a whole ant-hill; and from the sense of that *littleness* we gain *humility*, and from *humility* resignation, and from resignation *love* and *admiration* of that *great God* who made the wondrous fabric of the universe, of which we ourselves are but an atom; some knowledge of his power—some trust in his wisdom—confidence in his goodness, and some hope in his protecting arm. Who is there that has ever stood amongst the multitudes of a strange city, that has not asked himself, what am I in the midst of these? what are all these to the God that made them? and is not their Creator mine? There may be such, but those who seek it will ever find, in the contemplation of any scene where the workings of the Al-

mighty will are displayed, some balm for those wounds which almost every man, in the great warfare of the world, carries about beneath his armour ; for, to end as we have begun, there is a drop of honey in every flower.

The man who can look upon the natural world, and be an atheist, need not be told that there is a God. If the first truth be not "clearly seen and understood by the things that are made," it will scarcely be learned by the ear. But the more closely that men look into the works of nature, every new discovery multiplies the proofs of Divine wisdom and power ; and in all reason it must be owned, that it is "the fool who hath said in his heart that there is no God."—KEITH.

If life be short, not so to many of us are its days and its hours. When the blood slumbers in the veins, how often do we wish that the earth would turn faster on its axis, that the sun would rise and set before it does ; and to escape from the weight of time, how many follies, how many crimes are committed ! Men rush on danger, and even on death. Intrigue, play, foreign and domestic broil, such

are their resources ; and when these things fail, they destroy themselves. Now in travelling we multiply events, and innocently. We set out, as it were, on our adventures ; and many are those that occur to us, morning, noon, and night. The day we come to a place which we have long heard and read of, and in Italy we do so continually, it is an era in our lives ; and from that moment the very name calls up a picture. How delightfully, too, does the knowledge flow in upon us, and how fast ! Would he who sat in a corner of his library, poring over books and maps, learn more or so much in the time, as he who with his eyes and his heart open, is receiving impressions all day long from the things themselves ? How accurately do they arrange themselves in our memory ; towns, rivers, mountains ; and in what living colours do we recall the dresses, manners, and customs of the people. Our sight is the noblest of all our senses. It fills the mind with most ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues longest in action without being tired. Our sight is on the alert when we travel ; and its exercise is then so delightful, that we forget the *profit* in the *pleasure*. Like a river that gathers, that re-

finer as it runs, like a spring that takes its course through some rich vein of mineral, we improve, and imperceptibly ; nor in the head only, but in the *heart*. Our prejudices leave us one by one. Seas and mountains are no longer our boundaries. We learn to love, and esteem, and admire beyond them. Our benevolence extends itself without our knowledge. And must we not return better citizens than we went ? For the more we become acquainted with the institutions of other countries, the more highly must we value our own. Yet it must be allowed, that some of the wisest of men seldom went out of the walls of Athens ; and for that worst of evils, that sickness of the soul, to which we are most liable when most at our ease, is there not, after all, a surer and yet pleasanter remedy, a remedy for which we have only to cross the threshold ?—ROGERS.

EFFECTS OF TRAVELLING.

The wise come back wiser, the well-informed with richer stores of knowledge ; the empty and the vain return as they went ; and there are some who bring home foreign vanities and vices in addition to their own.

He who studies books alone, will know how things ought to be ; and he that studies men will know how things are. He that would paint with his *pen*, no less than he that would paint with his *pencil*, must study originals to represent things as they are.

It has generally been observed, that wherever imitative talent exists in the highest degree, creative genius has rarely been found in co-existence. A man of genius cannot even compile without showing something of his own spirit. Though he may extract and copy, still he will select and combine in a manner which mere labour will never reach. Some men of a secluded and studious life, have sent forth from their closet or their cloister, rays of intellectual light that have agitated courts, and revolutionized kingdoms ; like the moon, which though far removed from the ocean, and shining upon it with a serene and sober light, is the chief cause of all those ebbings and flowings which incessantly disturb that restless world of waters.

It is a common observation, that men of plain sense and cool resolution have more useful talents, and are better qualified for

public business, than the man of the finest parts, who wants temper, judgment, and knowledge of mankind. Even parliamentary abilities may be too highly rated ; for between the man of eloquence and the sagacious statesman there is a wide interval.

Neutrality seems a natural state for men of fair honesty, moderate wit, and much indolence ; they cannot get strong impressions of what is true and right, and the weak impression, which is all they *can take*, cannot overcome indolence and fear. The strong mind has the chance, at least, of appreciating truth *keenly* ; and when men do *that*, honesty becomes comparatively easy.

Sound intellectual progress depends less upon protracted and laborious study, than the habit of close, steady, and continued *attention*. It is from this, that evidence derives its power to produce conviction ; it is by this means, that any subject of inquiry is brought before the mind in a manner calculated to yield sound views, and accurate conclusions ; and the deficiency of it is the source of those partial and distorted impressions by which men, even of considerable endowments, often wander so

widely from truth. In the pursuits of science, this habit of the mind leads to sound knowledge and correct conclusions; in the affairs of ordinary life, it is the source of promptitude, united to discretion and prudence; in the highest concerns of man as a moral being, it brings him under the influence of those important truths which are calculated to guide and regulate his moral emotions, and his whole character and conduct in life. Such is the power of the habit of attention, and it is not saying too much of it to affirm, that it lies at the foundation of the whole character. We should also cultivate correct observation, association, and reflection, which are nearly connected with the former. We often find a listless vacuity of mind, which prevents it from being directed with attention or interest to the formation of defined opinions, even on subjects of supreme importance. There is a servility of mind which leaves it the slave of mere authority, without forming opinions for itself by personal inquiry. And there is a rude and reckless affectation of mental independence, or liberty of thinking, which leads a man to despise authority, to aim at striking out for himself a system distinguished from the received opinions of those around him, led, it may be,

by a love of singularity, or the vanity of appearing wiser than his neighbours ; or, perhaps, impelled by the condition of his moral feelings, to argue himself into the disbelief of what he wishes not to be true. From all such distortions of the understanding a regulated mental discipline tends to preserve us. It induces us to approach every subject with a sincere and humble desire for truth ; to give its due weight to every kind of evidence, without partial views or imperfect examination, and to direct the whole powers, not to favour, establish, or overturn particular opinions, but honestly and anxiously to discover what is truth. It is upon this ground, therefore, of culpable inattention, that we hold a man to be responsible for his belief ; and content that he may incur deep moral guilt in his disbelief of truths which he has examined in a frivolous or prejudiced manner, or which, perhaps, he indulges in the miserable affectation of disbelieving without having examined them at all. The fact, indeed, appears to be, that the chief source of unbelief, on the greatest of all subjects, is generally to be found in a previous moral corruption of the mind. It arises from no want of evidence, but from a state of mind on which the highest falls without power, from the absence

of all desire to attain to the knowledge of the truth.

There is nothing sits so ill upon the lips of a noble-hearted man as an excuse for bad actions, either in himself or others ; and he that knowingly defends the wrong side of a question, pays a very bad compliment to all his hearers : it is in plain English this : “ falsehood supported by my talents is stronger than truth supported by yours.”

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity himself, than straightforward and simple integrity in another. A knave would rather quarrel with one of his own sort than with a fool ; but he would rather avoid a quarrel with an honest man, than with both. He can combat a fool by management and address, and he can conquer a knave by temptations. But the plain man of integrity is neither to be *bamboozled* nor *bribed*. The knave therefore is here opposed to something quite beyond his calculation ; for his creed is, that the world is a market, where every thing is to be bought, and also sold ; and it is unfortunate that he has such *good* reasons for so *bad* a faith,

by judging by *himself*; but when opposed to that real honesty, which he has read of, perhaps, in a book, but never expected to find realized in a man, it is a new case in his record, a serious item not cast up in his accounts, and he is proportionably thrown out of his reckoning.

There is no man but for his *own* interest hath an obligation to be honest; there may be, sometimes, temptations to be otherwise, but, all cards cast up, he shall find in it the *greatest ease*, the *highest profit*, the *best pleasure*, and the *most safety*.

No knave can be a great politician; but every knave *thinks himself so*. The mistake they make is between wisdom and cunning. The knave prides himself on deceiving others; the wise man on not deceiving, or being deceived himself.

The servants of mammon are wiser in their generation than the children of light. They serve a master who rewards them. They pursue their object with singleness of purpose, and rewarded they are in general abundantly with what they covet. Yet their power of creating wealth brings with it a consequence

not dissimilar to that which Midas suffered. The love of lucre is one of those base passions which harden all within and petrify the feelings.

MEN OF THE WORLD.

There is a great difference between the power of giving good advice and the ability to act upon it. Theoretical wisdom is, perhaps, rarely associated with practical; and we often find that men of no talent contrive to pass through life with credit and propriety, under the guidance of a sort of instinct. We are apt to place the greatest confidence in the advice of the successful, and not at all in that of the unprosperous, as if fortune never favoured fools, nor neglected the wise. A man may possess more intellect than does him good, for it tempts him to reflect when he should be acting with rapidity and decision; and by trusting too much to his own sagacity, and too little to fortune, he often loses many a golden opportunity, which may chance to turn out a prize to his less brilliant competitors. It is not the men of thought, but those of action, who are best fitted to push their way upwards in the world. The Hamlets, or philosophical speculators, are out of their element in the *crowd*. They are wise enough as reflecting

observers, but the moment they descend from their solitary elevation, and mingle with the throng, there is a sad discrepancy between their dignity as teachers, and their conduct in action ; and often, after having talked like sages, they have been found to act like fools. There is an essential difference between those qualities that are necessary for success in the world, and those that are required in the closet. Bacon was the wisest of human beings in his quiet study, but when he entered the wide and noisy theatre of life, he sometimes acted with little conformity with his own maxims. The fine intellect of Addison could trace with subtilty and truth all the proprieties of social and public life, but was himself deficient both as a companion and a statesman. A more delicate and accurate observer of human life than the poet Cowper is not often met with, though he was absolutely incapable • of turning his knowledge and good sense to a practical account : and the excellent author of the Wealth of Nations could not manage the economy of his own house. Thus the thinkers may often with safety direct the movements of others, but do not seem to be peculiarly fitted to direct their own. They who bask in the sunshine of prosperity are generally inclined

to be so ungrateful to fortune, as to attribute all their success to their own exertions, and to season their pity for their less successful friends with some degree of contempt. In the great majority of cases, nothing can be more ridiculous and unjust ; as in the list of the prosperous there are comparatively few who owe their advancement to talent and sagacity alone. The majority must attribute their rise to a combination of industry, prudence, and good fortune ; and there are many who are still more indebted to the lucky accidents of life, than to their own character or conduct. It will be found, that not only the higher intellectual gifts, but even the finer moral emotions, are an encumbrance and a bar to advancement in almost every way to the fortune hunter. A gentle disposition and extreme frankness and generosity have been the ruin, in a worldly sense, of many a noble spirit. There is a degree of cautiousness and mistrust, and a certain insensibility and sternness, that seem essential to the man who has to bustle through the world, and secure his own interests. He cannot turn aside and indulge in generous sympathies, without neglecting in some measure his own affairs. It is like a pedestrian's progress through a crowded street ; he cannot

pause for a moment, or look to the right or left, without increasing his own obstructions. When time and business press hard upon him, the cry of affliction on the roadside is unheeded and forgotten; and he acquires a habit of indifference to all but the one thing needful—his own success. It is not intended here to dwell upon those bye-ways to success in life, which require only a large share of hypocrisy and meanness; nor of those insinuating manners and frivolous accomplishments which are so often better rewarded than worth or genius; nor of the arts by which a brazen-faced adventurer sometimes throws a modest and meritorious rival into the shade; nor how great a drawback is a noble sincerity in the commerce of the world. The memorable scene between Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Toledo is daily and nightly re-acted on the great stage of life. It is impossible to enter upon minute particulars, or touch upon all the numerous branches of this subject, without exceeding the limits here proposed. Perhaps a knowledge of the world, in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, may mean nothing more than a knowledge of conventionalisms, or a familiarity with the forms and ceremonials of society. This, of course, is of easy acquisition when the mind

is once bent upon the task. The practice of the small proprieties of life to a congenial spirit soon ceases to be a study; it rapidly becomes a habit, or an untroubled and unerring instinct. This is always the case when there is no sedentary labour by the midnight lamp to produce an ungainly stoop in the shoulders, and a conscious defect of grace and pliancy in the limbs; and when there is no abstract thought or poetic vision to dissipate the attention, and blind us to the trivial realities that are passing immediately around us. Some degree of vanity and a perfect *self-possession* are absolutely essential; but high intellect is only an *obstruction*. There are some who seem born for the boudoir and the ball-room; while others are as little fitted for fashionable society, as a fish is for the open air and the dry land. They who are more familiar with books than with men, cannot look calm and pleased when their souls are inwardly perplexed. The almost venial hypocrisy of politeness is the more criminal and disgusting in their judgment, on account of its difficulty to themselves, and the provoking ease with which it appears to be adopted by others. The loquacity of the forward, the effeminate affecta-

tion of the foppish, and the sententiousness of shallow gravity, excite a feeling of contempt and weariness that they have neither the skill nor the inclination to conceal. A recluse philosopher is unable to return a simple salutation, without betraying his awkwardness and uneasiness to the quick eye of a man of the world. He exhibits a mixture of humility and pride; indignant at the assurance of others, and mortified at his own timidity. He is vexed that he should suffer those whom he feels to be his inferiors to enjoy a temporary superiority, and troubled that they should be able to trouble him. Pride allows our wounds to remain exposed, and makes them doubly irritable; but vanity, as Sancho says of sleep, seems to cover a man as with a *cloak*. A contemplative spirit cannot concentrate its attention on minute and uninteresting ceremonials, and a sense of unfitness for society makes the most ordinary of its duties a painful task. There are some authors who would rather write a volume in praise of women, than hand a fashionable lady to her carriage. The trivial conversation of polite life is naturally uninteresting to the retired scholar; but it would, perhaps, be less objectionable if he thought he could share in

it with any degree of credit. His is not the feeling of calm and unmixed contempt, but there is a degree of envy and irritation attending it. He cannot despise his fellow-creatures, nor be wholly indifferent to their good opinion. Whatever he may think of their manners and conversation, his uneasiness evinces that he does not feel altogether above or independent of them. No man likes to seem unfit for the company he is in. At Rome, every man would be a *Roman*. The axioms most familiar to men of the world, are passed from one tongue to another without much reflection. They are merely *parroted*. Some critics have thought that the advice which Polonius, in the tragedy of Hamlet, gives his son when going abroad, exhibits a degree of wisdom wholly inconsistent with the general character of that weak and foolish old man. But in this case, as in most others of a similar nature, we find on closer consideration, that what may seem at the first glance an error or oversight of Shakespeare's, is only another illustration of his accurate knowledge of human life. The precepts which the old man desires to fix in the mind of Laertes are just such as he might have heard a hundred thousand times in his long passage

through the world. They are not brought out from the depths of his own mind ; they have only fastened themselves on his memory, and are much nearer to his tongue than to his heart. In the conversation of weak-minded persons, we often find, as in that of Polonius, both matter and impertinency mixed. His advice is not that of a philosopher, but of a courtier and man of the world. He echoes the common wisdom of his associates ;—

“ Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man’s censure ¹, but reserve thy judgment.”

He is indebted to his court education for this political and heartless maxim. To listen eagerly to the communications of others, and to conceal his own thoughts, is the first lesson that a courtier learns. We will quote another specimen of his paternal admonitions, which are from the same school :—

“ Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.”

These precepts, though extremely good in a political sense, are nevertheless not at all of

¹ Opinion.

that high and original cast which Shakespeare would have put into the mouth of Hamlet, or any other thoughtful and noble-hearted personage. It seems paradoxical to affirm, that men who are out of the world, know more of the philosophy of its movements than those who are *in* it ; but it is nevertheless perfectly *true*, and easily accounted for. The busy man is so rapidly whirled in the vast machine, that he has not leisure to observe its motion. An observer stationed on a hill that overlooks a battle, can see more distinctly the operations of either army than the combatants themselves. They who have attained success by mere good fortune, are particularly ill-fitted to direct and counsel others who are struggling through the labyrinths of life. A shrewd observer who has touched the rocks, is a better pilot than he who has passed through a difficult channel in ignorance of its dangers. The extent of a person's knowledge of mankind is not to be calculated by the number of his years. We are not always wise in proportion to our opportunities of acquiring wisdom, but according to the depth and acuteness of our observation. Nor is a man's fortune, in all cases, an unequivocal criterion of the character of his intellect, or of his know-

ledge of the world. Men in business acquire a habit of guarding themselves very carefully against the arts of those with whom they are brought in contact in their commercial transactions ; but they are, perhaps, better versed in goods and securities than in the human heart. Their wisdom lies in trusting a great deal more to law papers than to the "human face divine," or any of those indications of character which are so unerringly perused by a profound observer. A great dramatic poet can lift the curtain of the human heart ; but the mere man of business must act always in the dark, and taking it for granted that every individual, whatever his ostensible character, may be a great villain, they will have no transactions with their fellow-creatures until they have made "assurance doubly sure," and secured themselves from the possibility of roguery and imposition. They carry this habit into common life, and form their judgment of all mankind by a few wretched exceptions. Lawyers have the same tendency to form partial and unfavourable opinions of their fellow-creatures, because they come in contact with the worst specimens of humanity, and see more of the dark side of life than other men. Of all classes

of men, perhaps the members of the medical profession have the best opportunity of forming a fair and accurate judgment of mankind in general, and it is gratifying to know, that none have a higher opinion of human nature. It is generally observable, that men are very much disposed to "make *themselves* the measure of mankind;" or, in other words, when they paint their fellow-creatures, to dip their brush in the colours of their *own heart*.

" All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye."

On the other hand, a frank and noble spirit observes the world by the light of his own nature, and indeed all who have studied mankind without prejudice or partiality, and with an extended and liberal observation, have felt that man is not altogether unworthy of being formed after the image of his Maker. Though allusion has here been made to the tendency of some professions to indurate the heart, and limit and warp the judgment, it is far from being intended as an avowal of hostility towards any class of men. It would be both absurdity and injustice not readily to admit, that intellect and virtue are confined to no one class, or excluded

from another. Men are, generally speaking, very much the creatures of circumstance ; but there is no condition of life in which the soul has not sometimes asserted her independence of all adventitious distinctions ; and there is no trade or profession in which we do not occasionally meet with men who do honour to human nature.

It is a humiliating confession, but it is to be feared, that in no other country is learning so little loved and followed, for its own sake, as in England ; which nevertheless arises not so much from the low-mindedness of individuals, as from the circumstances in which they are placed. The number of persons who, if favourable opportunity were afforded them, might be willing to make learning the business and the delight of their lives, with the ardour and ability requisite for pursuing it to good effect, must, in any generation, necessarily be very small. How little, then, is the chance of their being born to the possession of such wealth as might enable them to indulge their genius ! and if such men are born in such a station, they must be endowed with a strength of moral character which is far more rare than the gifts

either of intellect or fortune, or they will not be able to overcome the debilitating effects of early prosperity. Such men, therefore, are the rarest of God's creatures. But for those who, with the same natural endowments, are born to the wooden spoon, and have to make their way in the world, they soon are made to feel, that the care of providing for immediate wants leaves them little leisure, and less heart for those worthier labours, by which they might once have dreamt of making themselves "for ever known." The booksellers and the public must be their patrons; the former, of course, can only act as caterers for the latter; and the many-headed beast is a foul feeder. To literature, therefore, as a means of subsistence, none but the rash and ill-advised, the unfortunates and cast-aways of society, will betake themselves. But what are called the learned professions, allow no leisure for any pursuit that looks beyond the present. The lawyer has no sooner obtained a professional reputation, than he becomes the very slave of his practice, and well is it if his own soul is not entangled in the snares which he is perpetually engaged in spinning for others. The physician has, indeed, the advantage, that his path is in the way of

intellectual improvement ; but his also is an occupation which engrosses him, and which rarely can leave the mind at leisure, or at ease, for excursive and voluntary labours. From the clergy more might be expected, and more is found : but how few among them are blest with the disposal of their own time, and the opportunity of improving it ! In retired situations, libraries and encouragement are wanting ; in populous parishes, the cares and duties of his cure require the whole attention of a faithful pastor. Secular business, which, unconnected as it is with their sacred calling, and in some respects ill according with it, it is nevertheless in many situations necessary that they should undertake, makes large demands upon them. And they who are promoted to the dignities of the Church find, that when they were advanced from a private station they left behind them the leisure and the opportunities, as well as the freedom, the tranquillity, and the comfort of private life. It is, therefore, from the minor dignitaries, the few of the clergy who possess benefices where the duty is little, and the income sufficient, and the still fewer who, careless of cost or consequence, in their ardour overlook, and sometimes overcome, all

obstacles, that literary service can be looked for. The disposition and the ability God alone can give: the allotment which might place these in full action is at man's disposal; but when it is considered that what are called family livings will be disposed of according to family claims, the best that can be hoped is, that they may for the most part be respectably filled; and the same must be said of that portion of the crown patronage which is bestowed among political claimants, though public opinion interposes there a stronger check. It is surprising that the opponents of the Church of England always miss the most vulnerable points! They attack our faith, and we have no difficulty in proving that we are orthodox. They attack the property of the Church, and we easily make out a legal title. Now, if they were to call upon us to prove that right faith had led to right *practice*, and that Church property is employed for Church purposes, we might in many instances have little to say for ourselves. It is to be wished, that our Universities should again become seats of learning, as they were originally intended to be (not mere places of education), and where tranquillity, and the use of libraries, offer so much advantage: but few of

those who remain in college till middle or declining age, apply themselves there to those disinterested, self-rewarding studies for which the Universities afford facilities scarcely to be found elsewhere. The fellowship was not more the object of their desire when labouring to obtain it in youth, than the succession is which may enable them to vacate it, and enter upon that course of domestic life to which every man looks forward with an instinctive longing, as to where happiness is only to be found. Expectation, however remote, of the chance that may remove him, keeps him always in a certain degree unsettled, and hope deferred produces insensibly a distaste for the place, and indisposes him for making the right use of its advantages.—SOUTHEY.

Few of those who possess the means of happiness, know how to use those means with which they are entrusted, because they know not in what the true happiness of an intellectual and moral creature, made in the image of his Creator, consists. They involve themselves in the pursuits of the world, which are its serious follies, when they have outgrown its lighter and more venial ones; and ceasing to be the

slaves of frivolity, they become the slaves of business, instead of living to themselves and their families, their neighbours and their God. How few are there amongst us who know how to use or to appreciate the blessings of competence and leisure ! The latter, indeed, there are not many capable of enjoying ; for time hardly passes at a wearier pace with the miserable, than with the listless and the idle ; and with regard to *competence*, it has been well defined as meaning, in every one's acceptation, a little more than he himself happens to be possessed of.

" Nul n'est content de sa fortune,
Ni mécontent de son esprit."

Cecil was the first person on whom Elizabeth called for advice, for on the very day of her accession he presented to her minutes of twelve particular matters, which required her instant attention ; and the first appointment of her reign was to replace him in the office of secretary. To this, three years afterwards, she added that of master of the Court of Wards, a post of considerable profit and patronage. In 1570 he was created Baron of Burghley, in Lincolnshire, and some years after was in-

vested with the Order of the Garter, and succeeded the old Marquis of Winchester as Lord High Treasurer, and so remained till his death, on the 4th of August, 1598 ; having presided uninterruptedly in the administration of public measures for thirty of the most glorious and happy years that England has ever known. In every feature of this very eminent person's character we trace some one or more of the qualifications for a great statesman, and in every particular of his public conduct we discover their fruition. He burst forth, therefore, in his youth upon public observation in the possession, almost intuitively, of those rare faculties which deride the slow march of experience, and scarcely need the protection of power ; a fact almost incredible, had we not ourselves witnessed a similar phenomenon. Perhaps no better proof of his profound sagacity could be found than in the fact of his having, throughout the unusually protracted term of his administration, enjoyed the uninterrupted confidence and esteem of a princess, who, with all her great qualities for government, showed herself, on many occasions, little less capricious than her father. Burghley, *a favourite without the name*, was ever an overmatch for the un-

worthy Leicester, on whom that odious title was always bestowed. The fair fame which followed the one unsought, was vainly pursued by the other; and thus will the steady and straightforward step of wisdom and rectitude always, in the end, outstrip the eager and irregular efforts of cunning and deceit. Flattery seems to have had no share in procuring or maintaining to him the unbounded grace of his mistress, nor can an instance be found of his having used artifice to cultivate that popularity which he so largely enjoyed. He chastened with so just a judgment a naturally high spirit, and an ample consciousness of the dignity of his rank and place, as to obtain the reverence of many, and the esteem of the whole body of the nobility, with the exception of a very few, the impotency of whose factious endeavours against him served but to increase the splendour of his reputation, and to strengthen the grasp with which he upheld the honour of the crown, and the interests of the nation. Though Elizabeth is said to have ruled by the dexterous opposition of parties, she ever abstained from involving him in the collision. Indeed, there is good reason to suppose that he joined her in the prosecution of

this policy, and, by affecting a careless neutrality, increased the vain hopes of faction, and encouraged it to disclose its views. In the long course of his ministry, history records not a single instance of erroneous judgment ; of persecution, or even severity, for any public or private cause ; of indecorous ambition, or thirst of wealth ; of haughty insolence, or mean submission. In a word, moderation, the visible sign of a moral sense *critically just*, was the guide of all his actions, decorated the purity of his religious faith with charity to his opponents, and tempered the sincere warmth of his affection to the crown with a due regard to all the civil institutions of the realm : it has been, therefore, happily said of him, that “ he loved to wrap the prerogatives in the laws of the land.” Elizabeth, on her accession, committed chiefly to Sir Nicholas Bacon, her Lord Keeper, and Cecil, the arduous task of superintending the infant ecclesiastical establishment. The former of those great men had been the intimate friend and fellow-collegian of Archbishop Parker, and probably first recommended him to the Queen’s especial favour ; but the raising him without intermediate steps to the exalted dignity which awaited him, must have been the result of

her own judgment of his character, and of her own private determination."—FROM THE LIFE OF LORD BURGHLEY.

Promptitude of execution never accompanies irresolution, and how often is a trifling delay fatal to the accomplishment of the object in view.

It was said by the great Duke of Marlborough, "that many losses may be repaired, excepting that of *time*. The commander-in-chief should, therefore, be always in the neighbourhood of his advanced guard—all news must come to him by that channel, and by this means alone can he acquire knowledge of places and circumstances, to direct his projects in sufficient time for their execution with rapidity and effect."

A clever military writer remarks, after describing the various bye-ways by which individuals in that profession may often rise in the world, there are others, he adds, by which he may, at any rate, always continue *respectable*. That implicit attention to all the duties of the profession, and manly respect for *authority*,

are perfectly compatible with mental independence ; and that the upright discharge of every office of obedience and subordination, without the slightest admixture of servility, will be either the best preparation for command if success attend our exertions, or a source of the proudest satisfaction if they fail.

The prudent plans and purposes of the most prudent and politic people in this world are almost all contingent ;—contingent, in the first place, upon circumstances, the great rulers of all earthly things ; and in the second place, not less than the first, upon the characters, thoughts, and feelings of the very persons who frame them. Many a one may be tempted to tell us, that it must be a prudent man to form prudent resolutions, and that such a prudent man will keep them ; but now the reverse of this common-place reasoning is directly the case, and most prudent determinations are but too often taken by the most imprudent people, and violated without the slightest ceremony or contrition. This is, indeed, almost universally the case ; for really prudent people have no need to make resolutions *at all*, and those who make them have almost always some intima-

tion in their own mind that there is a likelihood of their being broken.

Many men fail in life from the want, as they are too ready to think, of those great occasions wherein they might have shown their trustworthiness and integrity. But such persons should remember, that in order to try whether a vessel be leaky, we first prove it with water before we trust it with wine. The more minute and trivial opportunities of being just and upright, are constantly occurring to every one; and it is an unimpeachable character in these lesser things that almost invariably leads to those opportunities of greater advancement, and of higher confidence, which turn out so rich a harvest, but which those alone are permitted to reap who have previously sown.

It is in the ordinary course of life that people often display what they will be upon great occasions by small traits, which have an *involuntary* effect upon the *feeling*, which is a deeper sense than the opinion.

As the next thing to having wisdom ourselves, is to profit by that of others, so the

next thing to having merit ourselves, is to take care that the meritorious profit by us ; for he that rewards the deserving, makes himself one of the number

It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should use soft *words* and hard *arguments* ; that they should not so much strive to vex as to convince their opponent.

As there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors that might be denominated errors on the *safe* side. Thus, we seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble ; but we often repent having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

Originality, even in a small way, is better than the cleverest *imitation*. It is true, in our mighty Babylon exists the greater part of that society from which alone the student of real genius can hope for just appreciation ; but to be found, it must be courted, and to be enjoyed, it must be deserved. If early habits have disqualified the aspirant for such success, and

early flattery has given him an over-weening opinion of his own powers, he will at best become the wonder of some amateur coterie, perhaps the oracle of a subordinate circle. There is no place where men of true talent and sense are so sure to be distinguished, and none where secondary skill and acquirements are so apt to be misled into vulgar pretensions and disgusting affectation. Sense and talent exist in every rank, and *are* in all alike, but the world is not made up of them. The artist that would study unfettered and undisguised nature will, perhaps, find her most frequently in those who, from rank and understanding, are *above* mere fashion, or, from obscurity and situation, are *independent* of it. All *between* are infected by conventional restrictions; and the titled subjects of Reynolds's and Lawrence's portraits are not a whit more factitious than the far less agreeable airs of their inferiors, which pass with the uninitiated for natural simplicity. These artists discovered more real and unaffected grace in the lovely daughters of our highest aristocracy, than in those to whom elegance was an object of *fashion*, and for the same reason that West observed it in the Indian savage of North America. It is the

highest and most select circle of our society which is characterized by simplicity of manners, the result of the greatest refinement. It is this which is illustrated by the expression "*gentle and simple.*"

"And no'er in cottage maid was seen
The easy dignity of mien,
Claiming respect yet waving state,
That marks the daughters of the great."

Rude nations, like children, are ever mistaking *finery* for *elegance*; and the same rule, with a gradation of force, holds good through all the successive steps between uncivilized nature and the highest degree of refinement.

There is, perhaps, as much of what may be called expression in a man's carriage, and particularly in his step, as there is in his countenance.

It has been observed that the style of dress is an habitual expression of the mind; and when there is no impediment to a person's own wishes with regard to it, it certainly affords strong indications of the tastes and habits of the wearer, especially where any thing very

noticeable is adopted in the manner of it. Any thing very conspicuous in the style of dress is apt to create suspicions as to the strength of a man's understanding, or a woman's either, beyond the age of twenty-five.

Whenever and wherever we see ostentation substituted for happiness, profession for friendship, formality for religion, pedantry for learning, buffoonery for wit, artifice for nature, and hypocrisy for every thing, we may conclude these to be signs of the times, which will enable the philosopher to date the consummation of national refinement.

AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

Fools should not come here, for Americans are nationally cold, jealous, suspicious, and knavish—they have little or no sense of honour, believing every man a rogue, until they see the contrary; thinking imposition and extortion fair business, and all men *fair game*; kind, obliging conduct is lost upon them. A bold, saucy, independent manner towards them is necessary. They love nobody but themselves, and seem incapable of due respect for the feelings of others. They have nothing original;

all that is good or new is done by foreigners, and by the British, and yet they *boast* eternally.—FROM MEMORABLE DAYS IN AMERICA, BY FAUX, AN ENGLISH FARMER.

Man is never found more worthless than when he boasts of his own dignity, nor more foolish than when he is proud of his own wisdom.

All freedom enjoyed in America, beyond what is enjoyed in England, is possessed solely by the *disorderly*, at the expense of the *orderly*. The well disposed, those whose own feelings of justice would prevent their annoying others, will never complain of the restraints of the law.

It is an easy and vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very arduous task to astonish them; but essentially to benefit and improve them is a work fraught with difficulty, and teeming with danger.

He that opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with unanswerable truths; and he that has

truth on his side is a fool as well as a coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of other men's opinions.—DE FOE.

At seasons which have occurred, when the whole commercial policy of a vast trading empire seemed threatened with overthrow by clamour and conspiracy, it became a duty to inquire into the real purposes for which governments were instituted. In a settled and civilized form of government, every individual gives up a certain quantity of his natural and personal rights, in order that he may be protected against general and irresponsible violence. Every man resigns so much of his own will, in order that he may be defended against the unbridled will of every other man. And a government that should act upon the system and principle, that the popular will, if expressed with sufficient violence, must be obeyed, would *ipso facto* abdicate its proper functions. It takes the part of those whose primary duty it is to keep in check and salutary fear, against those whom it is bound, at all events, to support and defend. It oppresses the loyal, the obedient, and the virtuous; whilst it encourages and aggrandizes the turbulent, the seditious, and

the profligate In a state of natural society, the good may and will defend themselves against the bad : in a state of *presumed law*, in which right is always supposed to be maintained, the good have their hands *tied*; and this gives greater audacity to the bad. Still it may be asked, "Should a government act upon the principle of resistance to the popular will?" Certainly not. A government *systematically* carried on against the feelings and opinions of the people, must soon work its own fall. But when they are threatened with the "popular will," they must demand a *definition* of the *term*, as no *section* of the people can embody or represent the popular will. The mill-owners no more express the popular will of the people than the farmers do. Great facility of combination, and the accumulation of capital in a few hands, aided by local and social concentration, must always give the manufacturing interest a condensed and energetic power of expressing itself, which cannot be adequately met by the scattered and less active spirit of agriculture. But for this very reason it is the especial duty of government to protect the agriculturist against the tyranny of the manufacturer. The best minister will, no doubt,

very often find this a difficult matter to accomplish ; but it is his duty. There must always be some cause of disturbance going on in a free state. It is the price we pay for political liberty. *Nulla magna civitas diu quiescere potest* ; and the minister who should only accept office upon the idea of having to deal with no violent disturbances, would resemble the seaman who should only consent to embark on shipboard on condition that the winds and the waves observed eternal peace. The troubled sea can never be at rest ; neither can the people be. As long as the human breast is subject to its debasing and vulgar passions ; as long as avarice, and malignity, and envy, and discontent, and hatred, and impatience of control, and pride, exercise their miserable dominion ; in a word, as long as man is man, so long must the affairs of the wisest and best governments be liable to disturbance and commotion. No system of government that could be devised could insure a state against sedition and civil ruin, because no government can alter the nature of man, any more than the skill of the physician could hinder the existence of disease. But the wisdom and fortitude of the statesman is exhibited in *resisting* and *subduing* tumult in

the body politic ; just as the ability of the physician is shown when tried in the cure of a perilous disorder pervading the human frame. Small skill is required in navigating the ship with wind and tide favouring. Of late years, however, it seems to have been taken for granted, that a statesman shows his wisdom, not in resisting, but in yielding to popular clamour ; not in bravely guiding, but in submitting to be guided ; not in governing according to superior wisdom, but in permitting the inferior sense of the illiterate and ignorant part of the people to dictate to the better informed and the wise : yet, after all, fortitude is *true popularity* at last ; for let the people have but time to judge calmly and deliberately, and they will do justice to the men who bravely told them they were going wrong.

It has been observed, that in free countries all governments are prone to aspire rather to being popular than just.

One man may think it hard to support a church when he dissents from its doctrines ; another, to support an army or navy when he objects to the profession of arms ; a third, to

support a police, when he repudiates such abridgment of the liberty of the subject. Now, if all these objections are to be allowed ; if all men's alleged scruples are to be listened to ; all government is dissolved ; for the nation must split into sections, according to corresponding divisions of opinion, till at last each individual must do what seems right in his own eyes ; and then the principle has worked itself out, and the decomposition of the social system is complete.

The philosophy of history blends the past with the present, and combines the present with the future ; each is but a portion of the other ! the actual state of things is necessarily determined by its antecedent, and thus progressively through the chain of human existence, while " the present is always full of the future." Authority is sacred, when experience affords parallels and analogies. If much which may overwhelm when it shall happen, can be foreseen, the prescient statesman and moralist may provide defensive measures to break the waters, whose streams they cannot always direct ; and Hooker has observed, that " the best things have been overthrown, not so much by the

power and might of adversaries, as through defect of *counsel* or *courage* in those that should have *upheld* and *defended* the *same*." A deficiency of moral courage is the greatest disqualification of a statesman. Moral cowardice is to the mind what personal cowardice is to the body. The one makes the nerves tremble, the lips quiver, the arm powerless; the other makes councils vacillate, opinions change, the mind imbecile; and as the mind is *more* than the body, so does mental degradation more deeply stain the character. There is no deficiency which so completely incapacitates for government as this, and may indeed be said to annihilate the statesman.

Saul feared the people (he was appointed to govern) and obeyed *their voice*; and setting aside the act of disobedience to the positive command of God, no just administration ought to be influenced by popular clamour. It is his duty to adopt such measures as shall promote the good of *all classes*, whereas those which are carried in subservience to popular violence, are usually such as are calculated to favour the disorderly part of the community, at the expense of the peaceable and well-disposed, who

require to be especially protected. When Saul "was *little* in his *own sight*," it is probable that he possessed more moral courage than when he was lifted up so much beyond his sphere.

"What great events from trivial causes spring!" The greatest evils are often brought about by the weakest instruments, but it is when knaves direct and drive them; and a miserable thing it is when upright intentions are thus misguided. We sometimes see men with the worthiest feelings, and the most honourable views, led astray by specious sophistry, because they have not been well grounded in the principles wherein they were brought up; and because strength of mind is wanting in them to perceive clearly what is right, or strength of character to act steadily upon that perception. And when weak men are once beguiled into a wrong course, the difficulty of reclaiming them is in proportion to their weakness; for reasoning will never make a man correct an ill opinion which by reasoning he never acquired. The truth is, that he who best understands himself is least likely to be deceived in others; we usually judge of others by ourselves, and therefore measure them by an

erroneous standard whenever we are wanting in self-knowledge. This is one reason why the empty critic is usually contemptuous and flip-pant, the competent one as generally equitable and humane.

In all great political convulsions, it is strange to remark how, in the beginning, the train is laid by the unseen, or *apparently* insignificant, instruments of faction, carried on by the cunning *artifice*, the *well-told lie*, the exaggerated *grievance*, the suppressed *truth*, the dark insinuation, and all the petty arts of agitation by which large classes are often stirred up to work evil, and become a powerful engine when directed by the bold and the unscrupulous, for the working of their own purposes of ambition or interest. All history teaches us, public and private history, conquerors, statesmen, sharp hypocrites, brave designers—they all teach us how mighty one man of great *intellect* and *no scruple* is against the justice of millions! The *one man moves*—the mass is *inert*. Justice sits on a throne. Roguery never rests—activity is the lever of Archimedes.

A people who change their laws too readily, generally finish by having no laws at all ; and we should be cautious in encouraging innovation in cases of doubtful improvement, for an old system must ever have two advantages over a new one ; it is *established*, and it is *understood*.

It is more easy to pull down than to build up, to destroy than to preserve. Revolutions have on this account been falsely supposed to be fertile of great talent ; as the dregs rise to the top during a fermentation, and the lightest things are carried highest by the whirlwind. And the practice of this proposition bears out the theory ; for demagogues have succeeded tolerably well in making *ruins*, but the moment they begin to build anew, from the materials that they have overthrown, they have generally been uselessly employed with regard to others, and dangerously with regard to themselves. The qualities which enable men to acquire power in distempered times render them, for the most part, unfit to be trusted with it. The work which requires a calm, thoughtful, and virtuous spirit, can never be performed by the crafty, the turbulent, and the audacious.

Society never returns to the same state after it has been violently moved. All great convulsions leave effects behind them, which operate long after they themselves are over ; and immediate consequences are always mingled more or less with evil, even when the ultimate results are in the highest degree beneficial. The eruption of a volcano, or the concussion of an earthquake, sometimes tends to fertilize the ground, and produces riches and abundance after a certain lapse of time ; but in the meanwhile, loss, inconvenience, and often destruction, ensue ; and no one can doubt that the calm, ameliorating progress of nature's ordinary advance, is far preferable to rude and sudden changes of any kind.

It has been observed by Sir W. Temple, "that some ages produce many great men, and few great occasions ; other times, on the contrary, raise great occasions, and few or no great men. And *that* sometimes happens in a country which was said by the fool of Brederode, who going about the fields with the motions of one sowing corn, was asked what he sowed ? he said, 'I sow fools ;' the other replied, 'why do you not sow wise men ?' why said the fool,

‘c’est que la terre ne les porte pas.’ They who tell us that revolutions produce great men, speak hastily, and without either reflection or foresight. Produce them they *do*, but it is in a scourging crop which *exhausts the soil that bears it*; they call forth the strong and stirring spirits which were matured in better times; and they train up no great men to succeed them. Great characters are brought *forward* in distempered times, but it is in peaceable ones that they must be formed. This seems to have been generally observable in times succeeding revolutions, especially in the reign of Charles II.” The agitations of his reign were the natural effect of the convulsions in the preceding one, as the swell continues after the tempest has ceased. The public and private profligacy, which had gained head during the rebellion, prevailed to such a degree, that did we estimate the age only from its history and its literature, it would seem almost miraculous that the nation should not have sunk into that utter degeneracy which necessarily terminates in national ruin.—BURNETT.

In all great revolutions, the foundations not of government alone, but of morality also, are

shaken. There is so much villany and falsehood at the commencement, (for they who aim at revolutionizing a country scruple at no arts, however base, and at no crimes, however atrocious,) and so much wickedness of every kind in the progress, that from seeing right and wrong *habitually confounded*, men *insensibly* adopt their principles to the season, and self-preservation and self-advancement become the *only rule of conduct*. This was exemplified in the state of England during the interval between the Restoration and the Revolution ; the standard of general morality was never at any time so low. The water does not more certainly wear the stone over which it passes, than the constant familiarity with vicious scenes destroys the moral principle in the heart of man.

Never let man imagine that he can pursue a good end by evil means, without sinning against his own soul ! any other issue is *doubtful* ; but the evil effect upon *himself* is *certain*. Lord Clarendon, in his history, when speaking of the Earl of Manchester, observes, "that he thought all means lawful to compass that which was necessary ; whereas the *true* logic is, that the thing desired is *not* necessary, if the ways

are unlawful which are proposed to bring it to pass."

The sacrifice of the future to the present, whether it be a *folly* or a *fault*, seldom goes unpunished; and we should accustom ourselves to submit on all and every occasion, on the most minute, no less than in the most important circumstances of life, to a *small present evil*, to obtain a *greater distant* good. This will give decision, tone, and energy to the mind, which thus disciplined, will often reap victory from defeat, and honour from repulse. Having acquired this invaluable habit of rational preference and just appreciation, we should start for that prize that endureth for ever.

If we would live as we ought to do, we must so employ the present, that we may look upon the past with pleasure, and upon the future with hope. The more we can bring ourselves to consider the importance of the future, the more likely we are duly to regulate the present; and the happiness of this life mainly depends upon our reference to that in the life which is to come.

It is our conduct with regard to temporal things, that can alone evidence the reality of our belief in revelation and a future state hereafter.

“In all councils and conferences,” said the Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, addressing the House of Peers in Queen Elizabeth’s name,—“in all councils and conferences, first and chiefly there should be sought the advancement of God’s honour and glory, as the sure and infallible foundation whereupon the policy of every good public weal is to be erected and built, and as the straight line whereby it is principally to be directed and governed, and as the chief pillar and buttress wherewith it is continually to be sustained and maintained.”

The received opinion that the people ought to be continued in ignorance, is a maxim sounding like the little subtilty of one that is a statesman only by birth, and merits not his place by much thinking. For ignorance is *rude, censorious, jealous, obstinate, and proud*; these being exactly the ingredients of which disobedience is made: while obedience proceeds from ample consideration, of which *know-*

ledge consists :—and knowledge will soon put into one scale the weight of oppression, and in the other the heavy burden which disobedience lays on us in the effects of civil war ; and then, even tyranny will seem much lighter, when the hand of supreme power binds up our load, and lays it judiciously on us, than disobedience (the parent of confusion), when we all load one another, in which every one irregularly increases his fellow's burden to lighten his *own*. The maxim that it is politic to keep the people in ignorance will not be maintained in any country where the rulers are conscious of upright intentions, and confident likewise of the intrinsic worth of the institutions which it is their duty to uphold, and which they know to be founded on the rock of righteous principles. They know, also, that the best means of preserving them from danger is, so to promote the increase of solid information, as to make the people perceive how intimately their own well-being depends upon the stability of the state ; thus making them wise to obedience.—SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

This would protect them from the specious sophistry of the demagogue, and enable them to foresee, what fatal experience too late ex-

hibits to their view—"That the industrious and poor man best serves his country by doing his duty to his family at home. That he best amends his country by giving it good children ; and by setting a good example himself. That he best governs by obeying the laws ; and by ruling in love and mercy his own little kingdom at home. That his best reform is that which corrects irregularities on his own hearth. That his best meetings are those with his own family, by his own fire-side. That his best resolutions are those which he carries into effect for his own amendment, and that of his household. That his best speeches are those which promote 'peace on earth, and good will towards mankind.' That his best petitions are those of a contrite heart, addressed to the King of heaven, by whom 'they will not be despised ;' and those to the governors of the earth, for the peaceable obtainment of ameliorations for *others* as well as *himself*—and that his best means for such obtainment is, the cultivation of good feelings in the hearts, and good sense in the heads of those around him with whom he has any influence. That his best riches is contentment. That his best love is that which comforts his family ; and his best

instruction that which humanizes and ennobles their hearts. And that his best religion is that which leads him to 'do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God.' Would he triumph? let him learn to endure. Would he be a hero? let him subdue himself. Would he govern? let him first learn to obey."

The preceding article is taken from "Passages in the Life of a Radical, written by himself."

Southey remarks, "that it is easy to discover religious madness, but that political insanity is even more common and more contagious."

Nothing is more certain than that religion is the basis upon which civil government rests,—that from religion power derives its *authority*, laws their *efficacy*, and both their *seal* and *sanction*. And it is necessary that this religion should be established for the security of the state, and for the welfare of the people, who would otherwise be moved to and fro with every wind of doctrine. A state is secure in proportion as the people are attached to its institutions; it is, therefore, the first and plainest rule of sound polity, that the people be

trained up in the way they should go:—the state that neglects this prepares its own destruction; and they who train them in any other way are undermining it. Nothing in abstract science can be more certain than these propositions are.

Men become infidels easily, if they have never truly been believers, or if they have been imperfectly grounded in religion, or brought up in one of its corrupted forms, against which the reasonable heart revolts. Presumption and vanity, acting upon ignorance, betray many into this sin; and some are led astray by unfavourable circumstances of ill teaching, ill example, or neglect, and thus find themselves wandering like sheep without a shepherd. This country gained by the Reformation a scriptural religion; a system of belief which *bears inquiry*; and an ecclesiastical establishment, which is not merely in all respects consistent with the general good, but eminently conducive to it.

As there is no error more prevalent, so is there none more dangerous, than the doctrine which is so sedulously inculcated, that the state ought not to concern itself with the reli-

gion of the subjects ; whereas true religion is the *only* foundation of society, and governments which have not this basis are built upon sand.

The principle of nonconformity in religion is very generally connected with political discontent ; the old leaven is still in the mass, and whenever there is thunder in the atmosphere, it begins to work. In the time of the American war they were wholly with the Americans ; and during the French Revolution, their wishes were not with the government, nor their voice with that of the country. At contested elections their weight is uniformly thrown into the opposite scale ; at times when an expression of public opinion is called for, their exertions are always on the factious side. They are what Swift called them, schismatics in temporals as well as spirituals. The truth is, that as Burleigh said of the English papists, they are but half Englishmen at heart ; for they acknowledge only one part of the twofold constitution under which they live, and consequently sit loose in their attachment to the other. Of the two ends of the cable, *one* has been cut through. If a breach be made in our sanctuary, it will be

by the combined forces of popery, dissent, and unbelief, fighting under a *political* flag.

Men who have received a University education seldom enter into the ranks of *actual* dissent ; their connexions in life are rarely such as would lead them towards the meeting-house¹. A few become Socinians ; and perhaps there are more who pass from cold indifference to a feverish state of what may better be called religiosity than religion, for little charity can be perceived in it, and less humility. Professional engagements bring back a greater number into the right way, and keep them there. Others are restored by the gentle and natural effects of time, or the sharper discipline of affliction, which teaches them where to find the only source of comfort, the only balm for a wounded heart, the only rest for an immortal spirit. But too many fall into habits of practical irreligion, and according as there may be more or less of vanity or presumption in their disposition, become the proselytes or the propagandists of speculative impiety. Even while the Jews were living under a visible dispensa-

¹ Such was the case at the time Southey wrote.

tion, and before the Glory had departed from the Temple, fools were to be found among them who "said in their heart that there was no God." Much more may this worst and deadliest infatuation be expected to show itself in these latter times, when so great a part of mankind live as though there were none, and when the ways of the world, its follies, and its philosophies, have interposed an atmosphere of darkness between us and the light of his presence, though in that light only is there life!—
SOUTHEY.

The rule of sound policy, as of private morals, is to be found in the Gospel ; and a religious sense of duty towards God and man is the first thing needful in a statesman ; herein he has an unerring guide when knowledge fails him, and experience affords no light. This, with a clear head and a single heart, will carry him through all difficulties ; and the just confidence which, having these, he will then have in himself, will obtain for him the confidence of the nation. In every nation, indeed, which is conscious of its strength, the minister who takes the highest tone, will invariably be the most popular ; let him uphold, even haughtily, the character of

his country, and the heart and voice of the people will be with him¹. But haughtiness implies always something that is hollow: the tone of a wise minister will be firm and calm. He will neither truckle to his enemies in the vain hope of conciliating them by a specious candour, which they at the same time despise; nor will he stand aloof from his friends, lest he should be accused of regarding them with partiality; and thus, while he secures the attachment of the one, he will command the respect of the other. He will not, like the Lacedemonians, think any measures *honourable* which accord with his *inclinations*, and *just* if they promote his *views*; but in all cases he will do that which is lawful and right, holding this for a certain truth, that in politics the straight path is the sure one! Such a minister will hope for the best; by acting openly, steadily, and bravely, he will act always for the best; and so acting, be the issue what it may, he will never dishonour himself, or his country, nor fall under the sharp judgment of which "they that are in high places" are in danger. The ways of Providence are not so changed under

¹ Lord Chatham, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Canning, are proofs of this.

the dispensation of Grace, from what they were under the old law, but that he who means well, and is not wanting to himself, may rightfully look for a blessing upon the course which he pursues. The upright individual may rest his head in peace upon this hope; the upright minister who conducts the affairs of a nation may trust in it; for as national sins bring after them, in sure consequence, their merited punishment, so national virtue, which is national wisdom, obtains in like manner its temporal and visible reward. The rise and fall of kingdoms commonly outreach any one man's age or observation; and such as follow, mark the occurrences of their own times, more than their connexion with former ones: whence it is, that secular politicians are always learning, and never attain unto the knowledge of what they seek. God, in his usual course of justice, so suits his punishments to the most accustomed habits and predominant sins, that unto men, religiously observant of times and seasons, the growth and progress of the one will give a certain crisis of the other. There can be no health, no soundness in the state, till government shall regard the moral improvement of the people as its first great duty. The same remedy is re-

quired for the rich and for the poor. True *influential* religion ought to be so blended with the whole course of instruction, that its doctrines and precepts should indeed "drop as the rain, and distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass;" the young plants would then imbibe it, and the heart and intellect assimilate it with their growth. We are in a great measure what our institutions make us. Gracious God! were those institutions always adapted to thy will and word; were we but broken in from childhood to thy easy yoke; were we but carefully instructed to believe and obey, in that obedience and belief we should surely find our temporal welfare and our eternal happiness. In the sciences of late years the progress has been so great, that seeing the religious and moral improvement of the nation has in no degree kept pace with it, it may be reasonably questioned whether we have not advanced, in certain branches, further and faster than is conducive to, or perhaps consistent with, the general good. The march of intellect is proceeding at quick time; and if its progress be not accompanied by a corresponding improvement in morals and religion, the faster it proceeds, with the more

violence will be the national advance on the road to ruin.—SOUTHEY.

Much more applicable have the foregoing observations become since Southey *wrote* his Progress and Prospects of Society. The greatest epochs in the history of the world have been preceded by the greatest moral degradation and the prevalence of extreme depravity in feeling and practice, the certain evidence of the absence of *true faith*, and often carried on under the mask of religion. Before the first of those great changes, we are told that “the earth was filled with violence,” and when the Sceptre departed from Judah, the *innocent blood* was sold for thirty *pieces of silver* ! Our Lord also, when speaking of his second advent, in a question which implies the strongest negative, asks, “When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth ?”—Luke xviii. 8.

The rulers of the people felt no scruple in selling the innocent blood ; but casting the money into the treasury was considered of more importance.

Let no man presume that he can see prospectively into the ways of Providence ! His part is to contemplate them in the past, and *trust* in them for the future ; but so trusting, to act always upon motives of human prudence, directed by religious principles.

SUPERSTITION.

It should be remembered that superstition never flourishes *alone*, but clings to religion and morality for support ; that she creeps up their deep-rooted stems, spreads over their noble branches, and mingles her poisons with their fruits, till at last the parasite alone retains vigour, and clusters in rank luxuriance round a withered trunk. It should be remembered also, that this intertwining of *good* and *bad* is so close and perplexed, as to require the nicest skill in their separation to avoid wounding the useful tree, and is not a work to be intrusted to a rude and careless hand. Extremes are ever fated to meet. In the age of superstition, an age of *confident faith*, every difficulty was *solved*, and every doubt was *silenced*, by appealing to the mysterious influence of *spirit*, and by attributing all the operations of nature to the immediate workings of the great First

Cause, and to the direct action of those immaterial beings who might be deemed the ministers of Infinite power. By excluding from consideration the machinery through which Providence guides the material world, a wild and enthusiastic system of credulity was formed, wholly derogating from supreme might and goodness, and humiliating to those by whom it was received. This we justly call "superstition," and it is justly reprobated. But the very increase of knowledge, which dispelled these errors, has ended in bringing new perplexities upon mankind. The confidence which it has imparted to the pride of human intellect, has cheated us into another species of credulity no less mischievous and degrading. Bounded by the tangible and sensible elements of creation, philosophy will recognize no cause of vitality, except what can be dissected by the scalpel, or distinguished by the test, or breathed in the retort ; no *being*, except *matter*.

At the time of the Reformation the Bible, the only foundation of revealed knowledge, became equally in the hands of all ; no man, or set of men, dared to claim the exclusive right of interpretation : every one was his own

expositor ; all thought, all discussed, all decided. *True*, the flood-gates of error and absurdity were *opened*, and a spirit of division seemed to threaten the very existence of reformed Christianity. But there is no *unmixed good under heaven*. Nay, what at first sight appears an evil, is constantly and visibly turned into a most powerful instrument of good, in the hands of an all-wise Providence. In the improvement of the intellectual faculties much may be done independently of the direct advancement of truth. Heaven has treated the world, in its intellectual infancy, as we treat children whose bodily powers we wish to develope ; we make them use their limbs without any view to immediate utility. The regular application of strength, which can alone produce a useful piece of workmanship, is, indeed, but ill calculated to make a child grow into a strong and healthy man. We will not rashly pursue the analogy, or assert that the uncontrolled range in which the human mind exercised its powers before it submitted to the strict and manly discipline of the Baconian philosophy, was the only method by which it could obtain a vigorous maturity. But this we will be bold to say, the wisest system of in-

struction, carried on for a century under the most liberal government, would have failed in imparting to the bulk of the people even a portion of the intellectual energy, which, in a few years, they owed to the liberty of religious speculation when the mental bondage of popery was removed. No man loves to be taught ; you must either force him to learn, or persuade him that it is his interest. He must next accumulate materials to work upon—those elements of knowledge which appear so little worth the trouble of storing up, till in full possession of the art itself. A long methodical system of elementary instruction, under a combination of favourable circumstances, may, in the course of ages, raise the standard of intellect in the great bulk of a nation, but the discipline of learning, however useful in the formation of regular and subordinate habits, cannot, by any direct operation, produce that sudden and general change in the intellectual energies, which the liberty of discussing religious questions gave, in a short time, to whole nations, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. If, as we may judge from events, the object of Providence was suddenly to rouse a certain portion of mankind into mental activity,

nothing could so effectually produce a general impulse as placing before them a subject of the highest interest, seemingly within the reach of every individual, where every man might flatter himself to become a proficient without submitting to the authority of a worldly master. It is impossible to conceive a higher degree of self-complacency (especially among the lower classes) than this produced, and seems to have been the origin of the fanatical and independent school in religion and politics. They boasted an *internal change*, and surely none could be greater than that of their consciousness with regard to their own dignity and importance. This right of private judgment, (never dreamt of under the mental strait-waistcoat of the Romish system,) made the low and the illiterate, as well as others, to consider themselves at once transformed into judges of religious truth, and felt confident of personal right to maintain their decisions, however erroneous or absurd. The power which upset the throne of these kingdoms, was only the result of this mental stimulus, which, in that instance, showed the formidable extent of its activity. But it is the nature of all moral as well as physical energies to be liable to *exceed*

the *limits*, beyond which they are *destructive* to man ; yet it is to them that man is indebted for happiness, for life itself. The salutary change once effected, its consequences were visible in the whole frame of society ; a new spirit, a new energy pervaded the mass of the people. The instrument which Providence had allowed to act with the fearful violence which appears at times in some of its physical agents, lost, in the course of two generations, the stormy activity which was scarcely more than adequate to the enormous resistance opposed to its operation ; while the inheritance of those blessings which are inseparable from the unfettered exertion of the mental powers, and the absence of intellectual servility, will be transmitted to the descendants of the first Protestants so long as they shall exist collected into independent nations.

ENTHUSIASM.

No word has borne so many meanings as enthusiasm, and there is none which has been the object of fiercer censure or warmer praise, as it has been applied to different characters. At first, notwithstanding the sublime meaning elicited from its Greek derivation, it was employed to express the temporary delirium

either felt or affected by the pagan priests under the influence of Bacchus, Apollo, or Cybele. It was afterwards with much propriety applied to the different sects who have in their turn adopted the feelings, if not the opinions of mysticism ; and above all, to those who have supposed the existence of an inward light, and conceived themselves the organs of immediate inspiration. When thus applied, there may be in enthusiasm much to pity, but there can surely be nothing which we should be led either to imitate or admire. There is no real sublimity in madness ; and those who have been delighted with scenic or poetical imitation, would lose their raptures, if they were to visit those asylums where it is confined, or those conventicles where it is engendered. But enthusiasm has also been applied to ardent affections of every kind, by whatever excited, inso-much that by a common caprice of language the metaphorical has, in common usage, nearly superseded the original meaning. In England it is chiefly used to signify intemperate or excessive zeal for a man's own opinions or his own profession, and has been properly or improperly applied in proportion as the person who employed the term was himself of a warm

or cold disposition, attached, or otherwise, to the object which excited his neighbour's eagerness. On the Continent it generally bears a milder signification, and seems to mean a susceptibility of warm and generous affections, a thirst of fame, an attachment to liberty, to religion, to truth, and to virtue, in opposition to that spirit of indifference to the welfare of mankind, which, after revolutionary times, generally succeeds like a deadly calm to the storm of disappointed hopes and misdirected efforts.

One of the most curious and important chapters in the history of the human mind is that of hereditary insanity. The symptomatic facts by which the disease might be traced are generally either disregarded, from ignorance of their real cause and character, or, when observed, carefully suppressed by domestic or professional delicacy. This is natural, and even laudable; yet there are several important reasons why the obscurity in which such facts are usually buried, is to be regretted. *Morally*, we should wish to know, as far as may be permitted us, the nature of our own intellect, its powers and its weaknesses;—*medically*, it

might be possible, by early and systematic treatment, to avert or mitigate the disease which, there is reason to suppose, is now often unknown or mistaken ;—*legally*, it would be desirable to have any additional means of discriminating between guilt and misfortune, and of ascertaining with more precision the nice bounds which divide moral guilt from what may be called physical *errors*; and in the highest and most important of all the springs of human thought and action, it would be consolatory and edifying to be able to distinguish with greater certainty *rational faith*, and *judicious piety*, from the enthusiastic confidence or the gloomy despondency of disordered imaginations. The memory of every man who has lived, not inattentively, in society, will furnish him with instances to which these considerations might have been usefully applied. But in reading the life of Dr. Johnson, (who was conscious of the disease and of its cause, and of whose family there remains no one whose feelings can now be offended,) they should be kept constantly in view ; not merely as a subject of general interest, but as elucidating and explaining many of the errors, peculiarities,

and weaknesses of that extraordinary man.—
FROM MR. CROKER'S EDITION OF BOSWELL'S LIFE
OF JOHNSON.

Christianity has been emphatically termed the social religion, and society is the proper sphere of its duties, which demands all its energies, and deserves all that it demands. He, therefore, that retires to cells and caverns, to stripes and to famine, to court a more arduous conflict, and to win a richer crown, is doubly deceived. "Who hath required this at your hands?" Alas! how has the social and cheerful spirit of Christianity been perverted, by fools at one time and by knaves at another; by the self-tormentors of the cell, and the persecutors of the conclave. And are there no Protestants in these enlightened times, who are their own popes? and are there no dissenters from *truth* as well as from *error*? Are there none whom Calvin has placed upon a spiritual pinnacle? and are there none whom he torments with the stings of a despair more horrible than the whips of St. Dominic? who have, perhaps, escaped the melancholy of madness, only by exchanging it for the presumption of pride, and denying that eternal mercy

to others, of which they themselves also once despaired.

Those who are influenced by the principles of common sense, and the great mass of mankind are, we hope, of this class, will, if they are sincere, prefer taking their religion from the Bible, than from tradition, and a long range of ecclesiastical history ; and will find it difficult to understand how doctrines of which our Lord gives not the least *hint*, and of which the apostles betrayed not in all their writings the *slightest knowledge*, can be essential to salvation. When we are told that there is but one Mediator between God and man, what authority can there be for a multitude of intercessors ? When our Saviour said to the Virgin Mary, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" it was in prophetic allusion to what would arise in after-times, both as to her being merely a woman, and not otherwise concerned with his mission upon earth, than as a pure instrument of his introduction to it. In the same spirit the angel in the Book of Revelation, once and again solemnly repels the worship of St. John. So throughout all St. Paul's epistles, he re-proves the errors, and rebukes the sins of his

♦

converts ; but where does he hint at any other means for the remission of sins, but through faith working repentance in this life ? And why, when he says, that “ it is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgment,” is he quite silent as to the supposed ages of further probation, or purification, after this life is closed ? One would imagine it to be impossible that any one who *really* believed in Divine Revelation, could, in the face of it, adopt such notions, if they were really in possession of their right senses.

POLITICAL RELIGIONISM.

In Professor Dugald Stewart's first Dissertation on the Progress of Philosophy, we find this singular and significant term — “ on reflecting on those contests for religion in which a particular faith has been made the *ostensible pretext*, while the *secret motive* was usually *political*. The historians, who view in religious wars only religion itself, have written large volumes, in which we may never discover that they have either been a struggle to obtain predominance, or an expedient to secure it. The hatreds of ambitious men have disguised their own purposes, while Christianity has

borne the odium of loosening a destroying spirit among mankind ; which, had Christianity never existed, might have equally prevailed in human affairs. Of a moral malady it is not only necessary to know the nature, but to designate it by a *right name*, that we may not err in our mode of treatment. If we call that *religious* which we shall find for the most part to be *political*, we are likely to be mistaken in the regimen and the cure. The subject of 'political religionism' is, indeed, as nice as it is curious ; politics have been so cunningly worked into the cause of religion, that the parties themselves will never be able to separate them, and to this moment the most opposite opinions are formed concerning the same events and the same persons. The secret history of *toleration* among certain parties has been disclosed to us by a curious document, from that religious Machiavel, the fierce ascetic republican John Knox, a Calvinistical pope. 'While the posterity of Abraham,' says that mighty and artful reformer, 'were few in *number*, and while they sojourned in *different countries*, they were merely required to avoid all participation in the idolatrous rites of the Heathen ; but *as soon as they prospered into a*

kingdom, and had obtained *possession of Canaan*, they were strictly charged to suppress idolatry, and to destroy all the monuments and incentives to it. The same duty was incumbent on the possessors of the true religion in Scotland. Formerly, when few in a country were enlightened, it would have been *foolishness* to have demanded of the nobility the suppression of *idolatry*. But *now*, when knowledge was *increased, &c.* Such are the men who cry out for toleration during their state of political weakness, but who cancel the bond by which they hold their tenure whenever they ‘obtain possession of *Canaan*.’ The only commentary upon this piece of the history of toleration is, the acute remark of Swift: ‘We are fully convinced that we shall always tolerate them, but not that they will tolerate us.’ The Catholic has curiously told us on this word toleration, that, ‘Ce mot devient fort usage à mesure que le nombre des tolérans augmente.’ A religion which admits not of *toleration* cannot be safely tolerated, if there is any chance of its obtaining the ascendancy”

It is a fact written upon the *forehead* of *history*, that wherever, from the poles to the

tropics, the Church of Rome has carried her spiritual arms, attempts to create temporal power have never failed to accompany them.

RELIGIOUS READING.

It is of great importance to observe in reading the Scriptures, the striking difference between the dispensations of God in the times of our Saviour and his apostles, and in our own. *Then* miracles were wrought on the bodies and minds of Christians, in order to establish the truth of the Gospel. That object being effected, miracles ceased altogether, as they were no longer necessary. We should, therefore, be careful of applying expressions connected with a state of *miraculous dispensation* to the course of God's regular providence, whether physical or moral. We should also bear in mind, when reading those parts of Scripture which relate to human corruption, that St. Paul's argument in his Epistle to the Romans is, that no man can *claim* forgiveness or reward on his own merits, because every man is a sinner in the sight of God. This argument would have been as perfect had it been addressed to the Jews in the time of

David, or to the Romans in that of Scipio, as it was then. It is not necessary to the argument that the picture of Jewish and Roman depravity in the time of Tiberius (an historical fact we may see recorded by Josephus and Tacitus,) should resemble human nature at all times. A man is not in greater or less need of a Saviour because he is more or less sinful, (for "whoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all," and it is very far from being expedient if it is not necessary,) nor is it requisite to represent human nature as a mass of pollution, in order to make redemption the only means of salvation. Again, sincere and deep gratitude is to be felt for this redemption by the free mercy of God ; and the best proof of our feeling this gratitude will be, a constant and earnest endeavour to conform our thoughts, words, and actions, to the will of Him who is the object of it. These are the indispensable *effects*, as the sacrifice of Christ is the only *means*, of salvation ; and in forming our estimate of these, we must not only beware of that partial view which takes in devotion, and overlooks the active duties of Christianity ; but also of the common error respecting devotion, which makes

it consist, not in piety equally removed from indifference and enthusiasm, but in passionate orgasm of theopathy ; and of the not less common error respecting Christian duty, which makes it consist, not in self-government, but in the mortifications of an ascetic discipline ; not in that course of action which a merciful God has caused to be the most effectual proof of faith (whilst He has appointed it the indispensable condition of receiving eternal blessings), but in a course of self-imposed suffering, which would purchase eternal happiness by temporal misery.

RELIGIOUS FEELINGS.

Those who build so much upon religious *feelings*, should *well consider* whether their state is not materially affected by their *bodily health* ; and if they do not find the former depressed in proportion as the latter is disordered. If they acknowledge this to be the case, they should beware of giving way to the weakness of imagining the health of their souls dependent on the state of their bodies, which they in *fact do*, when they connect the state of *salvation* with that of their *spirits* ; and the *absurdity* of making the *favour* of *Heaven* depend on a *diseased*

liver, a weak stomach, or a checked perspiration. They should also carry in mind, that they possess a large proportion of a faculty called *imagination*, which has caused more absurdity and misery in the world than they are aware of. Let them read Southey's *Life of Wesley* attentively, and say how many of the worthies there recorded thought *themselves* inspired when they were only *beside themselves*. If they should be disposed to doubt the influence of the power against which this warning is directed, let them try the experiment of reading Mrs. Radcliffe's "*Mysteries of Udolpho*," *alone* at one o'clock in the morning, and by a *rush-light*, just to convince themselves that the imagination *may* be worked upon by *unreal* terrors ; or it might not be amiss also to read Dugald Stewart's chapter on that faculty.—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Gibbon has observed, that persons of imagination are always positive ; and we need not add, that to oppose a positive man is, generally, to confirm him in his opinion. But there is a reason for this positiveness in imaginative persons which Gibbon has not explained. The premises from which the imaginative person reasons, perhaps correctly, will not be granted

by the unimaginative person, and cannot be disproved by any argument that he can use. For example, a person declares that he has seen a ghost, and infers the probability of various ghost stories from the *fact*; nor do all the arguments which you can bring against the probability of such a fact disprove it to him who knows it, so far as his impressions can be trusted, to be a *fact*. It is, therefore, not by reasoning from your premises that you will effect any thing in disproving his. The only thing to be done is, to put him in the way of being convinced that similar impressions have been fallacious, beginning with the most palpably absurd, and ascending by degrees till you arrive at the level of his own folly; and every person acquainted with the pride of human nature will believe, that this course of inductions will be attended with less prejudice when set forth by a reasoning book, than a dictating friend. Truth is, indeed, one; but the impressions and sentiments resulting from its reception must ever be various in various minds, and some such varieties are neither avoidable nor blameable.

The Church of England, in every part of its public formularies, asserts the doctrines of preventing and co-operating grace, but gives no countenance to enthusiasm, properly and justly so called. The real orthodox divine maintains that every true Christian is inspired, enlightened, sanctified, and comforted by the Spirit of God ; but he rejects all claim to private revelation, all pretensions to instantaneous and forcible conversion, and to the sensible operation of the Spirit. In short, he disclaims what, in the language of modern Calvinists, are called experiences ; that is, suggestions or perceptions, known and felt to be communicated by the immediate inspiration of God. This is not to exclude the heart and affections from the business of religion ; it is not to deny the actual assistance of the Holy Spirit, nor to extol our natural powers beyond their just limit ; but it is to guard against the delusions of spiritual pride, to prevent the rapturous flights of an heated imagination, and to call the attention to the plain and practical duties of rational devotion. It is to encourage true zeal, vital piety, and Christian humility, without incurring the dangers of wild fanaticism, listless indolence, dangerous security, or agonizing despondence.

Regeneration of those who are already baptized, by the forcible operation of the Spirit, is one of the doctrines by which the weak credulity of unthinking persons is imposed upon, in the present times. It is a dangerous illusion, calculated to flatter the pride and indolence of our corrupt nature, and is an easy substitute for godly sorrow, and real amendment of life. Men who fancy that they have received their second birth, consider themselves full of divine grace ; and too often, regardless of the laws both of God and man, urge the suggestions of the Spirit on the most trifling occasions, and pretend to the most positive assurance of their salvation, while, perhaps, they are guilty of the grossest immoralities ; or, at least, by boasting of the peculiar favour of Heaven, they imitate the persons spoken of in the Gospel, who trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others.—BISHOP TOMLINE.

The word “faith” is used in the Epistles in senses widely different : and a want of attention to these has been the source of great misunderstanding. One text tells us, that we may be saved through faith ; another, that faith, being alone, is dead. It is certain, therefore,

that the ideas included under the same word are not the same in the two cases. Faith, in fact, in the one text, means a lively efficacious belief of the Gospel truths which produces corresponding practice : in the other, it means a bare belief which produces no effect on the mind and disposition. This twofold sense of faith, obvious to *every attentive reader of Scripture*, is fully discussed in one of our homilies. Of the 11th article, relating exclusively to justification, the Bishop observes, “ this article was purposely framed against the popish doctrine of human merit, which our reformers justly held to be inconsistent with the whole scheme of Christian redemption. This should always be kept in view. It says, ‘ we are righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works or deservings ; wherefore, that we are justified by faith only, is a most wholesome doctrine.’ The article itself refers to one of the homilies where the doctrine, intended to be enforced, is explained at length. Combining this explanation with the knowledge of the designs and opinions of the reformers elsewhere expressed, it is beyond a doubt, that what they mean to affirm is, that the atonement made by

Christ is the sole meritorious cause of the remission of sins ; that no inherent righteousness of man, no merit effected by any works which he can perform, is available to this purpose : but at the same time there is nothing like a declaration that works are *unnecessary*, as the *condition* of justification ; there is only an exclusion of them, as the *meritorious cause*. In the expression, ' we are justified by faith only,' is clearly meant that mentioned by St. Paul, viz., the faith which is efficacious on practice, and generates good works. Calvinistic teachers are, perhaps, libelled, when it is asserted that they preach faith wholly without works, in the sense of a bare assent to truths, without the performance of practical duties ; but they dwell so much on the efficacy of faith, and so little on the necessity of works, as frequently to mislead their hearers. An illiterate person, if he be told that lying and drunkenness are forbidden by the law of God, will see in this plain prohibition a rule of life. In this he cannot deceive himself ; he must know whether he offends or not. But if he be told that he has only to cherish faith in his mind, he will be apt to persuade himself that he *has* this faith, while he is guilty of every vice within his means, to

which he feels any temptation. The doctrine of salvation through faith, if rightly understood, is strictly *scriptural*; but the New Testament does not furnish one discourse of our Saviour, one sermon of any of his apostles, or one epistle, in which there is not an exhortation to the practice of moral virtue, or in which a reward is not promised to holiness of life." If these preachers do not in so many words tell their hearers that their moral conduct will have no influence on the sentence which will be pronounced upon them at the last day; or if they do not entirely pass over in silence the great duties of morality; yet, if they dwell so much more earnestly and frequently on the necessity and merit of faith, without its evidence of good works, they induce the opinion that the latter is of little comparative importance, and the natural result will be a laxity of principle and a dissoluteness of manners.

The history of the construction of the public formularies of the Church of England is very important, and affords an external proof that it was not founded on Calvinistic principles. Our articles, it is well known, were first drawn up in 1552. Cranmer and Ridley were, by royal

appointment, principally concerned in framing them. They *expressly refused* the assistance of Calvin which was offered. They principally consulted Melancthon, whose opinions differed from those of Calvin; and the articles bear a closer resemblance to the Confession of Augsburg, which was anti-Calvinistic, than to any public formularies. In these early periods of the Reformation, the attention was wholly directed to oppose the doctrines of the Church of Rome, especially the unscriptural exaltation of human merit. It was the natural wish of our reformers to wave all discussions tending to widen divisions; they therefore drew up the articles in general and comprehensive terms, expressing their dissent from Calvin's opinions with a degree of mildness which could scarcely give offence. In fact, at the time of which we are speaking, those opinions had made very little progress in England. It was not till Elizabeth's reign that they began to spread. The divines who fled to the Continent, and particularly to Geneva, during Mary's persecution, returned with a strong taint of Calvinism: and the scarcity of Protestant clergy was at this time so great, that it was necessary to present, in-

discriminately, to the vacant benefices, whoever was possessed of sufficient learning, and earnest in his zeal against the prevalent error of popery. Hence the doctrines of Calvin began to prevail. But that our present Articles were not then deemed Calvinistic by the Calvinists themselves, is fully proved by the attempts which they have since made to alter them. In particular, a set of Articles, known by the name of the Lambeth Articles, drawn up under Archbishop Whitgift, and expressing Calvinism in the strongest terms, was proposed for introduction amongst those of our Church, at the Hampton Court Conference under James I., and were *rejected*. The demand to admit them was an important admission that they did not believe their doctrines to be already contained in them. But besides the other proofs of the anti-Calvinism of our Church, there is a negative proof of no inconsiderable weight; namely, that through the whole of the Articles and Liturgy, not one Calvinistic doctrine is expressly declared. Divine grace is never said to be *irresistible*; good works are never affirmed to be *unnecessary*; sudden conversions and sensible operations of the Spirit are never *acknowledged*. In regard to the homilies, the

argument is still stronger. These are plain sermons for the use of parish churches. If our reformers had been Calvinists, they would beyond all doubt have introduced their doctrines here; but although many of the subjects treated are connected with the Calvinistic system, that system is in no instance supported. The word predestination does not occur in them, nor election (in the Calvinistic sense), nor reprobation. In fact, our reformers had an eye (in the words of one of the acts of parliament of Edward VI.), in the *first place*, to the more *pure and sincere Christian religion, taught in the Scriptures*, and in the next, to the usages of the primitive Church. Our Church, therefore, is not *Lutheran*, is not *Calvinistic*, is not *Arminian*. *It is scriptural*; it is built upon the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the *chief corner-stone*.—BISHOP TOMLINE.

Fatalism creates a disregard of *religious* duties, Calvinism of *moral* ones. The sober and considerate part of mankind, induced by the strong evidences both of freedom and providence, have forbore to pronounce them incompatible: yet look upon their *consistency*

as one of those mysteries which we are forced to admit though we cannot explain. Imperfection, real or apparent, is essential to that state of trial, in which both reason and revelation show that we are placed. A belief that evil exists and may be avoided, that we ourselves may become better and happier by Divine assistance, is necessary to habits of piety and devotion; and it is a belief which has been universal in all ages of the world, and in all nations.

He who would walk through the world, dismissing as untrue all that is incapable of mathematical proof, will lose *considerably* more than he can gain by his fastidiousness—and as it regards *religion*, it is what our heavenly Father has thought fit to withhold from us, for the better trial of our faith and obedience, for which purpose we were sent into this present world.

It has been considered a matter of the greatest difficulty to reconcile the foreknowledge of God with the free agency of man. The difficulty seems principally, if not wholly, to lie in our misappropriation of the term *foreknow-*

ledge, which appears to be applicable to created beings, not to God. Foreknowledge must of necessity, and from its very nature, belong solely to creatures of time, to finite and created intellects, but does not apply to that intellect that is infinite and creates; and to whose view the past, the present, and the future are presented at once, and with equal impression. It is most probable that there are many orders and degrees of finite and created intellectual beings, and that to all of them foreknowledge in a higher or lower degree may belong; but *we* can trace it only in *man*; in whom it may be found under various modifications, but mostly in a very infantine and imperfect state, having much more to do with probabilities than with certainties, whether it enable the peasant to foretel a storm, or a philosopher an eclipse. Foreknowledge, therefore, as it exists in man, can extend its views no further into time, as compared with eternity, than the snail his horns into space, as compared with infinity. But to attribute the faculty of foreknowledge to God, seems rather to degrade and limit, than to exalt Him; that which is past and that which is to come, are both to Him one *eternal now*; He sees every thing, He *fore-*

sees nothing, for futurity itself is present with Him. Before or after, far or near, above or below, these are all intelligible terms, when applied to things created, and which exist in time, and in space ; but these terms apply not to the omniscient and self-existent, eternal and omnipresent Creator. All ideas, therefore, of succession as to time, and of distance as to space, relate not to God, but to things created by Him. God is at once, "first, last, midst, and without end;" and time itself is but a drop in that ocean of eternity, which He alone both fills and comprehends. All things, therefore, are present to Him, the *motive* no less than the moment, the action no less than the man ; to a Being that is omnipresent in time, all future actions may be looked upon as done ; they are seen, therefore, because they are done, and not *done because they are seen* ; and if this be true, it follows that foreknowledge, as applied to God, with its necessary deduction, fore-ordination as applied to man, with all its lame conclusions and consequences, falls a baseless fabric to the ground. Ignorance lies at the bottom of all human knowledge, and the deeper we penetrate, the nearer we arrive unto it. For what can we truly know ? or what can

we truly affirm of any one of those important things upon which *all* our reasonings must necessarily be built—time and space, life and death, matter and mind? However, of one thing we may be certain, viz., that had more knowledge upon these heads been necessary to us in our preparatory state, revelation would have supplied it.

It is profound minds which are found the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason, and it is the pert superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and in science so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light,—such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming a thunder cloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon,—that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert confidently on any abstruse

subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures.

Of all *other blessings* the *greatest* is a firm religious belief, for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish ; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights ; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity ; makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise ; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair.

Men always grow vicious before they become unbelievers, and it is the consciousness that religion condemns them, which makes them opposed to it.

To make our reliance upon Providence both pious and rational, we should in every great enterprize we take in hand, prepare all things with that care, diligence, and activity, as if there were no such thing as Providence for us to depend upon ; and again, when we have done all this, we should as wholly and humbly depend upon it, as if we had made no such preparations at all. And this is the rule of practice which will never *fail*, or shame any who shall venture all that they *have* or *are* upon it ; for as a man by exerting his utmost force in any action or business, has all that human strength can do for him therein ; so in the next place, by quitting his confidence in the same, and placing it only in God, he is sure also of the Divine assistance if success will promote his ultimate good.

“ If we ask according to his will he heareth us.” That is, if we ask in *submission* to the will of Him who knoweth all things, past, present, and future, to grant us what may tend to our ultimate good, when time shall be no longer.

It has been observed by those who cavil at divine revelation, that it has been communicated *partially*, and that if it was really from God, and of the importance alleged, it would have been universal ; yet which of God's gifts is not thus imparted ? Health, and strength, and intellect, and property, are they not all distributed in unequal proportions ? One man has his lot cast among the snows and seals of a polar sky ; another on the vine-clad banks of the Loire. It is not for us to reconcile these things ; but it is equally wrong to raise objections against revelation upon a ground which would deprive the Almighty of any hand in the government of the universe. Again, they say, " that the evidence for the truth of revelation is not *demonstrative* ; that principles which were not for speculation, but use, and for such use too, should have been set forth with a perspicuity which could not be misinterpreted, and supported by testimony which could not be refused." But what reason was there for expecting this ? None, certainly, from the condition of man in this world. He has been left to shape his course through things temporal, not with *demonstration* for his guide, but with *probability* only. For can he do more, even in

the most critical step that he takes, than sit down first, endeavour to count the cost, and then plant his foot where there seems most cause to think he can plant it safely? musing, like the suitors of Portia, on which of the caskets contains his treasure, and often, like them, greatly perplexed. Practically speaking, it is *probability*, in a degree very much lower than that which pleads for the truth of revelation, that supplies the rule of human actions, even where life itself is involved. What else launched the boat of Columbus? He sought a new country under much doubt, discouragement, and danger; the very existence of his object never being clearly revealed to him, till it actually rose upon him from the deep—his weary voyage done. Up to that hour he could only read it in the direction of a current, in the casual floating past of a spar, in the seaweed, in the land-bird, in the breeze; yet these signs he laid up in his heart, and following them in faith, found the world he longed for: which things are an allegory. Why, then, should a rule, which thus obtains for the present, be abandoned for the future? more especially, as the very *uncertainty* (whatever may be the amount of it) may constitute an essential

part of the trial of all, and the most essential part of the trial of many.

The free agency of man is distinctly proved by the trial of Abraham : had he not been free to obey, or not, the command of God to slay his son, where would have been the trial of his faith and obedience ? And why should he have been rewarded for doing that which was compulsory ?

The consistency of the Divine prescience with human liberty cannot be comprehended by us, though it may be believed. We feel that we are free in our actions ; we find ourselves described as *such*, and addressed as *such*, in every part of *Scripture*. We perceive the Deity to be described as knowing all things, past, present, and to come ; and we apprehend this complete knowledge to be an inseparable part of his perfections ; but how the two subsist together is far beyond the grasp of our understanding. Still it has often occurred to us, that some faint glimmerings of the method by which the Deity may foreknow with certainty the voluntary actions of free beings, are perceivable by our minds. In a very limited and inferior degree,

one human being has frequently such knowledge of the dispositions of another, as to be able to predict with an approach to certainty, what he will do in particular circumstances. We may well conceive, then, that He who sees at once through all minds, who traces the most minute bent and tendency in the dispositions of all his creatures, must know long before, not with probability merely, but with absolute certainty, what course of conduct each individual will be voluntarily led to adopt in every concurrence of possible circumstances. And all this may happen without any greater restraint on human freedom than would have been the case without the existence of this omniscient power. Not only God's immediate works are known to Him from the beginning of the world, but also all the works of all his creatures. All futurity is open to his view. He knows all the words, thoughts, and actions of men, and all the events passing at any one moment, or that ever will take place, in every part of the universe. He is not circumscribed by the relations of either time or place; past, present, and future, near and remote, are to Him the same. Nothing gives a more sublime idea of the attributes of the Deity, than this

consideration, that the whole aggregate and series of events, co-existing over immensity of space, and successive through endless ages of eternity, some resulting from the free will of rational agents, and others dependent on the operation of irrational or mechanical causes, are at once present to his all-seeing eye.

From whence comes evil? is the question broached by the infidel of all ages. Although with our present faculties we can never hope to comprehend the designs of our Creator in the formation of the universe, yet it is evident that this world was designed to be a state of discipline, which naturally presupposes for its proper theatre a mixed state of good and evil. We discover that we did not make ourselves, and that the power which formed us is far beyond our comprehension. We can also see so much good proceeding from his system every where, that we are inclined to love Him ; but we can see so much of evil, that we are inclined also to fear Him. We find ourselves compound beings, made up of body and mind, and the union is so intimate, that the one appears to perish at the dissolution of the other. In attempting to reconcile this last evil, death, and the many more

that lead to it, with the wisdom, power, and goodness that we see displayed on many other occasions, we find that we have strong aspirations after a state that may survive this apparent dissolution, and that this feeling is common to us all ; we find also, on looking within, that we have minds capable of much higher delights than matter or earth can afford. On looking still closer, we have every reason to believe, that this is our first state of existence, and are conscious of no other ; that this world is the first stage of existence to that compound animal, man, and that it is to him, at least, the first link in the order of things in which mind is united to matter. May not, then, this present state be, as relates to mind, a state of infancy and childhood, where the elements and the rudiments of a progressive state are to be received and acquired ? and may not such be necessarily a state of discipline ? and may not an all-wise and all-perfect Being take less delight in creating stones and blocks, and in making them capable of eternal happiness, than in *ultimately* granting this glorious boon to creatures whom He had formed intellectual and responsible ? And is not this supposition far more rational than to conclude with the infidel,

that because the dealings of God with mankind are beyond the scope of our present faculties, we are to come to the monstrous conclusion that the Deity is unjust, and the voluntary author of evil, which from his prescience He foresaw, and from his power He could prevent? Having arrived at these conclusions by looking into ourselves, we then turn our attention to things around us, and we find an external state of things corresponding precisely with these internal impressions. We find a *mixed* state and condition to be the lot of man; that he has much of good to enjoy, and much of evil to encounter, and that more or less of either depends in very many instances on himself. We farther find that this is no *new discovery*, but that it has struck the profoundest thinkers and the justest reasoners of all ages. We farther see that a state of discipline naturally presupposes a mixed state of good and evil, since it is *that* state alone that calls many virtues into action, that could not be exercised in a state of perfection. Such for instance as benevolence in alleviating the miseries of others, or resignation in bearing our own. In short, we find it precisely what our compound state might naturally require, namely, a state of dis-

cipline, with quite enough of good to keep intellectual agents from despair, and quite enough of evil to keep them from presumption ; good also, not so independent of our own exertions as to justify our idleness, and evil not so necessary and unavoidable as to paralyse us into despondency. This view of the case will be found to be confirmed by revelation.

The nature of the living principle is among the subjects which are manifestly beyond the reach of human investigation. The effects and the properties of life are indeed obvious to our senses through the whole range of organized creation, but on what they depend, or how they are produced, never have been discovered, and probably never will. Abernethy, however, following the steps of the celebrated Hunter, elucidates his views on the subject, which have the high merit of attempting to explain but little, but which are fairly derived from the most palpable conclusions to which our reason can carry us ; viz., that life, in general, is some principle of activity added by the will of Omnipotence to organized structure ; and that in man, who is endowed with an intelligent faculty in addition to this vital principle possessed by

other organized beings, (that is to life and structure,) an immaterial soul is superadded. Most reflecting persons in all ages have believed, and it seems natural to do so, that in the human body there exists an assemblage of organs, formed of common inert matter, such as we see after death, a principle of life and action, and a sentient and rational faculty—all intimately connected, yet each apparently distinct from the other. So intimate indeed is the connexion, as to impose on us the opinion of their identity. The body springs and bounds as though its inert fabric were alive ; yet, we have good reason for believing that life is distinct from organization. The mind and the actions of life affect each other. Failure or disturbance prevent or disturb our feelings, and enfeeble, perplex, or distract our intellectual operations. The mind equally affects the actions of life, and thus influences the whole body. Terror seems to palsy all its parts, whilst contrary emotions cause the limbs to struggle and become contracted from excess of energy. Now though these facts may countenance the idea of the identity of mind and life, yet we have good reasons for believing that they are perfectly distinct. Whilst, there-

fore, on the one hand, I would oppose those physiological opinions which tend to confound *life* with *organisation*, I would, on the other hand, equally oppose those which confound *perception* and *intelligence* with mere *vitality*. The soul of man is a reasoning one, which not only receives ideas through the senses, but alters them at will, abstracts them from the objects with which they are connected, forms them into new combinations of endless variety, and thus opens a field of immeasurable extent for the exercise of its powers. Man too has an inherent feeling, of which he *cannot* by any reasoning divest *himself*, of the moral responsibility which he incurs for the quality of his actions; he feels that by care and self-control he may discipline himself to gradually increasing habits of moral goodness, and that he is susceptible of continual improvement, as well in knowledge as in virtue. How can we thus discover that wisdom that shines through all the Creator's works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world but as a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick succession, are only to receive their first rudiments of exist-

ence here, and afterwards be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity? It is evident that the closest union subsists between the soul and body; the first carrying on its functions and operations through the instrumentality of the bodily structure, however ignorant we must ever be of the precise nature of this union, and of the mode by which the one acts by the assistance of the other, and consequently affect each other in the strongest and most immediate manner. When the bodily organs are deranged, the functions of the mind, the exercise of which are carried on by means of those organs, are in a correspondent degree impeded and obstructed. This is no reason for concluding that the mental faculties are derived from the bodily organs, but only that their exercise depends on those organs. Every day's experience shows us, that intense reflection, excessive grief or joy, the excitement of vehement passions, disappointments, &c., affect the bodily frame in various manners and degrees, promote or impede the circulation of the blood, assist or obstruct the digestive organs, provoke the action of particular glands, produce relaxation or tension in the nerves, and materially change

the general state of the health. Many there are, on whom a sudden affection of the mind produces temporary suspension of all the active powers of the body, and has even been known to deprive it altogether of life. From these circumstances we discover the amazing influence of *thought* upon the external organ ; of *that thought* which we can neither *hear*, nor *see*, nor *touch*, nor in *any way comprehend* its *action*, which yet produces an affection of the brain fully equal to a blow or pressure, or any other sensible injury. Now this action of thought upon the brain clearly shows that the brain does not produce it ; while the mutual influence which they possess over each other as clearly proves the strong connexion between them ; and at the same time that this connexion does not in any way constitute *identity*, the soul being destined to exist in a separate state, and the *perception* and *consciousness* we have of our existence being necessarily indivisible, and separate from mere vitality. The decay of the body, generally speaking, brings with it, more or less, a decaying mind ; as is naturally to be expected under the circumstances of their close connexion, the body employing its organs for the development of the mental faculties. This

is, however, not invariably the case ; and the exceptions are of so marked a character, as wholly to defeat the inference which the materialist would deduce from it. In many cases the mind decays before the body ; the latter is strong and vigorous, while the former loses, more or less, the exercise of its faculties. In many other cases, the powers of the mind remain clear and vigorous, in the most failing state of the body, and on the very verge of dissolution. When the mental faculties are over-exerted or excited, they are found to prey upon that vitality which acts through the instrumentality of the material fabric. The natural deduction from this seems to be, that man is composed of a structure of material organs, and a sentient and rational faculty, united during life, by the principle of vitality common to other organized beings. He is therefore of a threefold nature, and it is not only the perfection, but the proper balance of power of these component parts, which constitutes what we denominate "a sound mind in a sound body." Abernethy thus concludes his lecture, from which the foregoing observations are taken. "Thus my mind rests at peace in thinking upon the subject of life, as it has been taught

by Hunter ; and I cannot help imagining, that if these opinions should become established, and be generally admitted by philosophers, and if they became sensible that life was something of an invisible and active nature superadded to organization ; they would then see equal reason to believe that *mind* might be superadded to *life*, as *life* is to *structure*. They would then, indeed, still farther perceive how mind and matter might reciprocally operate on each other, by means of an intervening substance. Thus even would physiological researches *enforce* the *belief*, which I may say is natural to man, that in addition to his bodily frame, he possesses a sensitive, intelligent, and independent mind ; an opinion which tends in an eminent degree to produce virtuous, honourable, and useful actions."

In this world we find ourselves placed in a state which is manifestly one of trial and discipline. We have good and evil set before us ; we are agitated by passions and affections, exposed to sorrows and anxieties, encircled with temptations, and our best purposes continually ending in disappointment. We feel that by exercising habitual control over our

passions, and by turning to good account this discipline of sorrow, temptations, and disappointments, we have it in our power to make continual progress towards moral perfection, to exalt our piety, to increase our resignation, to confirm our resolution, to refine our wishes, and we are led to rest with confidence in the prospect of that better state for which this world is but a preparatory school. Where, in the course of this present world, do we find the impress of God's perfect and eternal justice? Here the best of us are often found to mourn under continued pain and affliction, while the wicked are blessed with sound health and success in their undertakings. The innocent falls into the snares of the guilty; virtue sinks into obscurity, and vice is raised to eminence: the plans of him who is striving to benefit his fellow-creatures, end in disappointment; while they who seek only to injure and destroy, go on successfully and attain their purposes. The inference to be drawn from this is, *not* that God exercises no providence over the world, but that there is a state of existence beyond the present, when all that appears now perplexed, will be made clear; and all that is imperfect, adjusted according to

the rule of unchanging and unerring wisdom and goodness. If these are the conclusions of unassisted reason, revelation gives us the highest possible sanction for their truth, and positively assures us of that never-ending life beyond the present, where the soul within us *can* live distinct from the body, and which *will* live when the body shall have mouldered into dust. It tells us, that there will be a day of resurrection, and of judgment, when justice shall reign triumphant, and all righteousness be fulfilled. This is what is revealed to us by the sure word of God himself, confirming our belief, elevating our hopes, and teaching us the true end and destiny of our being!

ON THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY.

The weakness and indiscretion of busy (or, at best, well-meaning) people, as well as the malice of those who are enemies to all revealed religion, and are not content to possess their own infidelity in silence, without communicating it to the disturbance of mankind; by these, it must be confessed, the doctrine of the Trinity hath suffered very much perversion, and made Christianity to suffer with it. These two things must be granted—first, that men of wicked

lives would be very glad there were no truth in Christianity at all ; and, secondly, if they can pick out any one single article in the Christian religion which appears not agreeable to their own corrupted reason, or to arguments of those bad people who follow the trade of seducing others, they presently conclude that the truth of the whole Gospel must sink along with that one article—which is just as wise as if a man should say, because he dislikes one law of his country, he will, therefore, observe no law at all ; and yet that one law may be very reasonable in itself, although he does not allow it, or does not know the reason of the lawgivers. Thus it has happened with the great doctrine of the Trinity ; which *word* is, indeed, not found in Scripture, but was the term adopted in the earlier times, to express the doctrine by a single word, for the sake of brevity and convenience. The doctrine as delivered in Holy Scripture, though not exactly in the same words, is very short, and amounts only to this ; That the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are each of them God, and yet there is but one God. For as to the word person, when we say there are three persons ; and as to the other explanations in the Athanasian Creed,

(whether compiled by Athanasius or no,) they were taken up 300 years after Christ, to expound this doctrine. About this time sprung up the Arian heresy, which denied the divinity of our Saviour, although they allowed all the rest of the Gospel, wherein they were more sincere than their followers of the present day. Thus the Christian world was divided, till at length, by the zeal and courage of St. Athanasius, the Arians were condemned in a general council, and this creed formed upon the true faith, as St. Athanasius hath settled it. This creed is now read at certain times in our Churches; which, although it is useful for edification to those who understand it, yet since it contains nice and philosophical points, which few people can comprehend, the bulk of mankind is obliged to believe no more than the Scripture doctrine before mentioned, because that creed was intended only as an answer to the Arians in their own way, who were very subtle disputers. It must be allowed that every man is bound to follow the rules and directions of that measure of reason which God has given him—indeed he cannot well do otherwise, if he will be sincere and act like a man. For instance, if we were commanded by an angel from heaven

to believe it midnight at noonday, yet we could *not* believe him. So if we were directly told in Scripture, that *three* are *one*, and *one* is *three*, we could not conceive or believe it, in the natural common sense of the expression ; but must suppose that something dark or mystical was meant, which it pleased God to conceal from us. Thus, in the text, there are three that bear record, &c. ; are we capable of knowing and defining what *union*, and what *distinction* there may be in the Divine nature, which possibly may be hid from the *angels* themselves ? Again, we see it plainly declared in Scripture that there is but one God ; and yet we find our Saviour claiming the prerogative of God, in knowing man's thoughts ; in saying He and his Father are one ; and before Abraham was. I am. We read that the disciples worshipped Him ; that Thomas said to Him, " My Lord and my God ; " and St John, that " in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word *was God*." We read likewise, that the Holy Ghost bestowed the gift of tongues, and the power of working miracles ; which, if rightly considered, is as great a miracle as any ; that a number of illiterate men should of a sudden be qualified to speak

all the languages then known in the world ; such as could be done by the inspiration of God alone. From the several texts it is plain, that God commands us to believe there is an *union*, and there is a *distinction* ; but *what* that union, and *what* that distinction *is*, all mankind are equally ignorant, and must continue so, at least till the day of judgment, without some further revelation. But because we cannot conceive the nature of this union and distinction in the Divine nature, are we, therefore, to reject them as absurd and impossible, as we would if any one told us that three men were one, and one three ?—which literally taken is impossible. But the Apostle tells us, “ We see in part, and we know but in part ; ” and yet we would comprehend all the secret ways and workings of God. Therefore, to repeat again the doctrine of the Trinity as affirmed in Scripture : That God is there expressed in three different names, as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ; that each of these is God, and that there is but one God. But this union and distinction are a mystery utterly unknown to mankind. This is enough for any good Christian to believe on this great Article, without ever inquiring any further. And this

can be contrary to 'no man's reason, although the knowledge of it is hid from him.

There is another difficulty of great importance among those who quarrel with the doctrine of the Trinity, as well as with several other articles of Christianity ; which is, that our religion abounds in mysteries. It is impossible for us to determine for what reasons God thought fit to communicate some things to us in part, and leave some part a mystery : but so it is in fact, and so the Scriptures tell us in several places. For instance, the resurrection and change of our bodies are called mysteries by St. Paul ; our Saviour's incarnation is another ; the kingdom of God is called a mystery by our Saviour, to be only known to his disciples ; so is faith and the Word of God by St. Paul—not to mention many others. So that to declare against all mysteries without distinction or exception, is to declare against the whole tenor of the New Testament. It may be thought, perhaps, a strange thing, that God should require us to believe mysteries, while the reason or manner of what we are to believe is above our comprehension, and wholly concealed from us. Neither doth it appear at

first sight, that the believing them or not believing them doth concern either the glory of God, or contribute to the goodness or wickedness of our lives. But this is a great and dangerous mistake. We see how much stress is laid upon faith both in the Old and New Testament. In the former, how the faith of Abraham is praised, who could believe that God would raise from him a great nation, at the very same time that he was commanded to sacrifice his only son, and despaired of any other issue: and this was to him a great mystery. Our Saviour is perpetually preaching faith to his disciples; and St. Paul likewise, as the groundwork and main spring of our actions in following the example of our Saviour Christ that we may be made like unto Him. Faith is an entire dependence upon the truth, the power, the justice, and the mercy of God, which dependence will certainly incline us to obey Him in all things. So that the great excellency of faith consists in the consequence it hath upon our actions: as if we depend upon the truth and wisdom of a man, we shall certainly be more disposed to follow his advice. Therefore, let no man think that he can lead as good a moral life without faith as with it; for this reason, because he

who has no faith cannot, by the strength of his own reason or endeavours, so easily resist temptations as the other, who depends upon God's assistance in the overcoming his frailties, and is sure to be rewarded for ever in heaven for his victory over them. Faith, says the apostle, "is the evidence of things not seen." He means, that faith is a virtue by which any thing commanded us by God to believe, appears evident and certain to us, although we do not see, nor can conceive it ; because by faith we entirely depend upon the truth and power of God. It is an old and true distinction, that things may be above our reason without being contrary to it. Of this kind are the power, the nature, and the universal presence of God, with innumerable other points. How little do those who quarrel with mysteries know of the commonest actions of nature ? The growth of an animal, of a plant, or of the smallest seed, is a mystery to the wisest among men. If an ignorant person were told, that a loadstone would draw iron at a distance, he might say, it was a thing contrary to reason, and could not believe before he saw it with his eyes. The manner whereby the soul and body are united, and how they are distinguished, is

wholly unaccountable to us. We see but one part, and yet we know we consist of two ; and this is a mystery we cannot comprehend, any more than that of the Trinity. From what has been said, it is manifest that God did never command us to believe, nor his ministers to preach, any doctrine which is contrary to the reason He hath pleased to endue us with ; but, for his own wise ends, has thought fit to conceal from us the nature of the thing He commands ; thereby to try our faith and obedience, and increase our dependence upon Him. It is highly probable, that if God should please to reveal unto us this great mystery of the *Trinity*, or some other mysteries in our holy religion, we should not be able to understand them, unless He would at the same time think fit to bestow on us some new powers or faculties of the mind, which we want at present, and are reserved till the day of resurrection to life eternal. "For now," as the Apostle says, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." Thus, we see, the matter is brought to this issue ; we must either believe what God directly commands us in Holy Scripture, or we must wholly reject the Scripture, and the Christian religion, which

we pretend to profess. There is no miracle recorded in holy writ, which, if it were strictly examined, is not as much contrary to common reason, and as much a mystery, as this doctrine of the Trinity ; and therefore we may with equal justice deny the truth of them all. For instance, it is against the laws of nature, that a human body should be able to walk upon the water, as St. Peter is recorded to have done ; or that a dead body should be raised from the grave after three days, when it began to corrupt ; which those who understand anatomy, will pronounce to be impossible by common rules of nature and reason. Yet these miracles, and many others, are positively affirmed in the Gospel ; and these we must believe, or give up our holy religion to atheists and infidels.

God is revealed to us, not as He is *absolutely* in himself, but *relatively* to *ourselves* ; and the terms employed are such as clearly to indicate not his nature and essence, but the duties which belong to us, arising out of that relation. And when we push the application of these relative terms so far as to trench upon any of the revealed attributes of God, we

should be sensible of having trespassed beyond the just province of human speech ; a caution which has been too much neglected by some even of our best divines, who speak of the nature of the Deity in language which a prudent naturalist avoids in the investigation even of the meanest of his creatures. Let those who inquire into religion recollect, that what is above reason is not, therefore, unreasonable ; that where difficulties are found, the Word of God is the only sufficient arbiter ; and that the best means of understanding any single passage of Scripture, is to acquire an accurate and long acquaintance with the *whole* of the sacred volume.—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Whatever is written in God's holy word, is written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scripture should have hope. And surely no part of God's revelation is more worthy of being learned by us, no part is better calculated to confirm us in "*patience*," to solace us with "*comfort*," to cheer and enliven us with "*hope*," than the promise of blessedness "prepared for them that love him." Upon this blessedness our Lord himself continually calls on us to medi-

tate : to this blessedness He continually has recourse for enforcing on us the profession of his faith, and the observance of his commandments, and the general duties of a sober, righteous, and godly life. Would He encourage us to a due employment of the talents entrusted to us by our heavenly Father ? It is by a promise of our being received by Him with the final sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant ; thou hast been faithful over few things, I will make thee ruler over many things : enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Would He encourage us to persevere in a course of *piety* and *virtue* ? He promises that "they which have done good shall go into life everlasting," that "the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Would He encourage us to acts of *mercy* and *loving-kindness* to our *brethren* ? It is by promising us "an inheritance in the kingdom prepared for the blessed children of his Father." Would He encourage us to the cultivation and the practice of *inward piety* and *benevolence* ? He promises us "a reward from our Father which is in heaven, when he which seeth in secret himself shall reward us openly." Would He encourage us to an unreserved acknowledg-

ment of *Him* and of his *truth*? He promises, that "whosoever shall confess him before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God." Would He encourage us to be *humble* and *poor in spirit*? He assures us, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Would He encourage us to be "pure in heart?" He tells us that they who are such "shall see God." Thus does our blessed Lord continually direct the thoughts of his disciples to the state of *future happiness* as a *motive* to the performance of their various Christian obligations. To the same state of happiness his Apostles, in their admonitions, continually have recourse for the same purpose: witness, as a single example, that impressive conclusion wherewith St. Paul applies to the practice of the Corinthians his sublime argument for the resurrection of the dead: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." And as, accordingly, the promised state of blessedness is a subject which the ministers of the Gospel of Christ should frequently offer to the contemplation of the other members of his Church; so it is one which the members of his

Church in general should never fail to cherish in their contemplation : “ having these things,” as St. Peter says, “ always in their remembrance ;” “ looking,” in the language of St. Paul, “ not at the things which are *seen*, but at the things which are *not seen* ;” and as St. Peter again expresses it, “ looking for, and hasting unto, the coming of the day of God.” From an earnest contemplation of this state of happiness they will be continually led to an earnest desire and longing for its attainment, and to earnest endeavours towards attaining it. Heaven, in fact, is the home of the children of God. Earth is no dwelling place of theirs. It is only the passage by which they must proceed on their way to their proper inheritance. And he who duly reflects on this, as every Christian ought to do, will be perpetually, during his passage, looking forward to the end of his journey, encouraging himself with the prospect of it, cherishing the remembrance in his heart, and studying how he may, in the end, arrive at it, and reside there for ever and ever in glory, honour, and peace.

Now who they are for whom future blessedness and glory are prepared of the Father,

our Saviour has not left us to conjecture. They are they who love God: for "eye has not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for them that love him." They are they who love their brethren, and practise towards them the offices of benevolence and kindness: for this shall be the language addressed to them by the Son of man, when He shall sit on the throne of his glory, and all nations shall be gathered before Him: "Come, ye blessed children of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." They are they, who on their passage through this terrestrial scene confess by their *conduct* that "they are strangers and pilgrims on the earth," "and desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city." These are they, for whom is prepared of the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ a future abode of blessedness and glory: these are they, to whom that abode shall be given by our Lord himself. And according as they shall be more distinguished

for their love of God, for their gratitude to their Saviour, testified by their endeavours to *do* his will on earth, and devout aspiration after the things of heaven—the more distinguished, we may conceive, will be their recompense ; the brighter will be “the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give them in that day ;” and the nearer will be their approximation to the glory of the throne of their Redeemer. In short, they who have been most perfectly conformed to the image of the Son of God, and shall have been thus best qualified to attain pre-eminence in his kingdom, are also they, for whom, after a course of love to God and man, and of affection for things above, the glory of a more near approach to his Saviour’s throne is prepared of his Father ; which shall be bestowed, not in compliance with any partial favour, but in pursuance of that principle of divine wisdom and equity which provides that the best things be “prepared for those who best prepare themselves to receive them ; and that he that is righteous, let him be righteous still ; and he that is holy, let him be holy still. Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me ; to

give to every man according as his work shall be."

Whilst the contemplation of heaven induces us to "set our affection on things above," it may prompt us also to wean it from "things of earth," of which it will lead us to form a juster estimate. For compared with the enjoyments of the blessed, how insignificant is the happiness which this world can bestow. All the constituents of happiness in this life are imperfect, and mingled more or less with circumstances of painful compensation. I would not wish to depreciate the rational pleasures of our earthly existence; nor to abate those feelings of content, and cheerfulness, and joyousness, and innocent delight, wherewith I believe it to be the will of God that we should partake in the temporal and earthly blessings with which it hath pleased Him to surround us. "He hath not left himself without witness" to his loving-kindness, as well as to his power, "in that he doeth good, and giveth us rain and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." And "the creatures of God are good, if they be received with thanksgiving," and with

“trust in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.” But whatever be the pleasurable circumstances of the best sources of earthly enjoyment, they are accompanied by a large admixture of different ingredients. We need no voice from heaven to teach us, what the experience of all must notice, and the hearts of all must feel, that “man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward ;” that the fairest and brightest scene of his existence is liable to be over-clouded with the cares of this world ; with perplexity and anxiety, and fears and sorrows, and disappointments and mortifications, and distresses and diseases, and the loss of his nearest friends, and all other things which make life enjoyable. But the happiness of the blessed is free from all these occasions of alloy. Of that state, there is no evil to disturb the serenity and delight. “God hath wiped away the tears from their eyes : and there shall be no more sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.” Nor, again, do we need a heavenly revelation to teach us, that “man is born of a woman,” as he is “full of trouble,” so also is he “short of days :” that “he cometh up like a flower, and is cut down ; he fleeth also like a shadow, and continueth

not." However pure from interruption, however complete in the enjoyment, we may suppose the fairest condition of earthly existence, it is brief and transitory withal. The most splendid crown which this world can bestow is, after all, "corruptible." But that of the Christian is "a crown of life, as well as of glory;" incorruptible, unperishable, and that fadeth not away, incapable of decay, ever flourishing, eternal in the heavens. How do all earthly endowments sink into comparative *insignificance* and *worthlessness* when thus considered! Behold the noblest, the strongest, the most powerful, the most prosperous, the wealthiest, the loveliest, the most beloved and admired, hitherto the most exempt from suffering, the most abounding in enjoyment and delight, among the children of men; behold him, I say, bidding at length a farewell to all his earthly sources of enjoyment, "making his bed in darkness, and saying to corruption, thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister:" and then contemplate those whose names are written in heaven, clothed with incorruption and immortality; and remember how of them it has been said, that they cannot "die any more;" what argument can succeed in per-

suading you (if this contemplation shall fail to do so) to form a right estimate of the comparative value of heavenly and earthly things ; and to “set your affection upon, and to seek after, the things, not in earth, but heaven?” Let us apply the like contemplation, in forming our estimate of the *sufferings of this world*, to which we should neither entertain nor affect an unnatural insensibility. Evils they are called by the word of God himself: “Lazarus received evil things.” Evils they are when absolutely considered ; and painful, and sometimes hardly to be borne by flesh and blood : though by God’s grace they are capable of being converted into good, and to be made the occasion of the greatest spiritual improvement, and eventually to be the means of introducing the sufferer to happiness. “No chastening,” saith the Apostle to the Hebrews, “for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.” The proper way of regarding the evils of this life is, to regard them, not absolutely, but with reference to another life. And then, what says St. Peter ? “Wherein,” namely, in the prospect of the “salvation ready to be revealed in the last

time," "ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations ; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with *fire*, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ ; whom having not seen, ye love ; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory ; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." And, as he afterwards exhorts, " Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you ; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings ; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." And what says St. Paul ? " I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us : " for, " our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen ; for the things which are seen are temporal, but those which are not

seen are eternal." The greatest sufferings of this life are capable of being mitigated by some alleviating and consolatory circumstances. To the religious man, the sincere and faithful Christian, the affectionate child of his heavenly Father, the devoted follower of his meek and lowly Redeemer, such circumstances are wonderfully multiplied and increased. He has been admonished, "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons." He has been taught that "the trying of his faith worketh patience," and that "blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." Dreary as may be his passage through this world's wilderness, weather-beaten and torn as may be his tabernacle, and comfortless the accommodations to which he may be sometimes compelled to submit; worn out as he may be by fatigue, weighed down by affliction, beset with difficulties, impeded by sin; with a body liable to infirmities, diseases, and

death, and a soul harassed by perplexity, and seeing dimly its way through surrounding darkness ; molested and annoyed, assaulted, perhaps, and smitten by his enemies, a solitary wanderer, separated and estranged from his friends ; his soul vexed by the contradiction of sinners, his better thoughts and feelings liable to be distracted by the seductions of sense, and the cares of this world ; how abundant in consolation to him is the reflection, that for every evil which he can suffer, God has provided a corresponding remedy ; corresponding in kind, but infinitely surpassing the evil in *measure* and *extent* ! How encouraging and cheering is the reflection, that if he persevere faithfully in “running the race which is set before him,” ever “looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith,” he will arrive in the end at a glorious and continuing home ; where he will dwell for ever and ever, in life everlasting, in glory, honour, and peace, in security and happiness, in holiness and purity ; with a body glorified, and a spirit made perfect ; in the society of angels, and of good men, improved like himself into the likeness of the angelical, of the Divine nature ; and in presence, and in the service of his Maker, his Redeemer, and

his Sanctifier, God blessed for ever, Amen! Surely the contemplation of such scenes as these, should make us comparatively *indifferent* to the *things of this life*: should induce us to cherish its good things with *moderation*, as things which must *pass away*, and be *no more found*; and to bear its evil things with *meekness*, and with *patience*, as things of which likewise there will *soon be an end*: on the one hand, “not to be high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches,” nor “lay up for ourselves treasures upon earth, where the rust and moth doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal;” nor, on the other hand, to be beyond measure troubled with “affliction, which is but for a moment;” nor to “cast away our confidence, which hath great recompense of reward;” but to take joyfully the sufferings, with which it may please God to visit us, “knowing in ourselves that we have in heaven a better and an enduring substance, a treasure that faileth not, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.”—FROM BISHOP MANT ON A FUTURE STATE.

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